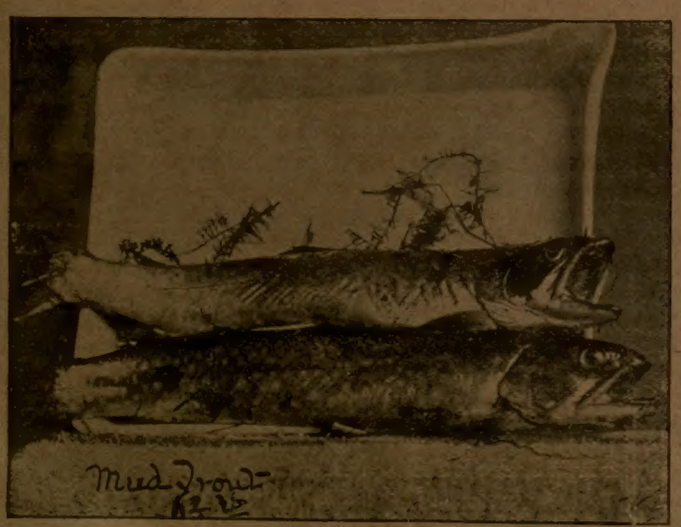
THE ... NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY.

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. IV.—No. 1. JUNE, 1904. - MARCH 1907 40 CTS. PER YEAR.





Sport in Newfoundland.

Photos. by James Vey.

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8 "	64 "	72 "	96 "	
9 "	72 "	72 "	$1.08	Cannot exceed seven pounds weight.
10 "	80 "	72 "	1.20	
11 "	88 "	72 "	1.32	
	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U. K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York; Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by "Bruce" train.

General Post Office.

RATES OF COMMISSION ON MONEY ORDERS.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding $10 ..... 5 cts.	Over $50, but not exceeding $60 ..... 30 cts.
Over $10, but not exceeding $20 ..... 10 cts.	Over $60, but not exceeding $70 ..... 35 cts.
Over $20, but not exceeding $30 ..... 15 cts.	Over $70, but not exceeding $80 ..... 40 cts.
Over $30, but not exceeding $40 ..... 20 cts.	Over $80, but not exceeding $90 ..... 45 cts.
Over $40, but not exceeding $50 ..... 25 cts.	Over $90, but not exceeding $100 ..... 50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order to any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, $100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, June, 1904.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

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☞ **Correspondence solicited on any Engineering question.**

St. John's Municipal Council.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

WHEREAS under and by virtue of certain powers and authority vested in the Saint John's Municipal Council by the Municipal Act of 1902, empowering the said Council to impose, fix, and collect certain taxes, rates, assessments, rents, etc., and whereas by Section 119 of the Municipal Act of 1902, it is provided as follows, viz.: "In addition to the "water rates and assessments provided by the foregoing sec- "tions, it shall be competent for the Council to fix and impose "a tax, rate, or assessment, which may be called and described "as a sewerage rate or tax, to be levied and imposed upon and "paid by the same parties and in respect of the same properties "and interests therein as are and shall be respectively liable to "the said water rates and assessments. The said sewerage rate "or tax may be either at a specific annual rate or assessment of "so much per cent. upon the annual rents, interests, and rent- "values of the properties assessed, or by way of a proportionate "addition to the water rates and assessments."

And Whereas by resolution of the Saint John's Municipal Council, dated January 12th, 1904, it was ordered that the said Sewerage Rate or Tax shall be one-fourth of the annual Water Rates payable under existing appraisement.

Be it therefore Resolved that the said Rate or Tax shall be one-fourth of the Water Rates as aforesaid to take effect from and after the 1st day of July, 1904.

By order,

JOHN L. SLATTERY, Secretary.

NOTICE.

UNION BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND
IN LIQUIDATION.

A NINTH DIVIDEND of 2½ cents in the dollar will be payable to the creditors of this Institution at Martin's Building, Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland, on and after **Wednesday, May 25th, 1904.** And

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons holding Notes of this Bank are required to immediately produce and furnish the same for payment of Dividends at the above office.

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THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY

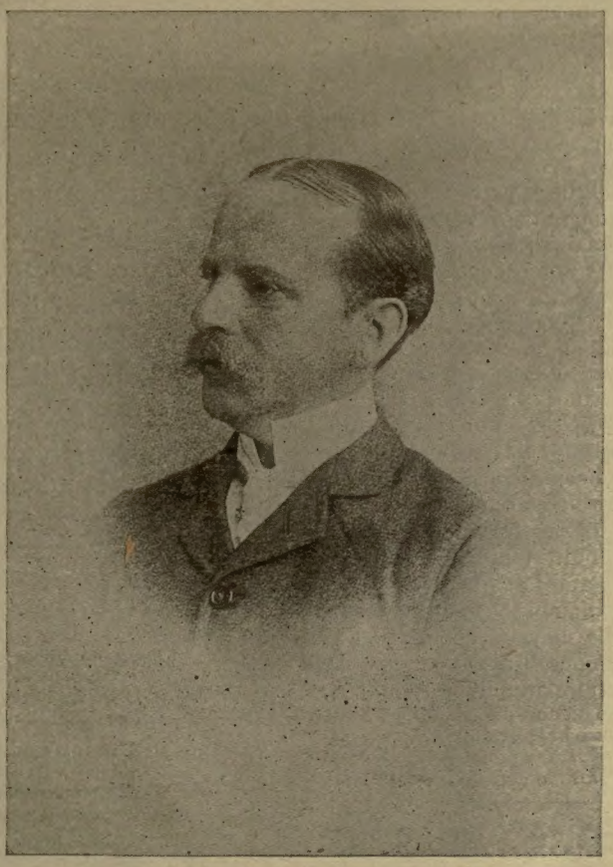
VOL. IV.—No. 1. JUNE, 1904. 40 CTS. PER YEAR.

His Excellency Sir Cavendish Boyle, K.C.M.G.,

Governor of Newfoundland.

ON the occasion of the appointment of His Excellency to the Gubernatorial position of this the Most Ancient Colony, *M. A. P.*, than whom there is no better authority in Great Britain, when speaking of the prominent men of the Empire, naively discourses thus of the subject of our sketch:—

"Sir Charles Cavendish Boyle is (writes my Colonial correspondent) one of those level-headed colonial officials who may be trusted never to hit the right nail on the thumb. When a man goes out into the world with the Carthusian hall-mark upon him it is easy to speculate on the successful side of his career. Put a Carthusian into one of the deepest holes and he will clamber his way out somehow, as we have often seen, before the genial Baden-Powell gratified his old schoolmates by his heroic defence of Mafeking. When on that black St. Patrick's night in 1891, in the roadstead at classic "Gib" the emigrant-laden Italian vessel *Utopia* went down, Cavendish Boyle showed the mettle of his pasture in more ways than one. For his courage and resource on that occasion he was cordially thanked and honoured by the then King of Italy, was especially applauded by the Board of Trade, and awarded the vellum certificate of the Royal Humane Society."



SIR CAVENDISH BOYLE, K.C.M.G.

SIR CAVENDISH BOYLE'S CAREER.

"A cadet of the fine old Irish family whose titular head is the Earl of Cork and Orrery, Cavendish Boyle in 1869, and in his twentieth year, "Took a Stool" in the Court of Probate, but for a young man of his temperament and energies this was no place, and he soon shook the dust of it from his shoes. The glamour of romance still hung about the West Indies, and while yet a young man Boyle found himself acting the Cadi under the palm-tree in the picturesque Leeward Islands. As a Stipendiary Magistrate he was wise and fatherly; as a Coroner he sat on many black bodies; as an aimable gentleman of old-fashioned courtliness he was loved by all—old and young, white and black. Then he became Registrar Genaral in Dominica, with a seat in the Legislative Council, and being greedy for work, was made Inspector of Prisons, Master of the Vice-Admiralty Court, and other things. In 1882 he was translated from pleasant Dominica northward to the "vex'd Bermoothes," where he worked as Colonial Secretary and a Member of the Legislative and Executive Councils for half a dozen years. From Bermuda he was promoted to the Colonial Secretaryship of Gibraltar, where he put in another six years, till he was appointed Government Secretary of British Guiana in 1894. As training for the Governorship that has now very properly come to him, Sir Cavendish Boyle on several occasions was called upon to act as Governor of the prosperous "Sugar-and-Mud" Colony, and has well established his fitness for such an office."

"A man of generous disposition, quick habit of decision, and marked administrative talent, the new Governor of Newfoundland is certain of popularity and success. An all-round sportsman, he will enjoy himself in the old Atlantic Colony, and his character is so well known that the Newfoundlanders are full of satisfaction over his appointment. Sir Cavendish Boyle is a young man for his years, and before he is done with the Colonial Department must reach a high place among our vice-regal representatives."

AS GOVERNOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND

When the glorious tidings of the settlement of the French Treaties, were flashed far and wide around our Island Home, the announcement was received with greater pleasure, in all the Outports as well as in the city, than any other announcement for many a day. At a public meeting in Channel convened immediately on receipt of the good news, the intelligent folk of that centre, in public meeting assembled passed a series of resolutions expressive of their approval, which voiced in fitting terms the sentiments of the people of the whole Island. One of the resolutions read:—

"That in this hour of our triumph "we recognize with gratitude the success achieved by our much loved "Governor, His Excellency Sir Cavendish Boyle, on his untiring efforts to "benefit the condition of the inhabitants of this Newfoundland of Ours, and we congratulate His Excellency "on being so worthily His Majesty's representative at this historic period."

These are not only the sentiments of the hardy fishermen of Channel, but those of the people, gentle and simple, of the whole Island. Sir Cavendish has endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact, and that would include nearly the whole population. He has visited the principal outports, and met and mixed with the people there. He has visited the sealing fleet and received ovations from representative fishermen from the North and the South, the East and the West; the members of

the Royal Naval Reserve esteem him as personal friend; and the school children all over the Island imbibe lessons of Patriotism daily in singing what has now been adopted as our National Hymn, his pretty little poem—"Newfoundland."

As an official, he has been a worthy representative of Our Sovereign Lord King Edward the Peacemaker. In an island like this where politics are generally, in comparison with those of the empire, merely parochial, and where party feeling at times runs so very high, a Governor needs an unlimited stock of patience and tact, so that he may not be identified with any party or any section. We could not always boast of possessing representatives, who would not get entangled in our local squabbles thus embittering all parties, but Sir Cavendish while doing his duty fearlessly and efficiently, kept himself aloof from all parties, and compelled their respect and esteem. As a sportsman whether stalking the "head of heads" on Patrick's Marsh, struggling with a fresh run salmon on the banks of the lordly Humber, angling for the festive sea trout in the noble Codroys; or in his charming pen pictures of either or all these pursuits dear to the hearts of many a Newfoundlander, he has endeared himself to all kindred spirits in the Island. Socially he and his talented niece, Miss Adelaide Lane, have done much towards the encouragement of the higher musical and dramatic culture of our citizens, by their patronage and participation in such artistic exhibitions and re-unions.

On all public occasions whenever he met the representative Societies, the members of the Royal Naval Reserve, gatherings of sealers, or the children of the schools, the lessons he inculcated were those of Patriotism, loyalty to the Empire and love for our own Island Home. All his writings and speeches were charged with these messages. In his poem, "Newfoundland," he has given the people a patriotic song, that is sung not only by Newfoundlanders from Cape Spear to Cape Ray, but also by many of our fellow countrymen in United States and Canada. And long after his official acts are forgotten, he will be

"Still to sight and memory dear,"

through the medium of this patriotic little poem.

Sir Cavendish has been more fortunate than many of his predecessors, inasmuch as during his regime, Newfoundland has enjoyed a continuance of a term of unprecedented prosperity, which has reached the climax in the settlement for all time, of that vexed and ever-recurring cause of uneasiness—the French Treaty Shore Question. It is true that

"Peace hath her victories, not less renowned than war,"

and when the history of this great victory of Peace is written, it will be seen that Sir Cavendish Boyle played no laggard part.

While we rejoice in his promotion for his sake, we regret it for our own. Personally he has been a consistent friend of the QUARTERLY, and has aided by voice and pen our humble effort to produce a magazine worthy of our Island Home. This would be sufficient reason, if we had not the broader and higher ones for wishing him God Speed; and in expressing our own sentiments we feel we are only voicing those of the whole people, when we add the wish that he may be spared long and rise yet higher on the list of those famous British men who have done such brilliant work for the Empire and civilization. And

"Even so though *his* memory should now die away,
'Twill be caught up again, in some happier day
And the hearts and the voices of *Av'lon* prolong
Through the answering Future, *his* name and *his* song."

To His Grace

The Most Rev. M. F. Howley, First Archbishop of Newfoundland.

TO-DAY our hearts beat high with rising pride
In thee bright son of Terra Nova's Isle;
We hail thy exaltation with full tide
And flood of joy. Thy never-ceasing toil
Has wrought for beauty ever, till the smile
Of works well done proclaims on every side
Thy strong right hand, well chosen now to guide,
And deck thy Island Church with nobler wreath the while.

Long may Your Grace adorn thy native throne,
Be every year instarred with honors new,
While we thy people hail thee as our own
Soggarth Aroon; with hearts e'er beating true;
The poet, scholar, statesman, father, friend,
The Pallium fits thee well. God, years of glory send.

St. John's, April 4th, 1904. D. CARROLL.

Vale.

ASKED to furnish a contribution to the June issue of this magazine, the above word forces itself upon the writer in front of all others as the subject; and the contribution, like the word, must be short. Farewell is never an easy word to express and often it is a sad one. It means, in its general acceptance, the prelude of a severance of ties which have connected the individual with his environment and the cutting of such strands, under whatever conditions and in whatever circumstances, is an occasion, whilst, whenever there has been a community of interests, that occasion cannot be free from sadness.

In the present instance the word is written with unfeigned regret, for it signifies to the writer the termination of three very happy years in a land he has learned to love right well, it means that he is leaving a home, and it tells him that the hands which have been held out to him since he entered that home can no longer touch his own.

But in most events, if search be made, compensations may be found, and, in this, there is one great satisfaction, which is due to the knowledge that the land is prospering, and that bright conditions exist, and brighter prospects may be safely said to be in store for those who will remain in that home.

To those, to the friends whom he is leaving behind, and who will read this word after he has gone, the writer, from his heart, says fare-well, and he ventures to repeat the prayer to which he heretofore gave expression, and which he will always fully mean, the prayer, and the hope, that God will ever guard Newfoundland.

May, 1904. CAVENDISH BOYLE.

The Governor's Poem.

To Hon. E. P. Morris, K.C., LL.D., President of Welcome Committee for Old Home Week.

AVALON is calling you, calling o'er the main,
Sons of Terra Nova, shall she call in vain?
Dwellers in the new land gather to her shore,
Gather in the old land, the homeland loved of yore.

All her strand shines golden 'neath the summer sheen,
All her hills show purple, all her fields are green,
All her woodland song-birds chant in joyous strain—
To Avalon, to Avalon, welcome home again!

Fleecy clouds are sweeping round the azure bowl,
Bays respond sonorous to Atlantic's tidal roll:
Newfoundland is calling, calling 'cross the main,
Children in the far lands, must she call in vain?

Belle Isle's northern foreland, Fortune's southern Bay,
Humber's winding river, where the leaping salmon play;
Western shore-built hamlet, forest lake and plain
Join in kindred chorus, *come to us again.*

Avalon's heart lies open, will you say her nay?
When she bids you welcome, will you stay away?
Newfoundland is calling, calling o'er the main,
Sons of Terra Nova, can her call be vain?

Children though you leave her, far away to roam,
All your tenderest yearnings point you back to home;
All her voices echo, echo one refrain,
Newfoundland is calling, *welcome home again.*

CAVENDISH BOYLE.

Newfoundland Name-Lore.

By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D.

XI.

THE "run" between Fogo Island and the main land is called on modern maps

"SIR CHARLES HAMILTON'S SOUND."

This name of course speaks for itself, being given in honor of the well known Governor who ruled here from 1818 to 1825. The name is altogether too cumbersome. Hence it has never "taken hold." If it had been called "Hamilton Sound" it would doubtless have become popular, as "Hamilton Inlet" in Labrador. I am not aware whether this latter is called from the same Governor's name or not. I find no traces of it on any of my ancient maps, or down to 1796. But the name *Bay of the Esquimaux* seems to occupy the place. It is decidedly a mistake to give long and unwieldy names to places, as people will never use them. We have another example in *Sir John Hawley Glover's Island*, a name given to the island in Grand Lake. If If it were called *Glover Island* it would soon become popular. The very fine estuary of the

GANDER RIVER

flowing out of the lake of the same name makes it *embouchure* into Hamilton Sound. This name is no doubt given in reference to the large number of wild geese which frequent the arm. These magnificent birds migrate regularly every year, arriving in our bays and fiords early in April just as the ice begins to break up. They wait in large flocks in the open-water spaces, until an unfailing instinct tells them that the ponds in the interior are free from ice. They then take flight for the lakes where they build and breed, returning again for the winter to the Central and Southern States of America. This name might, with propriety, be given to any of our bays or river mouths, but it has been monopolized by this one for more than a hundred years past. I find it on Cook's maps of 1784, and on the French reproduction of them, translated as *Baye des Jars.*

Coming eastward from the outlet of Gander River we meet

RAGGED HARBOR.

This is one of those names which are to be found multiplied many times all around our coast, and which call for the services of the Nomenclature Committee. At the last meeting of that body Mr. Woods, P.M.G., related "the adventures of a letter," which had been addressed to one of these harbours. After several months, and most praiseworty efforts on the part of the Postal officials, the correct destination of the letter was found. The search was one that would have done credit to the Detective Department of the London Post Office. Our officials, however, were rewarded for their diligence by a furious onslaught for their neglect and incapacity, and several broad-sides, in the local press of St. John's. The origin of the name is quite obvious. It is well described by Taverner. (English Pilot, 1755) * * * "Ragged Harbour is so called by reason of the abundance of ragged and scraggy rocks which lie before and within the harbour." There are many islands off the coast, one of which is called

PENGUIN ISLAND.

This island is called from the well known sea-bird, now I believe almost extinct but at one time very numerous on our coasts. They are thus described by Taverner: "There is also another thing to be taken notice of, by which you may know when you are on the Bank. I have read an author that says, in treating of this coast, 'that you may know this by the great quantities of fowls upon the Bank, viz.: Sheer-waters, Willocks, Noddles, Gulls, and Penguins, &c.,' without making any exceptions, which is a mistake, for I have seen all those fowls 100 leagues off this Bank, the *Penguins* excepted. It's true that all these fowls are seen there in great quantities, but none are to be minded so much as the *Penguins*, for these never go without the Bank as the others do, for they are always on it or within it, several of them together, sometimes more, other times less, but never less than two together. They are large fowls, about the bigness of a goose, a coal-black head and back with a white belly, and a milk-white spot under one of their eyes, which Nature has ordered to be under the right eye, and extraordinary remarkable. For my part I never saw any with such a spot under their left eye, the figure of which I have here set down to facilitate the knowledge of them." *

In connection with Penguin Island must be mentioned another island about thirty miles to the north-east of it. It is called at the present day

FUNK ISLAND,

or The Funks, a very ineuphonious name, but very expressive as alluding to the offensive smell produced by the immense masses of *guano*, deposited by the myriads of sea-birds which constantly cover this island. It is a pity, however, that the island lost its original, also quite expressive name of

BIRD ISLAND.

Under this name it appears on all the most ancient maps, translated into various languages according to the nationality of the map. Thus on the Latin map it is marked *Aves*; on the Spanish (as Majollo, 1527), *Y de Oceles;* on the Italian, *Isola degli Ucelli;* on the French *Isles aux Oiseaux.* There is another island in shore to the south-east of Cape Freels which must be mentioned in connection with those two. On our modern maps it is marked

CABOT ISLAND,

but on those of a little more remote date, as for instance, Page's map, 1860, it called *Stinking Island.* The name is translated on the French maps *Iles Puantes.* It requires no explanation. The origin being the same as that of the Funks. I find that on the ancient maps these names are all given to the one group of islands, the same as the *Bird Islands.* They were a well known land-mark to the early navigators, being the objective point on the outward voyage, and the point of departure for the homeward voyage. This was the point of land made for by Jacques Cartier on his celebrated voyage of 1534, but owing to the ice he was obliged to steer a little to the southward and enter Catalina Harbor. He remained there ten days, and on the

* As the work of Taverner, from which I quote, is rather rare, and not at the convenience of the general reader, I may say that a re-production of the above-mentioned figures may be seen in Prowse's History, p. 283. The learned Historian, however, calls them "*The Great Auk.*" This is not correct, as there is a great difference between the Auk and the Penguin. The latter is of the family *Aptenodytes.* The former of the *Alcidæ.* But both of these families are *non-flying birds*, impennes, or ptilopteri. They have wings short like flippers, without any quills, and covered with short feathers almost resembling the fur of the seal or sea-lion, whereas the bird shown by Taverner is a true *flyer, like the loon or wild goose.*

21st of May he left Catalina and steered northwardly "* * * as far as the *Isle of Birds (l'isle des ouaiseaulx)* which was completely surrounded by broken ice." Notwithstanding this he sent boats ashore for birds, "of which there is a great number, which is a thing incredible to one who has not seen it. Although the island is about a league in circumference, yet it seemed as if it were covered with snow or hoar-frost. Besides the birds perched on the island, there are hundreds of others in the water around it and in the air above. Some are as large as geese, black and white (no doubt the Penguins—†M.F.H.), and they have the beak like a crow and they are always in the sea, not being able to fly in the air, for they have only small wings; but with these they can go very quickly in the sea, and they are wonderfully fat. We call them *Apponats*. We took a boat load of them in less than half an hour, just as we would take beach-stones, and each of our ships salted four or five pipes of them." In his voyage of the following year (1535) Cartier made directly for this *Bird Island*, and arrived there on the 7th July. He again speaks of the enormous quantity of birds, and says that "all the ships of France might easily load there, and one would not perceive that any had been taken away. We took two boat-loads as part of our victuals."

The only survival, I believe, of this beautiful, expressive and historic name of "Bird Island" is the settlement of "Bird Island Cove" off Cape Bonavista, and some one afflicted with this new name changing mania, has attempted to have it abolished and supplanted by the trite and meaningless name of *Brighton*. The Nomenclature Committee, however, have put their veto upon this change, and the old name is to be retained.

I will close this number by alluding to the very prominent and important point

CAPE FREELS,

which forms the northern headland of Bonavista Bay. This name, under various forms and spellings, is found on all the earliest maps, at least as far back as the first quarter of the XVI. Century. Thus it appears on the map of Majollo, 1527. It is metamorphosed into *Feraulois*; on Verazzano, 1528, it appears as *P. de Selius;* on Riberos, 1529, *Ya de Freelius;* on Rot's map, 1542, *I. de Freilis*. On the Harleyan map of 1542 and Descelier's of 1553 we have Ya. de Freilis; on De Laet's, 1630, Ihlas de Fra Leois; on Friend's map, 1713, I. de Frillis; on T. Cour Lotter's, 1720, *Point S. Gillis* seems intended for it. On Cook's maps, 1774, it appears as we spell it now—C. Freels, and on the French copy of Cook, C. Freel. It seems to have puzzled the early cartographers. It is in reality a Breton name, and shows the early occupation of this shore by those fishermen long previous to Cartier's time. The proper spelling is *Cape Frehel*, or *Frehale*. It is the name of a cape near St. Malo in Brittany, at the entrance to the Bay of S. Brieuc. Another point of the Newfoundland coast, the most southerly point of the Island, between Cape Pine and St. Shots, also bears this same name, showing that it was a popular name among the Bretons.

Re-Kindled.

By D. Carroll..

Only a blackened chink the rocks among,
Yet 'tis a picture eloquent to me,
Each dry and blackened ember hath a tongue
Attuned to stir the depths of memory;
Its magic maketh live again my young
And gladsome friends, their faces now I see,
The joyous hills re-echo with their glee,
I hear their laughter gay, the merry songs they'd sung.

Now scattered long, to many a clime and far,
Is the glad group that filled that summer's day
With music, love and laughter, till the star
Of evening sank across the moonlit bay,
But they are coming home, the thousands say,
The exiled sons and daughters of our land,
And in each loved "*Old Home*" in Newfoundland
This cry is rising clearer day by day;
"Come to thy home, to Terra Nova come,
The land with open arms is shouting WELCOME HOME."

James J. McAuliffe.

The accompanying reproduction is from a recent photograph of Jas. J. McAuliffe (Artist), Everett, Mass., who is a prominent member of the Cabot Club of Boston and the Old Home Week Committee. Born in St. John's, Newfoundland, in the year 1848, he learned the trade of sail-making in his native town. He emigrated to Boston in the year 1866, and studied art at the Lowell Institute and at the South Boston School of Art, also with Prof. Bartlett, the Principal of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, and with Marcheal Johnson, the celebrated marine artist. He exhibited his work at all the principal exhibitions in Boston and in other cities. Some of the finest collections in the State of Massachusetts contain marine pictures from the studio of McAuliffe. His celebrated marine picture—U. S. Ship *Constitution*, otherwise known as "Old Iron Sides"—chased by a British squadron in 1812, was purchased by the City of Everett, and now hangs in the Public Library of that city. Mr. McAuliffe has been a teacher of art in Boston and Everett for several years. He visited Saint Jonn's in the summer of 1874 with an excursion party from Boston and New York on the s.s. *Vergo*; and again visited the Old Home in 1899 and exhibited the picture "Ecce Homo" at the T. A. Hall, which now hangs in the west aisle of the R. C. Cathedral. In political matters, in his



JAMES J. McAULIFFE

adopted country, he has always been affiliated with the Democratic party, and for several years has been Secretary of the Democratic Committee. He served the City of Everett, as Trustee of the Public Library for five years. He is also a member of several fraternal organizations, among which are the Knights of Columbus and the Order of Foresters. Mr. McAuliffe lectured on "The Ancient Colony" at People's Temple, Boston, in 1902, and again in 1903, and received unstinted praise from the press and people. Under the auspices of the Cabot Club he lectured at the above place May 4, 1904, on the same subject, giving an account of the principal events in the history of the country. Most of the material for this lecture was collected by Mr. McAuliffe while on a visit to Newfoundland in 1899, and the pictures were selected under his supervision. We herewith give the Program, showing some interesting features introduced in his last lecture: CONCERT, 8 p.m. Tenor Solo, "The New Born King," Mr. Joseph Dempsey; Bass Solo, "My own Leonora"; Soprano Solo, "Waiting," *Millard;* Tenor Solo, "Greeting," Dr. Easterbrook; Duet, from Mariana. "Sainted Mother," Mme. Wyse-Fournier, Mrs. Chester Wallace; Grand Solo and Chorus, the Inflammatus Pupils of Wyse-Fournier School of Opera, Solo by Mme. Wyse-Fournier. LECTURE, 9 p.m., by James J. McAuliffe; 1st view: "Home Sweet Home," by the Choir. The interiors of the principal churches were shown, accompanied by the following music:—Gower Street Methodist Church, "Old Hundred"; Church of England Cathedral, "Lead Kindly Light"; Roman Catholic Cathedral, "Adeste Fideles;" Presbyterian Church, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."



Photo by James Vey.]

[*Printed by John J. Evans.*

Interior of Roman Catholic Cathedral, St. John's.

JONAS C. BARTER, ARCHITECT.

Renovation of the Cathedral.

THE first move in the interior renovation of the Cathedral was the

Moving of the High Altar.

This was a very difficult and delicate undertaking. The work was commenced on April 7th, 1902, and the completion of the work and the consecration and placing of the magnificent marble table-slab took place on February 7th, 1903, that is to say ten months after the commencement of the work. The whole of this time, however, was not occupied in work. As soon as the immense basement of solid mason-work was completed, it was allowed to "settle" for some months. The actual work of taking down the Altar and re-building it commenced on Sept. 9th, 1902, so that it occupied exactly five months. The work was one that required extreme caution and unusual engineering skill. The grand *Baldachino* rises above the Altar in the form of a triumphal arch of purest Grecian architecture delicately poised on light monolithic granite columns. Upon the pediment is a group of angels supporting a cross, at a height of over fifty feet above the floor. Some of the stones composing this group weighed over two tons. They were removed and replaced without the slightest hitch or accident, under the skilful management of Jonas C. Barter, Cathedral Architect. The Altar now stands about seven feet further back than formerly. This gives a magnificent spacious Sanctuary in which the grand ceremonial of the Catholic Church can be carried out with all its dignity and decorum.

The Altar is now actually in the site originally intended, as shown on the plans of the Cathedral. A marble slab with an inscription commemorative of the event has been inserted by His Grace the Archbishop in the basement of the Altar. We give here a copy of the Inscription with Translation.

D. O. M.
ALTARE HOC MAIVS
D. IOAN BAPT. NOMINE DICATUM.
PROPRIO SITVI ADMOTUM.
IN MELIOREM FORMAM REDACTUM
MARMOREA MENSA ADAVCTUM
SOLEMNI RITU CONSECRAVIT
M. F. HOWLEY, EPUS SCTI IOAN, T.N.
ANNO EPISCOPATUS XI. SAL MDCDIII.
VII. ID. FEB.
"Ego confirmavi columnas ejus."—PS. LXXXIV-8.

(Translation.)

TO GOD GREATEST AND BEST.
This High Altar
Dedicated in the name of St. John the Baptist.
Having been removed to its proper position.
Being rebuilt in better form
and adorned with a marble table.
M. F. Howley, Bishop of St. John's, Nfld.
Consecrated with solemn rite
in the 11th year of his Episcopate
of our Salvation, 1903,
on the 7th of February.
"I have strengthened thy columns."—*Ps. 84, v. 8.*

The Renovation of the Ceiling.

The Cathedral, being built in the style of the Roman renaissance, has a flat ceiling supported by an elaborate cornice. This latter, though not altogether in perfect classical style, has nevertheless a very imposing appearance. It consists of a freize, with sunken coffers, intersected by florid, acanthus-leaved modillions. These support a heavy moulding, over which is a cove, the opening of which—nearly three feet wide—is filled in with a vine-like tendril highly ornamented. Above this again is another deep moulding, and lying on the suffit of the ceiling are ornamental foliages of acanthus and lotus alternately. The whole width of this cornice is thirteen feet, and the effect is striking and beautiful.

Up to the present time the whole surface of the ceiling was one great plain, unbroken except for the six massive centerpieces. His Grace the Archbishop determined to enrich the surface by paneling and coffering it, after the style of the Greater Roman Basilicas. It was not as easy a matter as might at first appear. The main principals or stringers supporting the roof, and on which the ceiling joists were laid, could not of course be touched or interfered with, and these had to be taken into account and wrought into the plan of the paneling. This was done by making mock beams running longitudinally, and by raising the joists eighteen inches, The stiles were so arranged as to correspond with the beams, and thus a neat and symmetrical design was secured with a sinkage of eighteen inches for the panels, which average about eight feet square, and have double sets of mouldings representing *fleur-de-lys* and *egg-and-dart* divided by fillets. In the center of each panel is a rosette design of acanthus and lotus alternately. The panels are rounded at the corners, thus giving a circular space at the intersections of the stiles, in which are smaller moulded centers, each containing a globe with a thirty-two candle-power incandescent electric bulb. The large center-pieces, as well as the cornice all round the building, are also set with electric lights, the number in all being about 350 bulbs.

On account of the Cruciform style of the church a special design had to be adopted for the great square at the intersections of the aisle and transepts. This was arranged in the form of twelve large panels radiating from the great center-piece, giving coffres about twelve feet long, in which it is intended by-and-bye to have frescoes of the Apostles. The whole effect of this new embellishment, spreading as it does over a vast area, is truly magnificent, and when lit up by the glow of sparkling jets of the electric bulbs is almost fairylike; yet its gigantic proportions and massive solidity and its great perspective distances, prevent anything like lightness or frivolity, and produce a sense of awe and solemnity elevating the mind to a high pitch of devotion and religious exaltation.

The work at the new floor, which is to be of maple-wood worked in parquet design in the alley between the pews. The pews are in golden finished oak, with open ends, and are designed according to the prominent features of the building. It is not exaggerating to say that there is nothing on this side of the Atlantic that can at all compare with this grand edifice; and even in the first capitals of Europe it is not easy to find a building superior to it in its general features. It is to be hoped that His Grace may be enabled to carry out his designs for the embellishment of the interior with costly marbles, guilding and fresco painting.

"Pro Fide et Avalonia."

Newfoundland a New Archbishopric. St. John's a Metropolitan See.

By Rev. J. A. O'Reilly, D.D.

DURING the Paschal Season of this year, 1904, intelligence came from Rome that sent a thrill of gladness throughout all Newfoundland. It announced a "gift from the Royal Pope coming over the purple sea," a "Pledge from Rome of Rome's undying love," and was in effect this: that His Lordship Right Rev. Michael Francis Howley, Bishop of St. John's, had been appointed by the Holy See Archbishop of the newly created ecclesiastical Province of Newfoundland, which now includes the Archdiocese of Saint John's and the Suffragan Dioceses of Harbor Grace and Saint George's. The latter has been changed from a Vicariate to a Diocese—the first Bishop of the new See being the Right Rev. Neil McNeil. The antiquity of the Diocese of St. John's relatively to the Dioceses of the New World, and the position of St. John's as the Seat of Government and Commercial Capital of the Island, were no doubt considered by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda in moving for the erection of the new Archdiocese. It is now over one hundred years since the arrival of our pioneer Bishop—the Rev. Doctor O'Donel—a missioner of Apostolic mould and a Prelate whose name still sounds stirring to the Catholics of Newfoundland. Since that time the city of St. John's has had a marvelous development. Rome was not finished in a day; neither was our own Metropolis. But for the past half hundred years the "City by the Narrows" has so grown in all its Institutions—social, political, educational and religious—that Newfoundlanders who have been abroad and return always express surprise at the evidence of expansion. But not alone the prominence of Saint John's as the Island Capital was considered, for there was also in view the eminent service to the Church of His Lordship Bishop Howley.



HIS GRACE THE MOST REV. M. F. HOWLEY, D.D.

The Archbishop is now some years beyond the silver jubilee of his priesthood. and in all these the years of his Sacred Ministry (over thirty) he has done yeoman work for the ecclesiastical advancement of Newfoundland. As a missionary in the southern and western outports; as a Bishop in St. John's; as a writer of our ecclesiastical annals; as a preacher, a lecturer and a poet; a social leader, an architect and an antiquary; his motto has ever been "*Pro Fide et Avalonia*"—"Faith and Fatherland."

The Restoration of the Cathedral and the completion of the young ladies' Academy at Littledale are foremost amongst the manifold tangible results of the Bishop's zeal for religion and education. These were literally colossal undertakings, but the Bishop pushed them through so rapidly that many did not realize that the work was even begun when it was finished. The Archbishop is not only a church builder and an educationalist; he is also, and has ever been, a missionary. As such it has been his part to traverse the coasts of Newfoundland afoot or in sailboat, and to learn by personal proof the various vicissitudes of times and tides to which the church worker in this ocean-fronted Island is ever subject. The snow-crusted barrens and the ice-strewn bays have been by turn the scenes of his labors, therefore has he a most practical knowledge of the various localities all around our shores—over which Rome has named him Chief Pastor. As a Missionary he has labored incessantly in the confessional, the sanctuary and the pulpit, but the work so done has been essentially of the spiritual order, and its results cannot be catalogued or appraised by ordinary standards.

The Archbishop was born in 1843, and the following table of biographical events will give an idea of His Grace's progress as a churchman. It will be observed that he brings to the discharge of his new office a vast and varied ecclesiastical experience.

Biographical Figures.

1857—Entered St. Bonaventure's College then first opened. Previously a student of Nugent's Academy; aged 14.

1863—Went to Rome, entering Propaganda as an Ecclesiastical student; aged 20.

1868—Ordained a Priest, and went to Scotland as Secretary to Most Rev. Dr. Ayre. Stationed in the Western Highland District for 15 months.

1870—Returned to Rome with Archbishop Ayre. Was present on the occasion of the Declaration of the Dogma of Papal Infallibility by Pope Pius IX. Also assisted in Rome in the same year at the Consecreation of His Lordship Rt. Rev. Thomas Joseph Power, with whom he returned to Newfoundland, arriving in September, 1870. He was then stationed for some years at St. John's Cathedral. He next proceeded to the Harbor Breton Mission, remaining there about three years; and then returned to St. John's, where he remained until appointed to West Newfoundland.

1886—Made Prefect Apostolic of St. George's, with jurisdiction over the "Treaty Shore."

1892—Consecrated Bishop in St. John's and made Vicar Apostolic of St. George's. Consecrating Prelate, Right Rev. Dr. Power; Preacher, Archbishop O'Brien. Assistant Prelates—Right Rev. Dr. McDonald, of Harbor Grace, and Right Rev. Dr. McDonald, of Charlottetown.

1894—Appointed Bishop of St. John's in succession to Right

Rev. Dr. Power. Installed on the Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Antioch.

1904—Named by Holy See Archbishop of the Ecclesiastical Province of Newfoundland. Letters of Appointment published at the Cathedral on Easter Sunday.

The foregoing figures are the leading dates in the career of a Prelate who is known, with distinction, wherever the name of Newfoundland has reached. That he is a great and patriotic Newfoundlander is the united testimony of his countrymen at home and accross the seas; that he is a great church worker is proven by results achieved; and that he is a great ecclesiastical Ruler and Statesman is shown by the fact that the traditional wisdom of Rome has placed the Catholic Church of Newfoundland under his jurisdiction.

Amongst the many local congratulatory tributes paid the new Archbishop let us quote with pride and pleasure that given him by our late Govenor Sir Cavendish Boyle, one of the most universally respected and popular Representatives of Royalty that this or indeed any other country in the Empire has ever had. His Excellency in the course of a speech delivered at a farewell banquet given in his honour in the Archipiscopal Palace spoke as follows:—

"Gentlemen, we have been privileged to witness and to rejoice in a very important event, a very high and historically important occurrence, namely: the elevation of this See into an Archbishopric; and upon no shoulders could that mantle of distinction more worthily have fallen than upon those of our kind and gracious host, in whose palace we have met, whose lavish hospitality we have so thoroughly enjoyed to-night. In this beautiful hall, the work, if not of his own hands at least of his gifted mind and utiring and artistic energy, we have, as his grateful guests, but one united feeling of satisfaction for the distinction which has come to him, for the honour which has been won by his merit for the whole of that large portion of the community who are numbered as his flock, an honour which will be recognized and shared by thousands who are not so numbered. For I know, gentlemen, know from the experience of the past three years, that consistently and persistently has His Grace Archbishop Howley worked for the prosperity of the whole people, and has, without ceasing, advocated the soundest of all policies, namely: that of a joining of all hands in the work for the common weal. And that is the truest and the soundest and the highest labour to which any man can turn his hand. On all occasions has His Grace been the ardent advocate of unity of purpose and peaceful action; and, therefore, I say, and say with conviction, that my addition of this fourth event is a proper one for me to make, and I assert that to have witnessed it during my stay among you makes me very glad and very proud."

The appointment of the new Archbishop had been for some time expected. The arrival of the following letter, sent by His Eminence Cardinal Gotti, showed that "Rome had spoken, and that the question was decided."

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND REVEREND LORD,—

It is pleasing to me to send to Your Grace, herewith, the Apostolic Letters by which an Ecclesiastical Hierarchy is erected in the island of Newfoundland, St. John's being constituted the Metropolitan See, and the Vicarite Apostolic of St. George's being erected into a diocese.

Herewith, I aslo send the Apostolic Letters by which Your Grace is named the first Archbishop of the new Metropolitan See of St. John's, and the Right Reverend Neil McNeil is appointed to the new See of St. George's. I will also send. herewith, the sheets of the faculties which are granted both to yourself and to the two suffragan Bishops.

Your Grace, will please transmit to the respective Prelates the documents intended for them.

As regards yourself, by these presents is conceded the faculty of performing what are called the "greater functions," even before the reception of the Archiepiscopal Pallium. The Sacred Congregation of Propaganda will take care to postulate the Pallium in the next Consistory. I hope then that the establishment of an Ecclesiastical Hierarchy in your Island, as it adds new glory to the Catholic Religion, will also promote a new increase of the same, and provide a plentiful harvest of spiritual fruits.

I the meantime, I avail of this occasion to wish you every joy and happiness, and to pray that God may long preserve you safe and sound in the possession of your new dignity.

Your Grace's most faithful servant,

[Sgd.] FRA. H. M. CARDINAL GOTTI, Prefect.

The publication of the above letter appealed at once to the religious spirit of Newfoundland. The people in the three Dioceses of the new Province felt equally honoured in the ecclesiastical distinction conferred on the whole Island by the action of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. The raising of St. John's to an Archdiocese reminded the country of the church-work which has been in progress here for upwards of two centuries. It reminded it of the great Apostolic efforts of Bishop O'Donel; it recalled the zeal of Bishops Lambert and Scallan; the church building enterprize of Rt. Rev. Dr Fleming; the Statesmanship and intellectual gifts of Bishop Mullock, and the ceremonial splendor and far reaching educational efforts of Bishop Power. It seemed an augury of future success that Archbishop Howley inheriting all the traditions of a long and illustrious line of Prelates and gifted besides with those qualifications which go to the making of the great churchman should have been called by Rome to this great office. As regards Newfoundland, its erection into an ecclesiastical Province seems to herald the advent of the new day and to signify that:

"The Star of the West shall yet rise in its glory,
And that land which was darkest be brightest in story."

The new Archbishop has already received hundreds of congratulations and his appointment has called forth universal enthusiasm. On this occasion, and in the name of the many readers of THE NFLD. QUARTERLY, may we not venture to felicitate St. John's, Harbor Grace and St. George's on the fact that they are now combined in one unified ecclesiastical Province? May we not also extend our special congratulations to His Grace the Archbishop of St. John's; to the zealous and beloved Bishop of Harbor Grace—Rt. Rev. Dr. McDonald: and to the new Bishop of St. George's—the esteemed Dr. McNeil on the new honor conferred on Newfoundland by the venerated successor of St. Peter?

Rome, the scource of ecclesiastical honours and the fountain of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, has placed on the brows of our Island Church its crowning glory. The Holy See has thus given our country a new proof of the solicitude with which she watches over the nations of the world.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said

This is My Own My Native Land."

WE'VE heard thy call dear "Avalon,"
Sweet HOME across the sea!
Fram'd in such touching accents
By him,* from shores of Lee!
An exile's dream is painted—
An exile's passions sung—
And love of home and country
From every period flung!

We've heard thee call, dear "Avalon"—
It haunts us in our dreams!
Thy fir-crown'd hills, thy rugged shores,
Thy fern-fring'd lakes and streams!
And mid this Babel's turmoil
We long for each dear scene,
And with an exile's yearning
Would bridge the sea between!

We've heard thy call dear "Avalon!"
Old homeland, pure and sweet,
Back to thy hills defiant
Blue ocean at their feet!
We'll answer then, MAVOURNEEN;
We'll come across the sea!
To mem'ries fond and tender,
And dreams that vanished be!

* * * * * *

We'll miss some hearts to greet us
In the old land, we trow—
From sacred graves of mem'ry
Lov'd voices, soft and low:—
But round the urn immortal
Some radiance still shall shine,
'Twill greet us in a "WELCOME,"
And thrill with "AULD LANG SYNE."

Now freedom's breath inspires thee,
No alien claims thy shore—
From fetter'd fangs we greet thee,
Our own forever more!
An exile's dream is granted—
An exile's passion sung—
And love of home and country
From every heart is flung. —E. C.

*Our recent well-loved Governor Sir Cavendish Boyle, K.C.M.G., who wrote the beautiful poem to the home-comers, "Avalon is Calling."



[*Photo by Prof. Holloway.*] TWILLINGATE.

A Tribute to Sir Robert Bond.

By D. Carroll.

THE wave of enthusiasm that swept over Newfoundland, when it was announced that the French Shore question had been settled, that a canker of two centuries standing had been removed—and removed forever—stands without parallel. The wildest excitement reigned, and the gratitude of Newfoundland to her patriotic Premier—Sir Robert Bond—found generous expression. Press and people vied to do him honour. Through the length and breadth of the land the wires sang with messages of praise; a new vigour thrilled the people; a sense of shackles thrown aside prevailed; and Terra Nova stood erect in stately strength and pride, a victor over the darkest phase of her "historic misfortunes." The following poem was composed on the occasion above refered to and speaks for itself. Twillingate, the district of Sir Robert's special care, is foremost in her congratulations to her distinguished representative. The accompanying picture represents Twillingate proper, the principal town of the District, and "Metropolis of the North."

CHEER, for the reign of the Frenchman is ended
'Long the great coast from St. John to Cape Ray;
Cheer for the man who has rendered each bay to us
Free and untrammeled, forever and aye.

BOND! not a name in our colony's story,
Statesman or patriot, thine can eclipse:
Every flag raise to him,
Shout from the bays to him—
Thunder our praise to him—guns, hearts and lips.

Fling out the free sail, ye skiffs heavy laden,
Aliens no more in your safe havens stand
Leeward or windward, to shelter or trade in,
Harbor and inlet are yours to command.

Cheer Newfoundland with thy girdle of ships,—
Every crew of ye, every man,
Lusty-lunged thunder let burst from your lips
Wake the whole coast, to its norther-most span.

Cheer—ev'ry river that's rushing to westward,
Leaps with a greater delight on its way;
Cheer—ev'ry full tide that comes to the Freed Shore
Sweeps with a joy to the arms of each bay.

Long hath our toilers been harassed and driven,
Sorely and long was our loyalty tried,
Now comes the crown by our Empire given,
Spread the glad news of it, swift, far and wide.

Cheer for this saving boon so long denied to her,
Cheer that we've seen it accomplished with pride to her,
Cheer so each heart which has e'er been allied to her
Catch the wild strain of it borne on the breeze;
Cheer for the statesman who've been a true guide to her:
Cheer for our Island Home—Queen of her Seas.

Grand day of history, down thro' the years
Glad generations shall hail it with pride,
With this brave name placed in honour beside,
Full in the flame of it,
Bright with the fame of it,
ROBERT BOND, boast of his land and compeers.



Photo. by James Vey.]

Turning First Sod—O'Donel Memorial Hall.

[*Printed by John J. Evans.*

Top Row in front of School Boys—Rev. Bro. Hurley, J. P. Grace, F. Pippy, J. P. Scott, M.H.A., M. J. McEvoy, Rev. Bro. Ryan (Sup.), W. J. Carroll, W. Harris, J. L. Slattery, J. Cantwell, J. Larkin, Rev. Bro. Kennedy.

Second Row—J. J. Callahan, H. F. Shortis, J. Carew, W. J. Higgins, M. J. O'Mara, Hon. J. D. Ryan, His Grace Archbishop Howley, J. M. Kent, B.A., K.C. M J. McCarthy, P. Laracy, E. McHale, R. Phippard.

In charge of the boys—Rev. Bros. Ryan and Eagan.

The O'Donel Memorial Hall.

By James M. Kent, B.A., K.C.

IN the month of February, 1906, the Benevolent Irish Society will celebrate the One Hundreth Anniversary of its foundation. It is proposed by the Society and its friends and admirers, to honour the event in a manner suited to the occasion and in keeping with its glorious records and traditions. When the centenary year comes round a time will be devoted to jubiliation and rejoicing, and the great deeds and illustrious names that brighten the pages of its history will be brought prominently before men's minds. This is as it should be. No institution in this Colony deserves more honour and gratitude from our people than does this venerable Society. It has been the pioneer of our social, charitable and intellectual advance ever since, and long previous to, the time when the Colony developed a definite political existence. In the beginning of the last century the people of the Colony made their first efforts to build up, for their protection and comfort, those various institutions which form the great help-mates to civilization. Previously religious intolerance, self interest and prejudice had combined their harmful influences to create discord amongst the residents and to destroy all attempts to establish a settled government in the Island. With the opening years of the New Century a better feeling prevailed, brought about partly by a more intimate knowledge of the country and its resources, and still more by a relaxation of those cruel penal laws which disgraced the annals of the previous century, and an effort was made to ameliorate the sad condition of affairs which existed, and to draw the inhabitants into a closer bond of citizenship. Foremost amongst the champions in this struggle to elevate the life of the people were the Irish immigrants who forced by persecution and injustice to fly from home had sought in Newfoundland an Asylum in which they might enjoy security and rest. These immigrants found in their new home men of their own race, such as Bishop O'Donel, Lieut.-Col. John Murray and Jas. McBraire, with warm and generous Celtic enthusiasm, striving to improve the temporal, moral and social condition of the inhabitants. It is to this generous spirit of benevolence that the Benevolent Irish Society owes its origin.

It has been said that all History is development. This is true to a pre-eminent degrees of the history of the Benevolent Irish Society. It was erected by its noble founders upon "firm principles of loyalty, true benevolence and philantrophy" and its history has been a steady development of these eternal principles. At the time of its foundation the most pressing claims on its resources were those which arose from material distress. A system of charitable relief was devised for the purpose of caring for orphan or neglected children, for helping the aged, the infirm and distressed and for encouraging the industrious. Some twenty years later when other institutions, of more recent origin, had lessened the burdens of the Society in this direction, it was resolved to devote its energies mainly to educating the poor children of the city. A grant was obtained from the Imperial Government of the land on which St. Patrick's Hall now stands. The old "Orphan Asylum" was erected in the year 1827, and schools were opened there in the same year. This building will be remembered by most of the citizens of St. John's. It was one of the finest buildings in the city at the time and was built entirely of wood. It is thus described by His Grace Archbishop Howley in his "Ecclesiastical History of Newfoundland."

"It had some pretensions to architecture, having a fanciful "central tower and portico called 'The Observatory.' It was "at the time of its erection considered one of the neatest "buildings in the city and was much admired by the typical "'Out-Harbour Man' on his annual visit to the Capital. The "upper portion of the building the grand banqueting Hall, "where for half a century sons of St. Patpick held their yearly "dinners, balls and reunions. The lower portion of the build-"ing was devoted to teaching of poor children." In this building the schools of the Society were carried on for over fifty years. Originally non-denominational, the teaching in the schools early, by the exertions of Bishop Fleming, became denominational and Catholic. The Society itself although remaining non-sectarian in theory had long previously become in reality a Catholic Body. The teaching was conducted by lay teachers with the exception of a short interval from 1847 to 1853 when it was under the direction of a Branch of the Brothers of the Order of St. Francis from Galway, until the introduction of the Christian Brothers fom Ireland in 1876.

The arrival of the Christian Brothers gave fresh life to the schools, and in a very few years the effect of their work was felt throughout the whole educational system in the Colony. The Christian Brothers were and are recognised throughout the world as being among the first educators of the day. What they have done for the lifting up and improvement of their youthful charges is well known to the people of Newfoundland and to others who have followed their progress in Ireland and in foreign lands where the Brothers have established themselves. For themselves or their work they seek no earthly praise or pay. Their only recompense is the success of their charitable mission and to see their boys turn out good, sober and industrious citizens.

This union of the Society and the Brothers is a singularly happy one. Brought into existence about the same time and for the same object, namely, the elevation of the children of the poor from the utter neglect and degradation in which the cruel penal laws of the eighteenth century had forced them, they united their purpose in this city to its everlasting profit and advantage.

When the Brothers settled to their work the old "Orphen Asylum," through age and lack of proper accomadation, was found unsuited to the new conditions. It was accordingly determined to erect a more spacious and modern building. This resolve soon took definite form. Subscriptions came in generously, and in the year 1880 St. Patrick's Hall was completed and school opened there by the Brothers. Everyone in the city is familiar with St. Patrick's Hall. It is one of our most striking buildings. Standing immediately under the Cathedral, it can be seen from every part of the city and harbour. It was designed almost exclusively with a view to school accommodation. The class rooms were planned under the directions of the Christian Brothers on highly scientific principles to obtain the very best method of securing the health and comfort of the numerous scholars who attend there. To effect this the building had to be narrowed and the large hall upstairs made less spacious than it otherwise would have been, but this drawback is more than compensated for in the lightsome, airy and healthy class rooms in which the schools are conducted.

After twenty-five years of prosperous life these class rooms are found to be too small to satisfy the ever increasing demand for admission to the schools. The centenary of the Society is approaching and the members have determined to mark the occassion by adding to the number of their schools. They will erect a new building on the grounds of the Society which, while it will provide sufficient space to meet all applicants for admission to the schools of the Brothers, will also stand as a loving tribute to the memory or the earliest benefactor and friend of the Society. The new building will be erected to the memory of the late Bishop O'Donel, the pioneer, the first Bishop and organizer of the Catholic Church in Newfoundland and the great apostle of education, religion and charity in the Island. It will be located to the Eastward of and adjoining St. Patrick's Hall and will contain at least two class rooms of the same style and proportions as those in the Hall itself. A room will also be

aside for technical education, where the boys will be taught the use of mechanical tools, and learn to respect manual labour and to engage therein with skill and success, if such be their lot in life. The building will be neat and handsome, will be tastefully designed by one of the best architects in the city, and be known as "The O'Donel Memorial Hall" in honour of the good Bishop.

The movement is meeting with a most generous support from the members and friends, and promises to equal, if not exceed, the many noble works accomplished in the past by this Society. The enthusiasm with which the project was taken was shown at the meeting of the Society at which the undertaking was determined upon when no less than $5,380.00 were subscribed in less than one hour. The work is now well commenced. A most energetic Committee has charge of it, and the first earth was broken and the undertaking blessed by His Grace Archbishop Howley on Wednesday, 20th day of April last. The laying of the foundation stone will take place during the Spring with becoming ceremony and the formal opening will be an event in the Centenary Celebration of the Society in the year 1906.

In deciding to erect this new hall to the memory of the good and saintly Bishop O'Donel the members of the Society have shown a wise and just appreciation of the foundation and history of the Institution. Any one who reads the story of the formation of the body and is at all familiar with local circumstances at that time must know that were it not for the good will and co-operation of the Bishop the Society could not have been established on the safe and permanent basis upon which it was erected. His aid and assistance was solicited from the very first. At the first meeting of the promoters, before any plan or *modus operandi* was decided on it was resolved "to consult with Right "Revd. Dr. O'Donel and others whose local knowledge of this country could best inform them" of the line they ought to pursue. In writing to Chief Justice Tremlett on February 12th, 1806 to inform him, as Chief Magistrate, of the institution and objects of the Society, the founders cite Bishop O'Donel as being practically sponsor for the Society. He recommended it to the members of his congregation and exhorted them to support it by every means in their power. When the constitution was adopted and the first officers elected on 17th February, 1806, Bishop O'Donel occpuied the chair, and having thus watched over and completed the organization of the Society, he sent it forth on its career under the sanction of his episcopal approval and good will. He was made a permanent honourary Member of the Committee of Charity, at that time the most active Committee connected with the Society. When he left this country in July, 1807, he had the satisfaction to see his favorite institution already firmly implanted in the hearts of citizens of every denomination and nationality. The members were not forgetful of the great services he had rendered to the Society and on the eve of his departure the President by the unanimous instruction of the members wrote to His Lordship as follows :—

ST. JOHN'S, July 20, 1807.

SIR,—"As President of the Benevolent Irish Society, the pleasing task "devolves to me to express to you the unanimous sentiments of respect "and esteem that the Society so justly feel for you. Embarked in the "cause of humany we could not fail meeting with your hearty support; the "respectability of your name, the force of your example, the steady and "firm support you have given to this infant institution is the best proof "that can be offered of the propriety of the principles upon which it is "founded, we shall ever look to your name on our records with pride and "pleasure. When memory will retrace to us your many virtues our prayers "will be offered for your health and happiness in this world; and we rest "assured that the blessed reward of a pious and well spent life awaits you "in that which is to come.

"W. TONGE, President B. I. Society.

"To the Right Revd. Dr. James O'Donel."

It is gratifying to see that the esteem and respect thus expressed by the first President of the Society still lives in hearts of the members and that they, after one hundred years, are about to erect the "O'Donel Memorial Hall" in loving and permanent remembrance of its great and earliest benefactor and founder.

This action of the Benevolent Irish Society will commend itself to all our citizens. The memory of Bishop O'Donel is held in great reverence by them all as the pioneer of religious, civil and political freedom in the Colony. The influence of his gentleness, tact and his saintly life dispelled the ignorance and prejudice that marked the Eighteenth Century and brought about that more charitable sentiment of enlightenment and unity which is embodied in the above letter of President Tonge.



Placentia R. R. Station—Strikers Awaiting Arrival of Train.

DURING the past winter the men at work on the loading of the Reid Co's. steamers, considering that the amount of wages they were receiving was not adequate to the work, the latter being very hard and trying, and including night work, struck for higher pay. For a time things looked serious, for the men—though not at all riotous or violent—were very determined. They threatened to prevent the railway train from leaving the station, and thus "hung up" all traffic for a week. A squad of Police were sent on from St. John's, but their services were not required, as matters had been satisfactorily arranged in the meantime. Our engraving is from a "snap" taken by the Very Rev. Father St. John, P.P. of Argentia. The "strikers" are evidently not of a "rowdy" or "hoodlum" class, and the Police seem to fraternize quite cosily with them. Nevertheless, we should not wish to see a return of such strikes, for the men are not persons to be trifled with.



Photo. by Kate.]

Committee of the Cabot Club, Boston, in charge of Old Home Week Excursion.

[*Printed by J. J. Evans.*

Top Row—J. J. McAuliffe, F. A. Sullivan.
Second Row—J. P. McCormack, William Winsor, Henry Rendell, P. J. Shortall, B. J. Short, M. J. Smart.
Third Row—T. M. Dalton, J. F. Dempsey, Dennis Walsh (Treas.), A. Moulton (Pres.), D. J. Cantwell (Sec.)
Fourth Row—K. E. Young, T. H. Shaw, M. M. Breen, R. Ollerhead.

The Cabot Club Committee.

WE have much pleasure in presenting in our current number, a large photo.-engraving of the Excursion Committee of the Cabot Club of Boston, together with some short biographical notes of the various members. As our readers know the Club is composed exclusively of Newfoundlanders residing in Boston, and gets its name from the discoverer of our Island. Its object is the mutual benefit of its members financially and socially. It will be observed from the notes supplied that they are all doing well, either holding responsible positions, in well known business firms, or doing business on their own account. The Club has taken the initiative in Boston in organizing the Old Home Week movement, and all the signs point to the fact that their efforts will be crowned with abundant success. They have entered into the movement with great enthusiasm, and our local Committee has met them more than half way. Elsewhere we publish the Programme of our Local Committee and some notes of the proposed Celebration. To the Cabot Club is due all the praise for the initiation and success of the movement. Judging by the correspondence of the QUARTERLY with the Committee, they have devoted much time and thought to make the movement a success, and this is especially true of Mr. Moulton, the President. He has been untiring in his exertions, and for one who is kept so close to business he has found time to do a lot of work in connection with the Old Home Week. These are a few of the Newfoundlanders who have succeeded in the United States. Of course there are thousands of others who have achieved success, many of whom we will have the pleasure of greeting during the coming season.

A. MOULTON (President) was born at Pouch Cove, St. John's East, Dec. 13, 1861, and received his early training there. For many years he was engaged as a dry goods clerk in St. John's, but went to Boston, August, 1893. He was first employed in the dry goods business from Sept., 1893, to March, 1894. He then engaged in real estate until February, 1895. Mr. Moulton was very prominent in raising the Boston fund at the time of our bank crash, and was appointed by Mayor Curtis, of Boston, as deputy treasurer of the fund. He attended to all correspondence, and gave much valuable time and assistance without remuneration. In March, 1895, he re-entered the dry goods business, and in 1897 was engaged as buyer of dress goods, silks, velvets, etc., by Messrs. W. & A. Bacon, the oldest dry goods store in Boston, which position he still holds. He organized a mutual benefit association in connection with his fellow employes, and so successful has it become that its members, during sickness or disability do not suffer the loss of an hour's pay. He is at present Secretary and Financial Secretary of the W. & A. Bacon Employees Benefit Association; Vice-President of the Boston Dry Goods Clerks' Benefit Association; a member of the Boston Terra Nova Association, and an Ex-President of the Newfoundlanders' Mutual Benefit Association. Mr. Moulton takes a great interest in everything in connection with Newfoundland, and we have to thank him for his kind interest in the QUARTERLY and the list of subscribers forwarded by him.

DENNIS J. CANTWELL (Secretary) was born at St. John's, Newfoundland, in 1866, and was educated at St. Bonaventure's College. In the early years of his manhood he was engaged as a school-teacher, and was stationed at Kelligrews for three years, and at Riverhead, St. John's, for another three years. After giving up school-teaching in Newfoundland he went to Boston, and for sixteen years was a salesman in the upholstering department of Jordan, Marsh Co, He is now with Shepard, Norwell Co., and is a well-known Newfoundlander in the "Hub." Mr. Cantwell was nine years Financial Secretary of the Newfoundlanders' Mutual Benefit Association, and for the last three years a Trustee of the same Association, which office he holds at present.

DENNIS WALSH (Treasurer) was born at Carbonear, Oct. 1, 1858, where he received his education. While in Newfoundland he was engaged in the fisheries. He left Newfoundland in 1884 and worked as a core maker since arriving in Boston. For the past fourteen years he has been employed by Messrs. Gurney & Sons, East Boston. He is a member of the Catholic Order of Foresters, and Boston Terra Nova Association. Mr. Walsh is a very efficient workman and a genial companion. He is highly esteemed by his brother Newfoundlanders, as also by his employers. He was married in 1891 to an American lady.

M. J. SMART was born at St. John's, February, 1850, and received his education at St. John's and Harbor Grace. He started as a seaman, and left Newfoundland for the first time in 1870. Returning in 1874, he sailed out of John Munn & Co.'s employ, Harbor Grace, as mate for seven years, and as master of the brigt. *Ravenwood*, brigt. *Rescue*, schr. *Edward Albro*, and for five years in the brigt. *Arctic*. He left Newfoundland, July 4th, 1888, for Boston, and is at present an employe of the City Government. Captain Smart was well known in Harbor Grace.

J. P. MCCORMACK was born at St. John's, March 8, 1845, and was educated in his native town. He was first engaged as a fisherman, but left Newfoundland, May 20, 1866, for Boston. Thirty-three years ago he was selected foreman and head shipper at John P. Squire & Co.'s packing house, and still holds that position. Mr. McCormack was elected to the Common Council, City of Cambridge, 1883 and 1884. He was appointed to the Board of Registrars of Voters by the Mayor and Aldermen, City of Cambridge, for the term beginning May, 1900, and ending May, 1904. He was re-appointed to the same Board for the term ending May 1908.

R. J. OLLERHEAD was born at Heart's Content, October 3rd, 1864, and was educated at the above town. He took a hand in the fisheries in his own country, but on arriving at Lynn, Mass., April 28th, 1891, he went to work in the Thompson–Houston Electric Light Works. He worked there for about four months. He then went to work in the Union Wheelwright Shop, Boston, and has been working there ever since, which would make his term of serving them thirteen years. He started in as a learner and is now head blacksmith, having been so for the past five years.

F. A. SULLIVAN was born at Pouch Cove, May 15, 1866, and received his education there. In early manhood he was engaged at various works at home, but on arriving in Boston he went to work as shipping clerk in the wholesale grocery business of L. Pickert & Co. He left that employ March 6, 1891, and started for himself in the retail grocery business. His store is at 65 Lamartin Street, Jamaica Plain, Boston, and he is very successful in business.

WM. WINSOR was born at Carbonear, February 6, 1863. He received his early training at Carbonear, and went to night school in Chelsea, Mass. While his home was in Newfoundland he was a fisherman and mariner. He left St. John's, Nov. 6, 1886, for United States. Arriving at Chelsea he learned the stone-cutting trade and worked at it for seven years. Ten years ago he bought the store he occupies at present and is doing an ever increasing business. He keeps in his store, besides fine groceries and provisions, Newfoundland codfish, caplin and salmon, which he gets from Carbonear. He also handles our hard bread and excursion bread, and gets it from the Rennie Baking Co. Four years ago he ran for Alderman, but was defeated by a small majority.

JAMES J. MCAULIFFE'S portrait and notes appears on page 4 of this issue. We had the above in our possession long before we received the plate of group.

K. E. Young was born at Heart's Content, March 11, 1871, and was educated at that town. He was engaged in general business while in Newfoundland. Arriving in Boston the 22nd of Nov., 1900, he went to work for the Prudential Life Ins. Co. the following February. After twelve months he went to work for S. B. Yerxa, wholesale and retail grocer. He worked for him six months, and then went with Houghton & Dutton, one of the largest department stores in the city. After six months with H. & D. he got a position with L. J. Wyzanski, E. Boston, and is now in charge of the domestic department.

Henry A. Rendell was born at Heart's Content in 1865, and received his education there. He learned the trade of blacksmith and left Newfoundland in 1891. Since leaving Newfoundland he has been most successful. He worked first as foreman blacksmith with the firm of W. H. Swett, Lynn, Mass. In 1897 he returned to St. John's and opened business on King's Road. Business being dull in his line (electro-plating) at that particular time he left Newfoundland a year later. Since 1898 he has been employed as foreman in the works of the New England Bolt & Nut Co., Boston. Mr. Rendell is identified with the following societies: Masonic Order (15 degrees), Improved Order of Red Men, and Order of Sons of St. George.

J. F. Dempsey was born at St. John's, June 24, 1848, and lived at Chapel Lane for some time. He received a part of his education at the Orphan Asylum, and finished at Ed. Roche's school. He left Newfoundland in August, 1864, and arrived in Boston after fourteen days sailing. His trade is that of a wood carver and modeler, and some of his work can be seen at Saint Mary's Catholic Church in Charlestown, Mass. The figures that he carved for the above church are classical size—350 feet of lumber in one figure; the wings on the figure, 5 feet from tip to tip; on the breast of the figure are the Emblems of the Crucifixion. His work can also be seen at the State House in Boston, in the Reading Room of the Senate, and in some of the best houses in Boston and all over the State.

B. J. Short was born June 25th, 1867, at Hant's Harbor, and was educated at the Wesleyan Academy, St. John's. He left Newfoundland in 1888, and on arriving in Boston he secured a position as dry goods clerk with Jordan, Marsh Co., which he held for ten years. About two years ago he started business for himself, and deals in society goods, emblems, flags, banners, etc. Previous to leaving Newfoundland, with the exception of one year with the old firm of Finlay, Fraser & Co., he helped his father (John Short) with his business at Hant's Harbor. He married Miss Naomi A. Parsons, of Harbor Grace, six years ago, and has two girls and one boy. He is very successful in business, and visited his old home about six years ago.

Martin M. Breen was born in St. John's, and left Newfoundland with the family for Boston in 1870 when but six and a half years old. He is a graduate of the Lawrence Grammar School in South Boston. His present position is superintendent of H. A. Johnson's, wholesale preservers' and brokers' suppliers. He has been President of the Boston Terra Nova Association for the past three years; and is Vice-President of the Prospect Club, one of the leading social organizations of Somerville, Massachusetts; also a member of Division 51, A. O. H., and past President of same; member of Æril No. 45, Fraternal Order of Eagles; Chairman of Somerville Democratic Committee; member of Knights of Columbus, and several other social organizations. Mr. Breen is a son of the late Capt. Robt. Breen, who commanded some of the largest sealing vessels before the advent of steamers, notably the brig *Contest*. He married Anne M. Deady, of St. John's, daughter of Thomas Deady of Springdale Street, and has six children living. He polled the largest Democratic vote that was ever given to a candidate for Alderman in Somerville, at the last election, for his Ward.

Peter J. Shortall was born at St. John's West, and was educated at the Old Orphan Asylum. He served his apprenticeship at J. & W. Stewart's cooperage, where his father was foreman for several years. He left Newfoundland in 1887, but visited St. John's a short while ago. He was President of the Boston Terra Nova Association—one of the oldest Newfoundland Societies in the United States—from 1892 to 1897. Mr. Shortall is well known in Boston and St. John's, being a brother of W. R. Shortall, Water Street.

T. M. Dalton, although not born in Newfoundland, spent so many of his earliest years here, that we may claim him as one of us. He was educated in St. John's and served his time as cooper with Mr. John Byrne, who did an extensive business on Cochrane Street before the fire of '92. He left for Boston about eighteen years ago, and has since held a responsible position as master cooper in his adopted city. He is now about forty-eight years old. He is brother of our esteemed fellow-townsmen Messrs. P. J. Dalton (Marshall Bros.), and J. Dalton (T. & M. Winter). "Tom" is well and kindly remembered by numbers of old "Mall Boys," who made the "Mall" their headquarters about twenty years ago.

T. H. Shaw formerly belong to St. John's West, but we are unable to get any particulars up to the time of going to press.

M. E. Smart (not in the picture through sickness) was born at Harbor Grace, in 1873, and was educated at St. John's. He was a painter by trade, and left Newfoundland in 1890. Mr. Smart worked at the painting since arriving in Boston, and has been very successful at his business.

T. F. Kevin was away when photo. was taken.



CAPE RACE.

By the Sea.

By Eros Wayback.

Adown by the refluent sea,
O'er whose breast the white gulls soar;
Now, I watch them circling free,
A stroll by the pebbly shore.

I glance where the blue waves throng,
In a seething, white-capped foam;
Thundering a psalm-like song,
By night, 'neath the glittering dome.

How they chaunt in runic rhyme,
Thro' the hours, in rhythmic speech;
Marking the march of time,
As they roll to the shining beach.

What time the young stars gleam,
Gemming the blue with their light;
I roam by the strand and dream
I hear *her* voice thro' the night.

For, with me, she gathered of yore,
Here, the tinted shells upthrown;—
She hath passed to the further shore,
And I stand watching alone.

Supreme Court of Newfoundland.

List of Deputy Sheriffs.

SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

Residence.	Districts.	Names.
Fortune	Fortune	George Geary.
Marystown	"	John J. Fitzgerald.
Fortune	"	William Tremlett.
St. Mary's	Placentia and St. Mary's	M. Mahoney.
Salmonier	" "	Francis K. Curtis.
Placentia	" "	V. Collins.
Presque	" "	Thomas Sullivan.
Oderin	" "	Peter Manning.
Flat Island	Burin	Howard Parsons.
Burin	" "	Stephen White.
St. Lawrence	" "	Cyrus Brockett.
Lawn	" "	Joseph Murphy.
Lamaline	" "	William G. Pittman.
Grand Bank	" "	Eli Harris.
St. Jacques	Fortune Bay	
Belleoram	"	William Grandy.
Pushthrough	"	Joseph Clarke.
Harbor Breton	"	Benjamin Chapman.
Burgeo	Burgeo and La Poile	Albert Holland.
Rencontre	" "	Matthew Nash.
Rose Blanche	" "	Prosper V. Garcien.
Channel	" "	James H. Wilcox.
Codroy	St. George	Henry Gallop.
Grand River	"	Thomas B. Doyle.
Robinson's Head	"	Abraham Tilley.
St. George—Sandy Pt.	"	M. E. Messervey.
Wood's Island	"	Simeon Jennex.
Bay of Islands	"	Daniel L. Gilker.
Bonne Bay	St. Barbe	Geo. Halfyard.

NORTHERN DISTRICT.

Residence.	Districts.	Names.
St. Anthony	St. Barbe	James Johnson.
Conche	"	
La Scie	"	Wm. V. Lomis.
Tilt Cove	Twillingate	Constable J. Walsh.
Little Bay	"	Chas. E. Wells.
Little Bay Islands	"	Peter Campbell.
Pilley's Island	"	Thomas Roberts.
Leading Tickles	"	William Lanning.
New Bay	"	Peter Moores.
Botwoodville	"	L. T. Beadle.
Exploits	"	George S. Lilly.
Lewisporte	"	Alfred G. Young.
Twillingate	"	William Baird.
Morton's Harbor	"	Edward Bartlett.
Fogo	Fogo	Ambrose Fitzgerald.
Baird Island	"	George Foster.
Seldom Come By	"	Philip Perry.
Change Islands	"	John Porter.
Gander Bay	"	Robert Pike.
Musgrave Harbor	"	Adam Bradley.
Pine Land's Island	Bonavista	Jacob Hetherton.
Wesleyville	"	Wm. Salisbury.
		Peter Roberts.
Pool's Island	"	Elijah Spurrel.
Greenspond	"	Thomas Worsnell.
Glovertown	"	Charles Kean.
Gambo	"	
Brooklyn	"	Albert L. Howe.
Salvage	"	John Burden.
Alexander Bay	"	
King's Cove	"	Thomas Curtis.
Bonavista	Bonavista	Noah Verge.
Catalina	Trinity	Isaac Manuel.
Trinity	"	Richard Spence.
Bonaventure	"	Noah Miller.
Northern Bight	"	Edmond Benson.
Britannia Cove	"	R. Currie.
Shead Harbor	"	Caleb Tuck.
Clarenville	"	George James.
Foster's Point	"	George Leawood.
Bay Bull's Arm	"	Thomas P. French.
Whitbourne	"	Eliel Noseworthy.
New Harbor	"	George Bussey.
Heart's Content	"	Charles Rendell.
Hant's Harbor	"	A. Targett.
Old Perlican	Bay de Verde	Moses Bursey.
Bay de Verde	"	Reuben Curtis.
Lower Island Cove	"	Eli Garland.
Western Bay	"	Ewen Kennedy.
Carbonear	Carbonear	Ernest Forward.
Harbor Grace	Harbor Grace	John Trapnell.
Spaniard's Bay	"	Jesie Gosse.
Bay Roberts	"	A. Hierlihy.
Brigus	Port de Grave	Benjamin Butler.
Conception Harbor	Harbor Main	William Cole.
Harbor Main	"	James Murphy.
Holyrood	"	William Maher.
Middle Bight	"	William Butler.
Bell Isl'd—Lance Cove	St. John's East	John H. Ley.
Bell Island—Beach	"	John H. Bennett.
Portugal Cove	"	Edward Harding.

June, 1904.

JAMES CARTER, Sheriff, Newfoundland.
W. J. CARROLL, Sub-Sheriff, "

Thomas Smyth,

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SPORT IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Public are reminded that the

Game Laws of Newfoundland,

Provide that:

No person ..... shall pursue with intent to kill any Caribou from the 1st day of February to the 31st day of July, or from the 1st day of October to the 20th October in any year. And no person shall..... kill or take more than two Stag and one Doe Caribou in any one year.

No person is allowed to hunt or kill Caribou within five miles of either side of the railway track from Grand Lake to Goose Brook, these limits being defined by gazetted Proclamation.

No non-resident may hunt or kill Deer without previously having purchased and procured a License therefor. All guides must be licensed. Issued free to residents; to non-residents costing fifty dollars.

No person may kill, or pursue with intent to kill any Caribou with dogs, or with hatchet ..... or any weapon other than fire-arms, or while crossing any pond, stream or water-course.

Tinning or canning of Caribou meat is absolutely prohibited.

No person may purchase, or receive any flesh of Caribou between January 1st and July 31st, in any year.

Penalties for violation of these laws, a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars, or in default imprisonment not exceeding two months.

No person shall hunt, or kill Partridges during the present year, or before 1st October, 1905. After that period not before 1st October or later than 12th January. Penalty not exceeding one hundred dollars or imprisonment.

Any person who shall hunt Beaver, or export Beaver skins till October 1st, 1907, shall be liable to cofiscation of skins, and fine or imprisonment.

And no person shall hunt Foxes from March 15th to October 15th in any year, under the same penalties.

T. J. MURPHY,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
May 2nd, 1904.

DEPARTMENT AGRICULTURE AND MINES.

NOTICE.

CONSIDERABLE ALTERATION having been made in the mode of securing Titles to Mining Locations by the Act passed during the last Session of the Legislature, parties interested can obtain copies of the said Act on application to the Department of Agriculture and Mines between the hours of 10 a.m. and 3 p.m.

HON. ELI DAWE,
Minister of Agriculture and Mines.

Department of Agriculture and Mines,
September 22nd, 1903.

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Insure early, while your health is good. You will get your money back earlier in life, when you can use it better.

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PROGRAMME

For Old Home Week Festivities

At St. John's.

MONDAY, AUGUST 1st.

AFTERNOON—Reception of visitors by Committee. EVENING—General illuminations and bonfires, with band concerts in both Parks.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 2nd.

FORENOON—Labor Parade. AFTERNOON—Athletic sports. NIGHT—Theatrical performances in the different halls.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3rd.

ALL DAY—Regatta, with its accompanying amusement, at Quidi Vidi Lake.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4th.

FORENOON—Naval Review. AFTERNOON—Garden Party in Bannerman Park. NIGHT—Grand Ball in Prince's Rink.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 5th.

Outing by rail to Topsail and other popular places of resort around Conception Bay.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6th.

No special attraction arranged for to-day, but Smoking Concerts in Club rooms and halls at night.

E. P. MORRIS, *Chairman Committee.*
ALEX. A. PARSONS, *Sec'y.*

A Welcome to Our Visiting Fellow Countrymen

From Hon. E. P. Morris, K.C., LL.D., Attorney General, Chairman Old Home Week Committee.

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said;
'This is my own my native land;'
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand."

YOU were so kind, Mr. Editor, in asking me to write something for the "Old Home Week" part of the June issue of the Newfoundland Quarterly that I really find it impossible to refuse you. The difficulty, however, is great to select some subject which may prove of interest to at least some of your readers, and, at the same time, one which has not already been written threadbare. Naturally the subject uppermost in our minds is the "Old Home Week."

In the early days of the coming month of August we hope to have some hundreds of the sons and daughters of Newfoundland revisit their old home. Such an auspicious occasion, bringing as it does together brother and sister, father and son, mother and child, awakens feelings and sentiments difficult to describe. In this re-union thousands will meet who have not met for years; the past and present will be bridged over; the friendships of by-gone days will be renewed, and new pledges will be made to kindle and keep alive at home and abroad the love for the dear old land; for

"She is a rich and rare land,
Oh she is a fresh and fair land,
She is a dear and rare land,
This native land of mine."



HON. E. P. MORRIS, K.C., LL.D.,
His Majesty's Attorney General for Newfoundland, Chairman of Old Home Week Committee.

But whilst our re-union will have its joys it will also have its sorrows. For many of those who will return there will be a vacant chair—more than a vacant chair for some—the old homestead will have been dismantled, and a more pretentious mansion will have taken its place; it may be that the loved ones who in the years gone by sat round the Christmas fire and listened to the Christmas tale will have passed away, and other faces and other forms will now call it home:

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

Rejoicing, however, in the main will triumph. Gladness will vanquish sorrow. Amidst all the causes for joy for our guests will be the permanent improvement in the country—the marked prosperity of its trade, and the comfort and happiness of its people. What will strike our visitor most is the contrast between the country he left and the country he is now visiting. Not even Canada, phenomenal as has been the development of late years, can boast of greater strides than Newfoundland since 1890. Notwithstanding that our people have had to recover, during the past fourteen years, the disastrous effects of the trade and bank crash of 1894, our trade has in the same period nearly trebled; and our total trade, which in 1890 was not more than $8,000,000, to-day is nearly $20,000,000.

Each year for the past five years has witnessed a reduction of taxation in favor of the working classes—lines and twines, salt, molasses, flour, kerosene oil, and farming and mining implements, representing a reduction of $250,000, have all been placed upon the free list, and still the revenue increases, and keeps on increasing.

At the last session of the Legislature the Government was enabled to reduce taxation $180,000 on the necessaries of life; and the Government who next meet Parliament will have a surplus which will enable them to still further reduce taxation by another quarter of a million dollars. In other words the Government will be able to say to every workingman in the Colony "you have now a free breakfast table, the coat on your back pays no duty, and you have higher wages, shorter hours, and cheaper and better food than you ever had before." And the friends who visit us will want to know the cause of this wonderful prosperity. Our answer must be; If you seek the causes look around. Previous to 1890, we carried all our eggs in the one basket,—we had nothing but the fisheries to depend on, and when they failed, it was starvation or emigration. Now, through the agency of the railway—by the "policy of progress," carried out for the past fourteen years—the country has been opened up. Our vast wealth in minerals, timber and fisheries, has become known, and is being developed by home and foreign capital. Our people are employed, and are just beginning to feel the benefits which flow from a living wage. The earning powers of our people have been increased two-fold. No man need now be idle. The winter season, formerly one of enforced idleness, is now one of our busiest periods; and the hum of industry in the milling and lumbering camps, and in the brick-yard and slate quarries is now as familiar as the busy scenes of fish-making in the spring and autumn months.

When many of our visitors left us in the sixties, it was the

custom in St. John's for a man to work from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. for 70 cts., and for 60 cts. if he went to work after breakfast. Now this is all changed. No employer would now offer any labourer less than $1.00 per day: and thousands of mechanics and labourers are receiving from $1.50 to $2.50 per day. And we



FORT AMHERST—ENTRANCE TO ST. JOHN'S.
Photo. by James Vey.

are only on the threshold of improvement. Employers of labour are beginning to recognize that labor has its rights as well as capital—that capital and labour is a partnership necessary for the production of the wealth and development of a country; and that when the profits of this union, this marriage, this partnership, are large and certain, they should not all go to the credit of one of the partners, but that the labourer, who is as necessary as the capitalist, should have his share. Does he receive this when he is paid one dollar per day, or say $300 per year? Can he feed his wife and little children, and keep them decently clad, and give them warmth, and schooling, and pay rent out of this? I hardly think he can, and I fancy that those who seriously reflect, must see that in the past a great injustice has been done to the labouring classes by the miserably low rate of wages they have been paid. In 1887 the Government of the day did not consider they were doing anything very extraordinary when they fixed the rate to be paid labourers on public works at thirty cents per day. The public records show this; but what would be thought of a Government to-day who would pay even the ordinary labourer anything less than one dollar for his day's work; and the time has nearly arrived when no ordinary labouring man will be offered less than $1.50 per day, and this wages will only give him, say at 300 working days, about $450 per year. When that day arrives we shall have less strikes and less dissatisfaction. Men will take a greater interest in their work, and confidence will be restored between employer and employed. The labouring man will be looked on as something more than a mere machine—a bond of sympathy will be created between labor and capital, and the employer, when he looks at his own healthy, well-fed, well-clad children, will not be ashamed to look on the children, of those who work in his employ.

And thus the good work will go on, and when another Old Home Week comes around, and our friends again visit us, they will see new contrasts and new improvements, but they will be contrasts and improvements which will have no painful side to them. They will all represent advancement and progress, a policy whose every tendency will be upwards—a new and abiding hope will have been implanted into the breasts of our people, and they will go forth to their labor with real genuine satisfaction. It will be a labor of love, because there will be no grievance—because they will feel that they are fully paid for their labor:

> Men my brothers, men the workers
> Ever reaping something new;
> That which they have done, but earnest
> Of the things that they shall do.



Photo. by James Vey.]

PETTY HARBOR—IN THE DISTRICT OF ST. JOHN'S WEST.

Bishop Feild College.

THE College, as the institution of higher education for the Church of England in Newfoundland, originated in 1851, partly out of a private school maintained by Bishop Feild and partly out of a General Academy which was started in 1846 and maintained by the Government. Its existence as a special institution for the Church of England was due to the efforts of the Bishop. A grant was voted it by the Legislature and it was placed under the control of five Directors. For some time the work was conducted in part of a house called Avalon, on Forest Road. In 1858 the present spacious and central site was secured and the substantial brick building forming the centre and west wing of the present suite of buildings was erected. By 1876 the Directors found the accommodation insufficient and built the plain wooden structure which serves now as the Gymnasium, to afford extra room for the time being. This seems to have answered the needs of the school for the next sixteen years.



AT KINDERGARTEN WORK.

In 1891 the present Headmaster, W. W. Blackall, B.A. of the University of London, was appointed to take charge of the school. He came well recommended from England, and in a short time the number attending the school increased to such an extent that the accommodation became insufficient. Consequently in 1893, the Directors made arrangements for the erection of the large addition made to the original buildings on the West and the North, affording accommodation for two hundred students, together with hostel accommodation for thirty. The building was completed by August, 1894, and in September of the same year work commenced in the new premises. Under the present Headmaster's supervision there have been a steady growth in numbers and constant development. In 1877 the Synod Girls' School was made a part of the institution and was conceded a part of the Government grant, but the work of the Girls' School has always been conducted in a separate building; there has never been any concerted action between the two schools, and, except that they share the same grant, the two institutions are quite distinct, the Directorship of the Girls' School being delegated to a committee of the Executive Committee of the Synod by the Board of Directors of the College. In 1890, by an Act of the Legislature, the number of the Directors was increased to twenty-one and the nomination entrusted to the Synod. From 1850 to 1892 it was known as the Church of England Academy. By the Education Act of 1892 the Institution was styled the Church of England College, and in 1894, after the extension on the West and North had been completed, the Boys' Side, embracing the site and buildings on Colonial and Bond Streets, was named Bishop Feild College, after the prelate who, forty-four years previously, had striven so hard for its foundation. From its start the institution has enjoyed the patronage and protection of the several Governors of the Colony, and the care and oversight of the several Bishops of Newfoundland.

Previous to the year 1898 no provision was made in the college for the instruction of boys under standard three in attainment. In this year, under the advice of the Headmaster, and by the financial guarantee of certain gentlemen of the city, there was established a preparatory department, which has steadily grown in numbers and usefulness, and is to-day a very useful feeder of the institution. Not only does it secure a constant supply of young boys into the lower forms, but it ensures that they are trained in a manner best fitted for their future life in the college. One of our illustrations is the picture of a class of little boys in this department in the year 1898 doing some kindergarten work.

In 1890 the College celebrated its jubilee, which took the form of a Commemoration Service in the Cathedral in the morning and a programme of Sports in the afternoon. On the occasion of the Commemoration Service the choir consisted exclusively of those associated with the College, and the entire service was rendered by those who had been or who were at the time associated with the College. We have not space to give a full



TABLEAUX—ATHLETIC SPORTS.

account of this interesting ceremony, but refer our readers to the July No. of the *Feildian*, 1900 (Vol. 7 No. 10).

Last year, in order that the institution might be kept well up to date in its organization, the Directors determined, under the advice of the Superintendent of Education, Dr. Pilot, and of the Headmaster, to inaugurate Manual Training as a branch of the college work, and consequently one of the staff, Mr. I. J. Samson, was selected and despatched to the McDonald Training School of Truro, Nova Scotia, for the purpose of receiving training as an instructor in this branch of educational work.

The wooden building erected in 1876 and used since 1894 as a gymnasium is to be added to by 35 feet, and a spacious well lit manual training room with the necessary offices will be the result. This room and the offices will be well equipped and in September Mr. Samson will commence his work at Bishop Feild College in manual training.

The best testimony to the education and training given at the College is to be found in the lives of those who have been educated within its walls. Again space prevents us from going into details, but a very long list could be prepared of those who have excelled in life's walk, not only in Newfoundland, but in other parts of the world, out of those who were educated in the College. One is a bishop, another is an admiral, a large number hold leading positions in the professions, and many of the most brilliant business men of the community are proud to call themselves "Old Feildians," and the College is proud that it is so. Of recent years the College has annually sent in a large number of candidates for the several public examinations which can be availed of in the colony, and many of its boys are now Associates of Arts of the Council of Higher Education, under-graduates or graduates of Oxford, Cambrige, London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, McGill or other Universities.

In the field of athletics, too, the institution is well to the fore; not only has it a well organized cadet corp, but has proved that its lads are well trained in such manly games as football, cricket and hockey, holding as it does at this present time two of the three Intercollegiate trophies.

Of the other illustrations given, one is a picture of the boys and masters in the jubilee year 1890, and another shows one of the tableaux given in the atheletic sports of the same year, in which year classes were trained in gymastics under Sergeant Ross from the Aldershot Gymnasium School.



MASTERS AND BOYS OF BISHOP FEILD COLLEGE, 1900.

(Jubilee Year.)

Engineer Sub-Lieut. Richard A. Howley, R.N.

Engineer Sub-Lieut. Richard A. Howley, R. N., the subject of this sketch and son of James P. Howley F.G.S., enjoys the distinction of being the only native of this country in the Engineering Branch of the Royal Navy. He is at present serving on board the first-class armoured battle ship *Victorious*, in the Channel squadron, flag ship of Rear Admiral Hon. Hedworth Lampton, C.V.O., C.B.

Dick, as his school-fellows familiarly called him, seems to have been fitted by nature for the calling he has chosen; bright, intelligent, with a decided mechanical turn, thick-set and robust of constitution, afraid of nothing; he was just one of those boys who would "up fist and down house" with anyone who would say "boo" to him. A thorough athlete fond of all sorts of manly sports, Dick was, so to speak, "to the manor born," exactly the kind of material the Naval Authorities require.



R. A. HOWLEY, R.N., AS A CADET IN 1897.

Richard A. Howley's appointment came about in this way. Each year the Colonial Office has the right to three places for applicants from the Colonies to study at one of the Royal Engineering Colleges in England, where they undergo a five years course of technical training to fit them for the onerous duties now devolving upon that branch of the navy.

Our late Governor, Sir Terence O'Brien, believing that we should possess suitable material here, referred the matter to the heads of our several colleges asking them to select from their students such boys as, in their judgment, would fill the bill. He promised to use all his personal influence to obtain a nomination for one of those whom they would select. The Christian Brothers of St. Bonaventure's College, in response to His Excellency's wish selected Richard A. Howley, and his application was at once forwarded by the Governor to the Colonial Office. His nomination was accepted, and in due course he underwent the preliminary examination required by the regulations, on board the Commodore's ship on this station. Having successfully passed this test, he was immediately ordered "Home" to enter the Royal Engineering Training College of Keyham, Devonport.

Here he commenced his career by having a piece of metal, a hammer and chisel placed in his hands on which to begin with. From that his studies led up by degrees to the various operations of making and fitting machinery of all kinds connected with the construction of modern ships of war. The course is complete and thorough and is accompanied throughout by much study and attendance at lectures, delivered by the most skilled technicologists, in all that pertains to mechanical and engineering science. Strict discipline and manual drill is maintained all through, nor is physical culture neglected; on the contrary, it is encouraged as much as possible. Boating, rowing, swimming, cricket, football, &c., are all indulged in to the fullest extent. The college teams hold high records, especially in the latter sport, and Dick soon made his mark as a footer. Every year's class has a team of its own, and many contests



R. A. HOWLEY, R.N., AS SUB-LIEUT. ENGINEER IN 1903.

between them and those of other colleges, as well as with outside clubs, take place, in which Keyham usually comes out on top. Prizes are given by the college authorities and by friends of the students, all of whom, with officials of the Admiralty, assemble to witness the games and give encouragement to the lads.

In this way the five years course is spent, and towards the end of the term the students are given practical training on board ship, where they go through the whole operation of getting up steam, starting and working the engines, &c. They are also required to attend to the cleaning, repairing, and refitting the machinery of any ship laid off for overhauling. A course of gunnery, hydraulics and electricity usually terminates their studies.

Mr. Howley passed out in his fifth year, and was appointed to H.M.S. *Jupiter*, a first class armoured battleship of the Channel squadron, on which he served his two years probation.

Last year, his term having expired, he spent some time on various ships, and during the manœuvres, was aboard the *King Alfred*, one of those huge four-funnelled monsters, the leviathans of the fleet. Finally he was gazetted on February 2nd, last, as senior Sub-Lieut. Engineer on H.M.S. *Victorious*, on which he will probably spend the next two years.

Books on Newfoundland.

By D. W. Prowse, LL.D.

THE subject I have been asked to write about for this number of the QUARTERLY, is Newfoundland Bibliography, or all about books concerning the Island. It is a large subject, and one that, owing to the small space at my disposal, must be treated—as poor old John Clarke used to say—in a "summinary way." Who will be interested in such a topic? Certainly not the crowd, but there are a chosen select few who are real book-lovers and who may possibly appreciate one's efforts to make them better acquainted with old books about their own country. Always prefer to play for the critics in the pit and not for the noisy gods in the gallery. How differently men view such subjects as science, art, literature or natural history is very well exemplified in a story told by Sir Wemyss Reid to the Vagabond Club in London. As everyone knows he was a great newspaper man, editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, *Speaker*, &c. Meeting a great scientist one day in the Strand the Professor said to him "Reid, why don't you give us some news?" "News, my dear friend, we have been spending thousands on telegrams and special correspondents in South Africa; what more news do you want?" "You call that stuff news," said the man of science with a snort; "what I want is real important news, news about the spots in the sun."

The bibliographer must not be confounded with the bibliomaniac; the latter has a rage for rare editions and tall copies, his passion is only for the externals, whilst the bibliographer's love is for the soul within the covers—the heart of the book.

How fraught with dear memories are some old books? The dog-eared, shabby old Virgil, scrawled over with notes in a round school-boy's hand. What pleasant recollections does it bring back to us of the great classical scholar who first instilled into our juvenile unformed mind some faint idea of the perfect form and polished verse of the great Roman poet. That battered old Don Quixote, as we open its pages we seem still to inhale the pungent odour of old Don Ramon's strong black cigar as he tried to infuse into our own ignorant and insular soul some of his own deep knowledge and still deeper enthusiasm for that splendid classic with its stately Castilian eloquence and its wholly untranslatable humour and wit.

Books, to the ordinary mind, are only so much prepared wood-pulp in the form of paper, but to the enthusiast they are living realities associated with one's life and thoughts and aspirations.

The Prince of Bibliographers of to-day is Doctor Richard Garnett, C.B., formerly of the British Museum. The most delightful old man, I think, I have ever known. I can fancy I see him now, with his wonderfully shabby old clothes. As polite and as anxious to assist some poor distraught young woman student, and as much at home with her as with the Prince of Wales.

We have generally been of opinion that old Whitbourne's was the first book about Newfoundland. This is an error; there were several earlier works about the Island. Without referring to such old works as Fabian's Chronicle, Howe, Edens, Gomara, Oviedo, Ramusio, &c., or to the great Spanish classic Navarrete, all of which refer to the Colony. We must also pass over the great English Encyclopædia of early voyages and descriptions of the New Island given by Hakluyt and continued by Purchas. The first work especially and entirely devoted to Newfoundland is the quaint old treatise of Sir George Peckham of 1583. I will give my readers its title page with all its quaint lettering and erratic spelling:—

A. TRVE REPORTE

Of the late discoveries.

And possession taken in the right of
The Crowne of England of the New-
founde lands by that valiant and worthye
gentleman Sir Humfrey Gilbert,
Knight.

Wherein is also breefly setle downe her
Highnesses lawful tytle thereto and the great and
manifolde commodities that is likely to growe
thereby to the whole Realme in generall
and to the adventurers in particular.
Together with the easiness and
shortness of the voyage.

———

Seene and allowed.
at London.

Printed by J. C. for John Hinde
Dwelling in Paules Church-Yarde at
The sign of the Golden Hinde
Anno 1583.

There were no newspapers in "the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth" when this curious old book first saw the light. It is antiquated and a queer old production, but as an advertisement of the new association for colonising our Island it is worthy of the genius of the cleverest company promoter of the twentieth century.

It sets out the internal resources of the Colony in glowing terms—

"By establishing a safe harbour and head-quarters, and it is well known to all men of sound judgment that this Newfoundlande voyage is of greater importance, and will be found more beneficiall to our country than all other voyages at this day in use, and trade amongst us."

This early view of the importance of Newfoundland is corroborated by Sir Walter Raleigh who declared in Parliament that our fishery "was the main-stay and suport of the Western Counties," then the chief maritime centre of England. That a mishap to the Newfoundland fleet was the greatest calamity that could befall England.

This old work is a most sensible, clear-headed business document. I enjoyed its perusal. The author shows himself a keen trader with a very extensive knowledge of human nature. He offers attractions to everyone: Sport for the genteels. Fishing for all. A North-West passage to India from Newfoundland for the adventurous. The £100 subscriber was to have 16,000 acres of land, with authority to keep Court Leet and Court Baron. To be chosen one of the Council to make laws. All were to be benefitted and honoured down to the poor subscriber of ten shillings.

It was a very ingenious dodge to keep Gilbert's charter alive. These shadowy pretensions were maintained by his family for many years, but it all came to naught. It offords another instance of the way in which Rulers in these old days flung away Islands and Continents to their courtiers and favourites.

Sydney and Carlile, sons-in-law of the great Walsingham, wrote a paper on the colonising of Newfoundland and North America. The greatest book, however, on the Colony was Lord Beacon's treatise written for the promotion of Guy's Company, in which the great Chancellor was a shareholder. Only portions and extracts from this splendid work, written with all the great man's eloquence, force and power are preserved in Purchas; every trace of the actual publication has been lost. It must not be confounded with Bacon's well known pamphlet on Colonization. It is in this book on Newfoundland that occurs the oft quoted passage about "the gold mines of the Newfoundland fishery, of which there are none so rich—greater than the famous diamonds of Golconda or the treasures of Peru." When we consider for a moment all the wealth this harvest of the ocean has produced, we realize the truth of the great Verulam's eloquent words. What couuntless millions have been drawn from these fisheries for four centuries—a mine that never petered out—as productive to-day as when John Cabot and his Bristol crew first caught sight of Cape Bonavista, the headland bright and green with the springing grass of early June.

"Bonavista," oh good, "oh happy sight!" the most natural exclamation in the world for the old Italian sailor after his long dangerous voyage across unknown seas.

There is a good deal of literature about Newfoundland during the reign of the high and mighty King James (1603-1625). The most amusing and best written work about North America, at this period is the production of the jovial French Lawyer—Mark Lescarbot—"La Nouvelle France." It contains a most graphic history of the new countries, the fishing, hunting, Indians, &c. Incidentally it gives a picture of Newfoundland and the rest of the European possessions in the New World. The most important publications during this reign, relating specially to our Island, are undoubtedly Mason's "Brief Discourse of Newfound land," and Whitbourne's well known book. Old Whitbourne, as I have discovered, was of very humble origin. His literary ability, like his learning, was very scanty; but the old fellow was shrewd and humorous. A right trusty and brave old sailor. The most sincere and faithful friend of the Colony. It was a very happy thought of Sir Robert Bond to commemorate the gallant Sir Richard's memory by naming our first inland town and important railway junction after this brave old Elizabethan mariner. It seems to me a pity that another great benefactor to Newfoundland at a little later period, the man who saved the settlers from extermination by the West Countrymen—John Downing is not also similarly honoured.

To follow chronological order in giving a list of books on Newfoundland, Mason precedes Whitbourne. His book was written between 1618-1619 and published early in 1620. Whitbourne's first edition appeared in the latter part of 1620, with new issues in 1621-22-23. The important map by Mason was made in 1617, but it did not appear in print until 1625, when it was inserted in the very erratic work of Vaughan about Newfoundland—"The Golden Fleece"; followed by a still more curious publication—"The Newlanders Cure."

Mason's book is the work of a scholar; its full title after the fashion of the day is very quaint:

A
BRIEVE DISCOURSE
of the
Newfoundland.
With the situation—Temperature
and commodities thereof—
Inciting our nation to goe
forward in that hop-
full plantation begunne—
"Scire tuum nihil est—nisite scire noc sciat alter."
A. H.
Edingburgh
Printed by Andro Hart—1620.

An American friend and lover of history—James Phinney Baxter—aided me in the full investigation of Mason's life. I need not say that in other histories of Newfoundland there is not the least notice taken of this important personage in our Colonial annals. To John Mason we owe a deep debt of gratitude, not only for his favourable and truthful account of the recourses of the Island and its adaptability as a Plantation, but also for the important record of the tradition that Bonavista was the landfall of John Cabot. In his map he marks opposite Cape Bonavista: "A Caboto primum reperta"—first land found by Cabot. In law there is a well known maxiom, that evidence given before the commencement of litigation and the opening out of controversy, is always to be received with far more confidence than testimony brought forward after the issue of proceedings. The latter may be manufactured to suit the case. The former is entirely free from such suspicion. We must bear in mind that Mason's statement was made in 1617, about 120 years after Cabot's voyage. There were then men alive whose fathers had sailed with the Italian discoverer. I illustrated this fact by my own experience. I knew well a great-aunt of mine whose husband was a commander at the battle of Trafalgar, 1805. She was born about 1780, and as I am 70 our united experiences cover 124 years. Mason was a geographer, a university scholar, Captain in the Royal Navy; a most truthful, exact and reliable man. His record of Cabot's landfall was undoubtedly received from the trustworthy statements of living witnesses. It is further corroborated by a similar note on Dupont's—a French geographer's map about the same time. On this question I was like the famous defender of the Catholic Doctrine of the Trinity—"Athanasius contra mundum." All the leading authorities at home and abroad ridiculed my view. I must say this much for my fellow Newfoundlanders—they all believed in me, and they will be pleased to know that recent investigations of old maps make the landfall of Cabot at Cape Bonavista on St. John the Baptist's Day, 24th June, absolutely as certain as any fact happening four hundred years ago can be ascertained.

Mason's narrative contains one of the most strange and romantic incidents in our early Colonial history. It is a remarkable story—a fine illustration of the old saying, that truth is stranger than fiction. If we found this tale of the Indian Squantum in a dime novel or shilling schocker we should look upon the incidents as far fetched and wholly improbable. We should declare that the long arm of coincidence was stretched too far by the author's vivid imagination. The remarkable adventures of this poor Indian will give my readers a more exact impression of the close connection between the Continental Colonies and our Island, even in these early days. It will also illustrate the antiquity and the continuity of the trade in dry codfish. It went on with Spain hundreds of years before the discovery of America. Squantum was kidnapped by one Thomas Hunt in New England in 1614, taken to Malaga, in Spain, with nineteen more Indians, and there sold in the usual way as slaves. Being very docile and intelligent he was allowed his liberty. Wandering about the quay he met a captain belonging to Guy's Newfoundland Colony. He stowed away and came out to Cupids. In Newfoundland he met John Mason and a Captain Dermer, agent for Sir Fernando Gorge, the Patentee of New England. Dermer brought him to Plymouth to interview the Knight, and from thence, about 1616, he was returned to his native land. When the Pilgrim Fathers landed in 1620 they were delighted to meet a friendly native who spoke good English. Squantum became their firm friend and ally. He taught them how to plant Indian corn, and to top dress with fish manure. This remarkable savage spoke three languages; had embraced four religions—Heathen, Roman Catholic, High Church Anglican, and lastly a Puritan and Independent. He was very arrogant to his fellow natives, always wore English clothes, and made his countrymen believe that like a white man he had control over both disease and death. At his latter end he asked Governor Bradford to pray that "He might goe to ye Englishman's God in Heaven."

I am afraid these Bibliographical sketches are rather desultory and rambling. Put the blame on that old Prince of Essayists—Sieur de Montaigne. He has taught us small scribblers to be various and discursive in our attempts to entertain our readers.

Fisher-Folk.

AN ETCHING.

By F. B. Wood.

I.

A short night's rest, a simple meal,
"A kiss good wife I'm ready,"
He steps on board and hoists the sail,
The wind is fair and steady.

II.

The wind increased unto a gale,
Though not for long it lasted,
They found his body on the beach,
Nearby his boat—dismasted.

St. John's, Newfoundland, May 13th, 1904.

Avalon's Farewell

To Miss Lane.

As the tender strains, 'neath thy gifted hands
Swept thro' the church last night,
We felt some Angel touch'd the chords—
Methinks we felt aright!
For angels walk this old earth still,
Thank God, in forms like thine!
And heaven is nearer where they tread
And life almost divine!

* * * * * *

We'd not forget thee if we could—
The echoes, pure and rare
Of that farewell shall fill our hearts
And ling'ring, end in prayer.
That never "rift be in thy lute"—
That all life's chords atune—
And love forever wreathe thy heart
With sweetest flow'rs of June!

St. John's, Nfld., May 9, 1904. E. C.

"God Guard Thee!"

Ode to Sir Cavendish Boyle, K.C.M.G.

[These lines were written and presented to His Excellency Sir Cavendish Boyle, and elicited a pleasing note of appreciation and acceptance a few days before his departure from our shores.]

Where mild Mauritius waves her stately palms,
O'er shores, whose waves in Capricornic calms
With coy advances, reaching from the main,
Kiss the warm strand, then hasten back again,
To run with gentle murmurings thro' the shade
By sea-fans, and the roseate coral made—
Thou goest! and our blessing goes with thee.
Hear in the gentle sighs of southern sea,
The cordial wish, eternal as the waves
That roar unceasing in our Islands caves—
God guard thee! this our prayer, our voice's weak
The heart's warm wish to plead, let the waves speak.

And let the sweet voices of echoes that hover,
The "Three Breasts"* around, that tell of the lover
Paul, and his lost, his Virginia fair
Whisper unceasing, and mingle with their
Regret for the lovers, our loss of a friend.
But in the vain regret, what gladdening strains blend
A voice from the north, where Atlantic waves meet,
No coral, but stern cliffs adamant feet.
Let the southern stars and fan-palm trees
Repeat the song from these northern seas—
"God guard thee!" our friend on that favoured strand
Who taught us to sing, "God Guard thee Newfoundland."

* Three hills in the Island of Mauritius, spoken of in the story of Paul and Virginia.

ARTHUR S. ENGLISH.

Trust.

By George F. Power.

As the "great machine" goes whirling round,
And the sweat of the worker steams on the wheel,
'Tis the heart of the toiler attunes the sound,
And its notes accord with the thoughts they feel;
To our friends far away it merrily sings
A harmony grand in sweet refrain,
For every round of it nearer brings
The dream of their life to them—"Home again."

That vision of "Home" to them never dies,
The years are bridged by the firmest span,
The rivets of hope bind love's strong ties,
And the pillars of faith in their countryman;
Remembrance—to them has never brought
(For Kate is Kate and Joe is Joe)
A change by wealth, or "grandeur" wrought,
We are as we were in the long ago.

Let us, by our greeting, this dream fulfill,
Let honesty once more take its place,
And the laugh in the mother's eyes don't chill
By the formal smile on the daughter's face.
Let fathers and sons be as men were of old,
Giving them welcome with heart and hand,
And the tale will be telling, as often was told,
"*There's no place in the world like Newfoundland.*"

St. John's, Newfoundland, May 5th, 1904.

A Farewell.

By F. B. Wood.

The worthy representative
Of him who fills our Empire's throne,
With honour you discharged his trust,
And made our hopes and fears your own.

For all your wisdom and your zeal
Deep gratitude is but your due;
Your gracious deeds and kindly words
Have won our heart's affections too.

Now that our king has called you hence,
And from our shores you must depart,
Altho' our lips shall frame the words,
Our fare-thee-well comes from the heart.

Nor would we, if we could, forget
The lady standing by your side,
Though we may see you nevermore
Kind thoughts of both shall still abide.

Where e'er you go may you soon win
The love of those 'mongst whom you dwell,
Yet oft recall in future years
Old Terra Nova's fond farewell.

St. John's, Newfoundland, May 13th, 1904.

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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

THE... NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY.

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

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CAPE RACE.

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3 "	14 "	24 "	36 "	45 "
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5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	75 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	$1.05 "
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H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

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HON. ELI DAWE,

Minister of Agriculture and Mines

Department of Agriculture and Mines,
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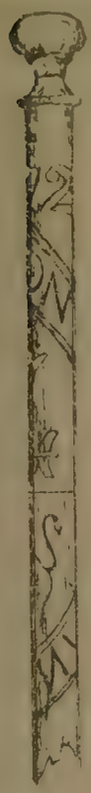
THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY

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The Old Coat of Arms at Placentia.

By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D.

AMONG the Historical Relics, for which old Placentia is notable, may be mentioned the painting of the Royal Arms, which till lately hung in the Old Anglican Church there, and is now, pending the erection of a new church, in the custody of Mr. John Bradshaw. This emblem is I suppose typical of the "Church," while emblematic of the "State" is a bailiff's staff, preserved at the Court House, which bears the same achievement of arms.



BAILIFF'S STAFF.

I have not sufficient data to give the History of these old relics. or to say how they came to be lodged at Placentia; but I have thought that a description of them, and an explanation of the Arms, might prove a subject sufficiently interesting for an article in THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY.

Many people think that the Art of Heraldry is only an antiquated fancy, not far removed from pureile folly, and that in these prosaic centuries a study of these absurd mediæval figures would be a shear waste of time. Such, however, is not really the case. Although it must be admitted that in the XV. and XVI. centuries this art, like many others, became very much degenerated, yet it cannot be denied that Heraldry has played an important part, and exercised a powerful influence in moulding the History of the World. It has also been of incalculable benefit in creating and fostering a taste for the fine arts; the fantastic forms of armorial bearings and devices lending themselves admirably to artistic decoration. No one can pretend to any degree of perfection in Art, Sculpture, Architecture, Archeology or Literature, without at least an elementary knowledge of the curious conceits and technical terminology, of this quaint branch of science. Indeed it is almost impossible to read with a true understanding and appreciation, not only the higher class of romance and literature, such for instance as the works of Scott, but even History itself can be but half understood without the aid of Heraldry. In fact Heraldry may be called "History in pictures." The explanation which I am about to give of these old arms at Placentia will show that not only the whole History of England, but also a very considerable portion of that of Europe is written upon that small piece of painting.

Again Heraldry has its utilitarian side. It serves to distinguish family alliances and descents, often of great legal importance in settling questions of heredity and property, etc.

It is useful in the formation and organization of guilds and corporations: in the invention of trade-marks of business firms: in the designs of National Banners. and Royal Standards, which become the recognized symbols of racial loyalty and national fealty, which call forth in their defence the highest sentiments and noblest feats of patriotism and heroic bravery.

Although it has become the custom in modern times and in new countries, like our neighbors in the United States of America, to despise as unworthy of serious thought the *childish* heraldry of mediæval Europe, yet it would seem that a symbolism of some sort is a necessity of human intercommunication. and those very people who reject with scorn the ingenious and well-devised designs of ancient heraldry, have found it necessary to adopt for themselves a spurious and mongrel imitation of the truly poetic and romantic imagery of the middle ages. This craving which seems inherent in the human heart, shows itself cropping out in such tinsel and tawdry hybrids as "The Knights of Columbus," "The Knights of Pythias," "The Foresters," &c.

It may probably surprise some of the sons of the great modern Republic to learn that their very national flag—their "Old Glory,"—of which they are so justly proud, is not, as they may have thought, a spick span new American invention or conception, but a survival and adaptation of old English heraldry. The stars and stripes were originally the arms or heraldic bearings of the family of Washington!

The first quarter of the coat of arms at Placentia is blazoned, that is to say heraldically described, in the following manner:—

Gules, three lions passant guardant Or: in pale, for England. For the benefit of the uninitiated, this may be explained as follows: On a red ground there are three lions in gold or yellow colour passing or walking towards the left hand, and looking full face at the beholder. These lions are placed one above the other in the centre line of the shield.

This is the Arms of England at the present day, and is to be seen in the first and fourth (or last) quarter of the Royal Standard, or upon British money. The other two quarters, called the second and third, being occupied respectively with the arms of Scotland and Ireland: (Fig. No. 1.)



(No. 1.)

We will consider each of these coats of arms separately. Firstly

THE ARMS OF ENGLAND.

Among the symbols or emblems used in heraldry the lion was a very popular and much used one, being the representative of strength and courage. There is a roll of arms drawn up in the reign of Henry III., between 1243 and 1246, containing the blazons of 218 coats of arms, and no less than forty of them exhibit the Lion in one form or another.

The lions on the English arms were those of Normandy, and are supposed to have been brought over by the Conqueror; but they were originally only *two* and they were not lions but leopards, or as the French called them *lionceaux*. The first *reliable* mention we find of them in connection with English History is in a description given by the Monk of Marmoutier of the enrollment of Geoffry, Count of Anjou, the father of Henry II. Plantagenet into the order of Chivalry. His shield is described as having "*leunculos aureos imaginarios*"—"imaginary little lions (or leopards) of gold." These animals like the griffins are partly fabulous. They are called *leones leopardes*. They are a cross between the lion and pard. The pard is a name given indiscriminately to the tiger, panther, leopard, jaguar, cat-a-mountain, and such like. It is alluded to by Shakespear, in the well-known passage from "As you like it."—Act II.: Scene 7, describing the Ages of Man. The fourth age is:—

"A Soldier
"Full of strange oaths and bearded like the *pard*."

The third lion was added by Richard *Cour de Lion*, after his return from captivity, 1194, King John before coming to the throne signed or sealed with two lions, but after he became king he used three, and so the seal has remained ever since.

On the Royal Arms of England, as we see them to-day, the first quarter is entirely occupied by the arms of England, the three lions as mentioned, but on this shield at Placentia it will be noticed that this quarter is subdivided, as it is called "*per pale*," or into two parts, side by side, called the *dexter*, (that on the left hand of the observer); and the *sinister*, (that on the right hand of the observer). The reason of this division is to make a place for the arms of Scotland—the "Lion Rampant," which on the Royal Standard of to-day occupies alone the second quarter. It will be observed that in this Placentia coat of arms the second quarter is occupied by the Arms of France, namely, three lilies, or fleurs de lis. We will now consider

THE ARMS OF SCOTLAND.

The heraldic blazon of these arms is as follows:—"Or, a lion rampant, gules, surronnded by a double tressure flory counter flory of the second." In plain English,—On a yellow or golden ground, a red lion standing on his hind legs with his fore paws stretched out as if clawing or clutching, surrounded by a double red border flowered on both sides. The origin of this arms is not known. It is thus beautifully epitomized by Scott in Marmion—

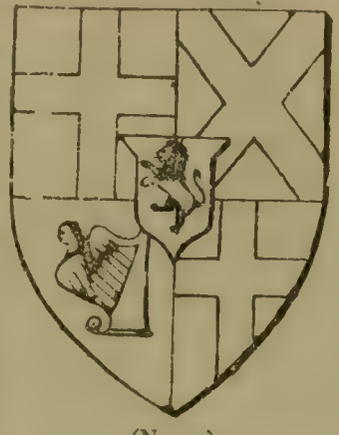
"The ruddy lion ramps in gold
On Scotland's royal battle shield."



(No. 2.)

The arms of Scotland and of Ireland were introduced into the British escutcheon by James I. of England and VI. of Scotland in 1603. He gave the second quarter of the shield to Scotland, the third to Ireland, and the first and fourth to the combined arms of France and England, quartered as in the time of the Tudors. (Fig. No. 2.)

This marshalling was followed by Charles I. But when Cromwell established the Commonwealth, being imbued with a more republican spirit, he discarded the Lions both of England and Scotland and the Lilies of France, and in their stead placed the Cross of St. George for England and that of St. Andrew for Scotland, retaining the Harp of Ireland and placing his own arms, a lion rampant, very inconsistently over all in an escutcheon of "Pretence." (Fig. No. 3.)



(No. 3.)

With the restoration of Charles II. the arms were again brought back to their former style as in the reign of Charles I.

On the abdication of James II. (1688) the Crown of England was offered to William III., Stadtholder of the United Netherlands and Count of Nassau. He was the son of the eldest daughter of Chas. I. Besides these titles William held another, that of Prince of Orange. This title was derived from a beautiful Province of that name in the South of France in the Department of Vaucluse. It came into possession of the House of Nassau through René, nephew of Prince Philibert of Orange in 1530. The sister of Philibert had married the Count of Nassau. René dying childless his cousin William I., Stadtholder of the Netherlands, became Prince of Orange, since which time the family has assumed the title of Orange–Nassau. In England this short Dynasty is known as the Orange Stuarts. By a strange irony of fate this title of Orange, his only *Catholic* title (as it may be called) is the one by which he has become notorious and left his indelible mark on the pages of English History. That title, accruing from the smiling Province of Southern France: a country which brings to our minds memories of peace and harmony only; of the chivalrous days of the troubadours and ministrels of Provence! Sad that it should have become the shibboleth of strife and bloodshed, of hatred and racial antipathy, of internecine war, of fratricidal feuds, of political and fanatic animosity and sectarian intolerance, which for so many centuries have afflicted the once peaceful shores of Ireland! Let us hope that the curtain may soon be drawn over this sad scene of the drama of Irish History.



(No. 4.)

William III., Prince of Orange, on ascending the throne of England introduced another change in the Royal Escutcheon. He marshalled the Arms of Nassau:—Azure, semé of billets, a lion rampant or. This coat was placed *en surtout*, or on an inescutcheon of Pretence in the centre of the Royal Arms. (Fig. No. 4.)

In the reign of Anne another change was made. During her reign occurred, in 1707, the Union of the Parliaments of England and Scotland, under the name of The Parliament of Great Britain. At this time also the celebrated Duke of Marlborough was carrying on the war in the Netherlands, and making a sort of triumphant progress. The victories of Blenheim, Ramillies, Ondenarde, Malplaquet, &c., followed hard upon each other. In honor of these victories Queen Anne made a change in the Royal Escutcheon. She withdrew the Arms of Scotland from the second quarter, placing them, as we have seen "in pale" with the British Arms, on the first quarter, and gave the whole of the second quarter up to the Arms of France, as we see them on this shield at Placentia. She left Ireland in its original place on the third quarter; repeated on the fourth quarter the combined Arms of England and Scotland, and discarded the Arms of Nassau. The changes in the fourth quarter (on the Placentia shield) were introduced with the House of Brunswick and will be explained later on.

Mary Queen of Scotts, having married the Dauphin of France quartered his arms (quarterly, 1st and 4th, the Arms of France three fleurs de lis; 2nd and 3rd or, a dolphin embowed azure) with those of Scotland. When her husband became King of France, as Francis II., she quartered the Arms of France (three Lilies) with her own. But before this she was induced by her father-in-law, Henry II., to quarter the arms of England on her shield. This was an occasion of jealousy and fear to Queen Elizabeth and will be alluded to further on.

During the reigns of the Stuarts the custom prevailed of marshalling the Arms (at least for Scotland) in the following manner, viz.: quarterly, 1st and 4th, Scotland; 2nd, France and England; 3rd, Ireland. Thus giving Scotland the place of honour. This custom was also continued (for Scottish coins) by William III. He, however, added the Arms of Nassau *en surtout* as he had done on the English coins. Even the unfortunate first *Pretender*, assumed these arms and had a coin struck in 1716, giving himself the title of James III. and James VIII. Although this pretension of the Stuarts was vain and merely theoretic, still England permitted the use of these arms long after the Union of the Parliaments of England and Scotland.

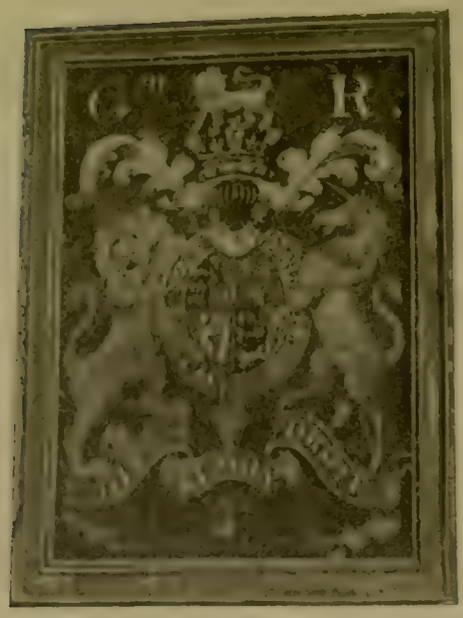
When in Edinburgh, in 1902, I copied a very interesting coat of arms from a fountain in front of Holy Rood Palace. The marshalling was novel and striking. The shield was divided "per pale," the whole of the dexter side—the place of honor—being charged with the Lion of Scotland, while on the sinister



OLD CHURCH AT PLACENTIA—EXTERIOR.



OLD CHURCH AT PLACENTIA—INTERIOR.



ROYAL ARMS AT PLACENTIA.
From a Photograph by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Reardon.



COIN OF THE REIN OF GEORGE II.



COMMUNION SERVICE AND BIBLES PRESENTED BY THE DUKE OF CLARENCE (WILLIAM IV.).



(No. 5.)

side were the usual quarterings of the Arms of England and France. (Fig. No. 5.)

The fountain was erected by the late Prince Consort during his sojourn in Edinburgh, and is a reproduction of a more ancient one at Linlithgow Palace, erected by King James V.

THE FRENCH ARMS.

Although the Fleur de Lys was from time immemorial used in ornamentation of crowns and scepters, it seems to have been first formally adopted as the Arms of Royalty in France by Louis VII. called *Lejeune*, in 1147. He adopted this cognizance when about to proceed to the crusade. His shield was "Semé" or "Sown" with these lilies, that is to say, there were several of them scattered over the field as seeds are sown broadcast. They were of gold on an azure or blue ground. In an ordinance concerning the coronation of his son Philip Augustus, it is declared that the mantle, the chaussures, and the oriflamme are to be sown with fleurs de lis. as described by the poet Rigord:

"Vexillum floribus liliorum distinctum."

The number of Lilies was reduced to three by Chas. V. (1376) in honor of the Most Holy Trinity—"*Pour Symboliser la Sainte Trinite*," and continued so till the destruction of the monarchy. This modification of the number of the lilies was not accepted in England until the reign of Henry IV., 1399. The three lilies are placed in the form of a triangle, the base being upwards the apex below, thus ∴ They are said to be placed "two and one." This is always understood in Heraldry to be the disposition of the charges when they are simply mentioned as three without any qualification. If placed otherwise it is always mentioned as "per fesse," "per pale," "per bend," &c. If three charges are placed with the apex upwards thus ∴ it is bad heraldry and they are said to be "mal ordonnés." I find that while on the old coat of arms in the church at Placentia the lilies are placed properly, yet on the bailiff's staff they are wrongly placed or "mal ordonnés. This is owing to the form of the shield, oval, which would not allow of their being placed properly.

The claim of England to the Crown of France originated with Edward III., who claimed it in right of his mother Isabella, sister of the French King, who could not succeed to the throne owing to the Salic law. After the Battle of Sluys in which he completely annihilated the French fleet (1340) he placed the French Arms on the English escutcheon, and assumed the title of King of France, which was retained by the English Sovereign ever after with a slight respite during the Commonwealth, until 1801, when, on the Parliamentary Union of Great Britain and Ireland, it was finally abandoned, and the lilies were stricken out from the British escutcheon. This empty claim to a title, which was purely fictitious, and had no real or actual dominion attached to it, at least ever since the loss of Calais, 1556, the last French town held by England, seems almost puerile in these modern prosaic days, but in the ages of chivalry a good deal of store was laid by it, and it played no small part in the moulding of British History. Thus when Elizabeth was negotiating a peace with France, the French King being annoyed because she retained the style and title of Queen of France, in retaliation caused his daughter-in-law—Mary Queen of Scotts—to assume the title and style of "Queen of England and Ireland". This assumption not only irritated Elizabeth extremely and wounded her pride, but it seriously alarmed her; for it cast a doubt upon her legitimacy and her right to the Crown. Consequently it embittered the feelings between those two cousin queens, so as to lead to the captivity and final execution of Mary Stuart. In fact all through her reign Elizabeth was haunted by this bug-bear of Mary Stuart assuming the title, style and arms of England Although Mary declared that she never intended to put this claim into actual effect, still it was always a subject of jealousy, the abandonment of which entered into every negotiation of peace with France; and tinged the whole attitude of Elizabeth towards Scotland and her beautiful but unfortunate Queen. We next come to consider

THE ARMS OF IRELAND,

which occupy the third quarter of the shield. The heraldic blazon of this coat is "Azure, a harp or: stringed argent." That is to say, on a blue ground, a golden harp with silver strings. The first thing that attracts our attention concerning this achievement is the colour of the field or ground, which is blue. At the present day it is well known that the *green* has been adopted by the people of Ireland as the

NATIONAL COLOUR;

but antiquaries and experts in this heraldic art tell us that this selection is of comparatively modern date. By some it is said to have its origin from the blending of the colours of the two opposing factions—the orange and blue—by the United Irishmen at the close of the XVIII. Century (1791), under the celebrated Theobald Wolfe Tone. But on the other hand good authorities say that the *green* was used as the colour of the National Standard of Ireland as far back at least as the XVI. Century. Sir Bernard J. Burke, "Ulster King of Arms," says that "Previous to the Anglo-Norman invasion there was no colour or standard for Ireland at large. Brian Boru's banner at Clontarf was red. The favourite colours in those days were crimson, saffron, and blue. Green was not in favour. . . . Since the introduction of English Rule the national colour, established by, and derived from, the Royal Arms has been invariably *blue*. But this colour has not *taken* in modern Ireland, and Sir Bernard himself when called upon to compose the Arms for the Royal University of Ireland (1881), blazons the Arms of Leinster as *vert* (i.e. green), an Irish harp or. The adoption of green by Sir B. Burke instead of blue, as heretofore, was either in deference to modern national sentiment, or perhaps for sake of distinction, as he gave azure (blue) for Munster, and the field of the Connaught Arms is also argent and azure. As all the four Provinces are quartered on the shield, there would have been *three* azures, which would not have a good effect. May we not hope that when Ireland gains "Home Rule," which now seems to be not far distant, the concession to her national aspirations may be made of changing her quarter of the National Standard from blue to green!

With regard to the

"GOLDEN HARP"

of Erin, a few words may be of interest. At what time the harp was selected as the Emblem of Ireland is unknown. It is probably in remembrance of the Harp of Brian Boru, and distinguishes Ireland as a music-loving country. Moore's beautiful lines on the Origion of the Harp are of the highest order of poetry, but of course all pure romance. It is certain that the Harp was acknowledged as the Emblem of Irelad in the XVI. Century. We have already stated that King James I., who ascended the throne in 1603, placed the harp on the Royal Escutcheon as the achievement of Ireland. In an Edition of Keating's History of Ireland, published in 1725, there is given a representation of Brian Boru. We have already mentioned that the colour of his banner was red, and strange to say, on his escutcheon in this engraving the arms are given exactly as those of England, namely, three lions rampant, guardant "in pale." This is the arms of the O'Brien family at present. The harp, however, is represented on this picture as embroidered on a cloth which rests on a table beside him.

Henry VIII. in 1526 issued coins for Ireland: a groat bearing the harp. This is, I believe, the oldest representation we have of the harp as Ireland's Emblem. It was continued in subsequent reigns. King James II. issued copper coins for Ireland (farthings) in 1613 bearing the harp. It was thought that they might not be received by the people of England, as being only in base metal. Hence the harp was placed on them as they were thought good enough for Ireland.

Cromwell also. in 1649, issued special coins for Ireland. They had two shields, one bearing the harp, the other the cross of Saint George. These shields were united at the top, symbolizing the union of the two kingdoms. The shields thus joined bore a fancied resemblance to a pair of breeches. Hence this coinage was called "Breeches Money." (Fig. No. 6.)



(No. 6.)

We now come to consider the charges on the

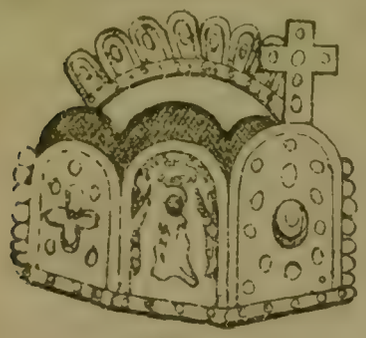
FOURTH QUARTER

of the arms at Placentia. It will be seen at a glance that they are quite different from those which occupy the fourth place on the Royal Arms of the present day, which are simply a repetition of the first quarter, viz.: the three lions of England.

The heraldic blazon of this quarter is as follows: Tierced per pairle reversed; 1st gules, two lions passant guardant or; for Brunswick, 2nd or, semé of hearts gules, a lion rampant azure, for Lunenberg; 3rd (in point) gules, a horse courant argent for Westphalia or Saxony. It is still to be seen carved on the chalk hills of Dover. On an inescutcheon, upon this fourth quarter, is the so-called "Crown of Charlemagne." These combined arms constitute the achievement of the Electorate of Hanover. As they do not appear very clear on our engraving, which is taken from a photograph by the Right Rev. Monsignor Reardon, the original being now much

blurred and injured by time. I give also, on accompanying supplement, an engraving of a coin of nearly the same period, and bearing precisely the same arms. This will enable the reader to understand more clearly the exact style of the escutcheon.

These arms were thus borne on the English Escutcheon until 1st January, 1801, when, on the Parliamentary Union of Great Britain and Ireland the arms of France were discarded; the lions of England repeated in the fourth quarter; and the arms of Hanover were placed on an inescutcheon of pretence over all *(en surtout)* in the centre of the shield. This inescutcheon was at first ensigned or surmounted by the Electoral Bonnet, until the year 1815, when, after the treaty of Vienna, Hanover was made a Kingdom. The Electoral Bonnet was then supplanted by a Crown. They were thus borne until they were finally abandoned on the occasion of Queen Victoria, 1837, as we shall see later on.



(No. 7.)

Finally we come to consider the

SHIELD OF PRETENCE

in the centre of this quarter, and which bears, as we have stated,

"THE CROWN OF CHARLEMAGNE."—(NO. 7.)

George Lewis Guelf, Elector of Hanover, son of Ernest Augustus, Elector of Hanover, &c., &c., and Sophia, daughter of Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia, sister of Charles I. of England, succeeded, or rather *acceded*, to the Crown on the death of Queen Anne, August 1st, 1714. He brought with him a confusing number of German and foreign titles, among which was that of "Archtreasurer of the Holy Roman Empire!" It was in view of this fictitious title that he quartered on his arms the (also fictitious) "Crown of Charlemagne." This title was doubly or triply fictitious. In the first place the Empire itself was fictitious; his claim to the Treasurership was fictitious; the treasurership itself was fictitious, and the emblem, the so-called Crown of Charlemagne, is fictitious.

A few words here concerning the

HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE

may not be considered out of place. The old Roman Empire, founded by Julius and Augustus Cæsar, was divided at the close of the IV. Century (305) between Arcadius and Honorius, sons of Theodasius the Great, into the Eastern and Western Empires. The capital of the Eastern was Constantinople, of the Western Rome. In the year 476 the Western Empire was overthrown by Odoacer. In the following (VI.) Century Justinian became Emperor of the whole Empire, and though retaining Rome, he still kept his Court at Constantinople. This state of things lasted until the year 800, when Charlemagne, King of the Franks, was crowned at Rome by Pope Leo III. as Emperor of the New Roman Empire, called the Holy Roman Empire. The imperial title had fallen very low under succeeding Emperors till the time of Otto the Great (962) who revived some of its glory. From his time down the German Emperors kept the title, until the year 1806, when Francis II., Archduke of Austria, King of Bohemia and Hungary, &c., resigned the imperial title and assumed the title of Emperor of Austria, with him the "Holy Roman Empire" ended.*

George's claim to the office of Archtreasurer, &c., was based upon an intricate chain of consanguinial descent, from the House of Guelf, son of Isembert, Count of Aldtdorf, and Irmintrude, sister of Charlemagne. The Crown which he marshalled on his arms, and which is erroneously called "the Crown of Charlemagne," is in reality a Southern Italian piece of workmanship of the XI. Century. Until the year 1796 it was preserved in the Church of the Holy Ghost at Nurenberg; at the present time it is in the Treasure Chamber at Vienna. The letters S.R.I.A.TH. on the Coin, shown on supplement, apply to this rather nebulous claim of the Electors of Hanover. The full reading is SANCTI ROMANI IMPERII ARCHI-THESAURARIUS. In English it reads—Archtreasurer of the Holy Roman Empire. The other caballistic letters refer to the various other German and foreign offices which were held by the Elector of Hanover, and which were insinuated into the "style and title" of the first Monarch of the House of Brunswick. Though not immediately relevant to our present subject, a few words in explanation of them may not be without interest. This Coin, as will be seen by the date (1729), belongs to the reign of George II. It is consequently of older date than the painting at Placentia. But as the achievement is the same, it serves as an example. We can see of course only one side in this engraving. It is called the *reverse* side. The obverse side (which we do not here see) bears a bust of the King, with the inscription Georgius II., Dei Gratia (George II. by the Grace of God). Then on the reverse we have the following letters:—M. B. F. ET. H. REX. F. D. B. ET. L. D.S. R. I. A. T. ET. E. 1729. The reading in full of which is as follows: Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ, Et Hiberniæ, Rex, Fidei Defensor, Brunsvicensis Et Luninbergensis, Dux, Sacri Romani Imperii Archi-THesaurarius ET. Elector." In English—"King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Duke of Brunswick and Lunenberg, Arch-Treasurer of the Holy Roman Empire, and Elector."

Besides these this Monarch bore a few other titles, which he probably did not think worth recording, or, perhaps, there was no room for them on the coin. Among them was that of Lay Bishop (!) of Osnabruck, Duke of Calenberg, Zell, &c., &c.

The first part of this Inscription relating to the claim of the King of England to the Crown of France and Ireland has already been fully explained; also that relating to the Holy Roman Empire.

F. D.

The title of Fidei defensor, Defender of the Faith, adopted by the Sovereigns of Great Britain, was originally conferred on Henry VIII. by Pope Leo X. in the year 1521. It was granted to Henry for his celebrated work, a treatise on "The Seven Sacraments," written by the King (or at least accredited to him) in reply to Luther's "Babylonish Captivity of the Church." A copy of this work bound in cloth of gold, and bearing the King's autograph, was presented to the Pope, who read it with delight and eagerness, and published a Bull conferring the above mentioned title on the Royal Author. In this work Henry defended the doctrine of Transubstantiation, the Mass, Seven Sacraments, &c. Doctrines which were afterwards repudiated, and which up to the present day the Sovereign of England is obliged, on his accession to the throne, to declare that he believes to be idolatrous and blasphemous, yet by a strange inconsistency he retains the title conferred by the Pope. Whether it was owing to a sense of this incongruity or not, I cannot say, but in the year 1849 (12th Victoria) a Florin was struck, on which these letters (F. D.) as well as the others [D. G.] did not appear. The inscription being simply *Victoria Regina*. The omission of these letters offended the sense of the nation. The coins were designated "Godless" or "Graceless" money. The issue was immediately withdrawn and a new issue struck containing the letters F. D. The throne of Hanover, which had been an appanage of the English Sovereign since the time of George I., became vacant on the accession of Queen Victoria, as, according to the Salic law, women were excluded from the succession. The crown of this little kingdom was therefore conferred upon her uncle, the Duke of Cumberland.

There is no date upon this coat of arms at Placentia, but it bears the initials G. III. R. The old Staff, however, at the Court House, bears the date of 1772, and it is probable that they are both of the same age. This date is prior to the erection either of the old Court House or the old Anglican Church. According to Judge Prowse [Chronological Table, p. 653] the former was built in 1774, two years later than the date of the Staff. Hence it could not have been presented to the Court House. But Prowse tells us [p. 314] that Court was held in Placentia as far back at least as 1749 "in a dingy room in Thomas Kennedy's house." On July 20th, 1786, H.R.H. William, Duke of Clarence, [afterwards William IV.] presided, at the Court House in Placentia in his capacity of Surrogate or Magistrate. Prowse also tells us [p. 366] that the building of the Church was ordered by the Prince in 1787. "He contributed handsomely to its erection," continues Judge Prowse, "and furnished the massive Communion Service long in the custody of Dr. Bradshaw's family at Placentia."

I have no knowledge of the date of this presentation, but it must have been much later than the date of the Arms. Probably more light may be forthcoming on this point.

I have now told all I know of interest about these old Arms, and only trust I may not have occupied too much space or wearied the readers of THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY.

†M. F. HOWLEY.

* It is on this account that the prayer formerly said in the Liturgy of the Catholic Church on Good Friday, "*Pro Christianissimo Imparatore Nostro*" has been suppressed. Not, as has been ignorantly thought by some, because the Church of Rome refuses *to pay due* honor to temporal sovereigns.

The Exile's Daughter.

By D. Carroll.

THRICE welcome stranger fair are you
To this your father's native home,
Who left the grasses waving blue
Beneath Kentucky's azure dome;
And sought our Island Home to view,
The hills thy father loved to roam,
The friends that he in boyhood knew
To make perchance those friends thine own.

* * * * * * *

We may not meet again, yet still,
That we have met this once shall be,
A link within our lives that will
Grow strong with years of Memory:
For you'll remember happy days
And friendships formed beside the sea,
And we'll remember one who strays
Where blue grass waves in Kentucky.

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Photo. by James Vey.

ST. BONAVENTURE'S COLLEGE SPORTS, 1904.



Photo. by James Vey.

C. E. I. AND C. L. B. SPORTS, St. George's Field, 1904.

CONSTABULARY FIRE DEPARTMENT.---FIRE ALARM TELEGRAPH.

EASTERN DISTRICT.

NO. LOCATION OF BOXES.

12—Temperance Street, foot Signal-hill Road.
13—Factory Lane.
14—Water Street, foot Cochrane Street.
15—Duckworth Street, corner King's Road.
16—Cochrane Street, corner Gower Street.
17—Colonial Street, corner Bond Street.
18—Inside Colonial Building, special box.
112—Inside Hospital, Forest Road, special box.
113—Penitentiary, corner Quidi Vidi Road.
114—Military Road, corner King's Bridge Road
115—Circular Road, corner Bannerman Road.
116—King's Bridge Rd., near Railway Crossing
117—Opposite Government House Gate.
118—Rennie's Mill Road.

CENTRAL DISTRICT.

21—Horwood's Lumber Works, special box.
22—Water Street, foot Prescott Street.
23—Water Street, foot McBride's Hill.
24—Gower Street, corner Prescott Street.
25—Market House Hill.
26—Duckworth Street, corner New Gower Street.
27—Cathedral Square, foot Garrison Hill.
28—Long's Hill, and corner Livingstone Street.
221—Military Road, Rawlins' Cross.
223—Hayward Avenue, corner William Street.
224—Monkstown Road, foot of Fleming Street.
225—Gate Roman Catholic Orphanage, Belvedere.
226—Carter's Hill and Cookstown Road.
227—Lime Street and Wickford Court.
228—Freshwater Road and Cookstown Road.
231—Scott Street, corner Cook Street.
232—Inside Savings' Bank, special box.
234—Queen's Road, corner Allen's Square.
235—Centre Carter's Hill.

WESTERN DISTRICT.

31—Water Street, foot Adelaide Street.
32—New Gower Street, corner Queen Street.
34—Waldegrave and George Street.
35—Water Street, foot Springdale Street.
36—Water Street, foot Patrick Street.
37—Head Pleasant Street.
38—Brazil's Square, corner Casey Street.
39—Inside Boot & Shoe Factory, special box.
331—LeMarchant Rd., head Barter's Hill.
332—Pleasant Street.
334—Patrick Street, corner Hamilton Street.
335—Inside Poor Asylum, special box.
336—Torpey's, Cross Roads, Riverhead.
337—Hamilton Avenue, corner Sudbury Street.
338—Flower Hill, corner Duggan Street.
42—Southside, near Long Bridge.
43—Central, Southside.
46—Road near Lower Dundee Premises.

On the discovery of a fire, go to the nearest box, break the glass, take the key, open the door of the large box, and give the alarm by pulling **the Hook all the way down once**, then let go and listen for the working of the machinery in the box. If you do not hear it, pull again. After giving the alarm, remain at the box, so as to direct the Fire Brigade where to go.

CAUTION.—Persons wilfully giving false alarms, or damaging the Fire Alarm apparatus, will be rigorously prosecuted.

"FIRE OUT SIGNAL."—Two strokes on the large Bell, repeated three times, thus: II—II—II.

JOHN R. McCOWEN, Inspector-General.

Customs Circular

No. 15.

WHEN TOURISTS, ANGLERS and SPORTSMEN arriving in this Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Angler's Outfits, Trouting Gear, Fire-arms and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions:—

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Trouting Poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes, and tent equipage. A receipt (No. 1) according to the form attached shall be given for the deposit and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt as well as in the marginal cheques. Receipt No. 2 if taken at an outport office shall be mailed at once directed to the Assistant Collector, St. John's, if taken in St. John's the Receipt No. 2 shall be sent to the Landing Surveyor.

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the receipt. The Examining Officer shall initial on the receipt the result of his examination and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits or provisions of any kind will be admitted free and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
Assistant Collector.

CUSTOM HOUSE,
St. John's, Newfoundland, 22nd June, 1903.

C. NURSE. C. AUSTIN.

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Hand Sewing a Specialty.
Strictest attention paid to all work.

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Progress in Newfoundland.

By Newfoundlander.

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

So sang Alfred Lord Tennyson in Locksley Hall; but to-day even Cathay is moving. The East is no longer asleep. What means the sudden emergence of Japan as a world power, defeating on land and sea one of the mightiest nations of Europe? What means the military training under Japanese officers of numbers of Chinese in the different Provinces of China? These mean that henceforth the Japanese will claim the right to dominate the Far East, and that the anticipated division of Chinese territory between Western Powers will not materialize. Yes, the East is moving. And the progress of the West still goes forward by leaps and bounds. At present the United States of America is making a water-way between North and South America for the commerce of the world, and Canada is gathering in citizens by the thousand to develop the resources of her great North West, and will soon become the granary of the Empire.

History is being rapidly made in the morn of the 20th Century; and in the general advance, Newfoundland is claiming a share. Not long since the supplying merchant held in his keeping the conditions almost of life and death, certainly of sufficiency and want. Fishermen were afraid to speak, for to offend him meant no outfit for the fishery and, consequently, no means of obtaining a livelihood and no food. This is largely a thing of the past. The supplying merchant is still here, and still needed, but the fisherman sees another open door—he is no longer a slave.

The contrast between the Newfoundland of to-day and that even of 1900 is marvellous. What patriotic Newfoundlander can recall the condition of things existing in 1900 without trembling as if awaking from a horrible nightmare? A crushing debt had been created by the construction of the railway; but at that time only the debt remained as the country's heritage, the railway having become the property of a Company. Telegraph lines, Municipal Basin, and over 3,000,000 additional acres of land—including mineral and timber lands, squatters' claims, and hundreds of miles of water-side—had all been handed over, and Newfoundlanders were practically without a country. Was ever a people brought to a more humiliating condition apart from a disastrous war? And as if that were not sufficient, a definite, persistent and carefully organized attempt was being made to obtain control of the Legislature of the Colony. In that hour of awful gloom a great cry went up to heaven:—

"Give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honour, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking:
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife,—lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!"

Heaven heard that cry, men were given, the Legislature was rescued, and the recovery of our forfeited honour and independence became a possibility. It was no light task which confronted the newly elected Parliament of 1900; the task of undoing a great evil is always difficult. Nor has it even yet been fully accomplished. At the present moment, the knife is being sharpened to carve the pound of flesh—blood included—from poor Antonio's body. Wounds so deep heal not in a few short years. But if the restoration is not complete, enough has been accomplished to inspire confidence in the future. The reversion of the railway, the telegraph lines and over 3,000,000 acres of land have been recovered. And it is to the eternal credit of the Government that no harsh measures were used in obtaining these things; though, possibly, circumstances may have justified the employment of such measures. Nothing was done to weaken the confidence of capitalists in the honour of the Colony. A *quid pro quo* was paid in hard cash or its equivalent. Our heritage was *redeemed.* Successful efforts have been made in other directions also in the line of improvement. The burdens of the travelling public have been relieved by the new Coastal Contract; the pressure of taxation has been lightened by the removal of duty from a number of the necessaries of life; and, last but not least, a Contract relieving Newfoundland of French territorial and exclusive fishery claims has been signed, and passed by the Imperial Legislature, and now only awaits ratification by the French Government.

It is impossible, therefore, to compare Newfoundland as it was in 1900 with what it is in 1904 without seeing that vast strides upwards have been taken. Have we reason to hope that this upward tendency will be continued? Perhaps; but it is necessary to remember that "Eternal vigilence is the price of freedom," and that national progress cannot be had at less cost than National Freedom.

The Pilgrim.

By D. Carroll.

Old Home, I feel that thrill again
That stirred my heart when life was new,
As 'cross the Gulf our good ship strains
To reach thy land-locked waters blue.
Old friends, old scenes, old mem'ries too
Shall crowd to meet me on the shore,
And cheat old time one day to woe
Old dreams, in haunts we loved of yore.

The path that winds across the hill
Is calling with a mystic voice,
The trees are beck'ning from the heights,
The brooklet sings, "rejoice! rejoice!!"
The valley's glad with sun and song,
The land is gay with one refrain,
Nature's and friendship's best, that vie
To greet the wand'rer home again.

"Do you remember?" sings the breeze,
O'er many a spot where we've delayed,
The well beside the road, the bridge,
The cove where one bright eve we stayed
And watched the twilight on the sea
Change dreamily to night and stars,
Then you were all the world to me;
That mem'ry, time, nor distance mars.

O, many a distant clime I've trod
Since that glad summer eventide,
Mid gorgeous scenes, but this is still
More lovely than all else beside.
For here I won my angel bride,
But ah, my restless feet would roam,
'Neath starlit southern skies she died
Still dreaming of her Island Home.

* * * * * *

Farewell! I breath it once again,
Land of my heart's best love, Farewell!
Fain would I in thy arms remain
And calmly rest whate'er befell.
But I must haste away and dwell
Where cities plaud the strenuous hand,
Yet, o'er the roar of marts shall swell
This song, "I love the Newfoundland."

The Colonial Policy of the Radical Party.

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, Ph. D.

"WHEN I was a young man," said Earl Russel (more remembered as Lord John) to Mr. Lecky in 1870, "it was thought the part of a statesman to turn a small Kingdom into a great Empire; now it seems to be thought to be the part of a statesman to turn a great Empire into a small Kingdom." Those were the days in which a school was in the ascendant that regarded the Colonies not only as a present burden, but as never likely to be anything else, and as certain to separate from the Mother-Country as soon as they grew capable of making any return for the protection which had sheltered their infancy. Men remembered how the Mother-Country had fought a great war for the advantage of the original Thirteen Colonies, and how those Colonies, when asked to defray part of the expense of the army which defended them against the Indian Tribes, had risen in revolt, and had called in the aid of the very nations with which the Mother-Country had for their sake quarrelled. Men forgot that we are not like the American Colonists. Thus the view was taken that the only possible policy with regard to Colonies was to drift along, to do little for them, and to expect nothing in return. And now a school arose caring nothing for prestige, and eager to be rid of the Colonies at the earliest moment possible.

Sir Henry Taylor, one of the most accomplished men who have ever been employed in the Colonial Office, tells us in his Autobiography how in the year 1864 he wrote the following letter to his chief, the Duke of Newcastle, in company with a memorandum on the defence of North America which had been sent over from the War Office:

"As to our American Colonies, I have long held and often expressed the opinion that they are a *damnosa hereditas;* and when your Grace and the Prince of Wales were employing yourselves so successfully in conciliating the Colonies, I thought you were drawing closer ties which might better be slackened, if there were any chance of their slipping away altogether. I think that a policy, which has regard to a not very far-off future, should prepare facilities and propensities for separation. . . . In my estimation, the worst consequence of the late dispute with the United States has been that of involving this country and the North American Provinces in closer relations and a common cause."

Sir Frederick Rogers (Lord Blachford), the permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies, wrote thus to Taylor in 1865:

"I go very far with you in the desire to shake off all responsibly-governed Colonies; and as to North America, I think if we abandon one, we had better abandon all. I should wholly abhor being left with a pitiful remnant on my hands—say, Prince Edward Island or Newfoundland. I also go with you in hating the the talk about *prestige*."

Greater and more powerful men than Taylor or Rogers expressed these views publicly. During the great American conflict in which the principle of Union "stamped out in blood" (to use Senator Lodge's words) "the principles of the Declaration of Independence," Bright in his place in parliament more than once proclaimed his hope and his assurance that British North America would declare its independence—and unite with the American Republic; and during the debates on the British North America Act in 1867 he repeated the wish, though not the prediction.

During the American Civil War, Mr. Goldwin Smith, while travelling in the United States, received a letter from Gladstone, intended for publication, but suppressed by Mr. Smith from regard for his friend's position in public life; in this letter the Chancellor of the Exchequer offered to the North the amazing suggestion that, if it would not harden its heart but would let the South go, it might have have all British America as compensation. When Gladstone afterwards formed his first Government, he entrusted the Colonial Office to Lord Granville—now almost forgotten, and remembered only as the feeblest of foreign Secretaries. At the Colonial Office, he wrote a letter to the Prime Minister of Canada informing him that "Her Majesty's Government" would prefer that Canada should separate from the Mother-Country, and then annex itself to the United States. The Canadian Nation was founded by Frenchmen against whom the Americans had stirred up a war of conquest, and by men of English blood who were hunted from their homes like wild beasts simply because of their loyalty to a United Empire; to the sons of such men, the suggestion of Gladstone's Government that they should turn themselves into Americans resembles what Gladstone himself once said of an invitation from the Turks to the Cretans to become (and to call themselves) Turks—"nearly the most daring insult ever offered to civilized men."

Gladstone's letter to Goldwin Smith was written about the time when he called upon the North to recognise that the South had made itself a nation. His later explanation of this speech is curious reading: He "weakly supposed that the time had come when respectful suggestions of this kind were required by a spirit of that friendship which, in so many contingencies of life, has to offer sound recommendations, with the knowledge that they will be unpopular." How is it that a man of his genius could be such an officious simpleton? Or what is the source of this maudlin sentimentality in Liberals where the United States is concerned? "I did not desire a division of the United States on the ground of British interests. My view was distinctly opposite. I thought that while the Union continued, it could never exercise any dangerous pressure upon Canada to estrange it from the Empire—our honour rather than our interests forbidding its surrender. But were the Union split, the North would seek a partial compensation for its loss by trying to annex British America."

Now we are beginning to understand. Mr. Gladstone thought that the success of the South would be bad for his own country, since it would lead to an attempt of the North to subjugate British America, which Great Britain, contrary to its own interests, would be bound in honour to defend. Yet his love for the Americans was so great that he wished them not to exhaust themselves in the effort to reconquer the South, but to spare their blood and treasure, though they might employ these in a war upon the British Empire, unless Gladstone could previously persuade the French-Canadians and the Sons of the Loyalists to change the "Flag of the Clustered Crosses" for the Stars and Stripes. Both British America and Great Britain ought certainly to be very grateful to Mr. Gladstone for his interest in the welfare of the Americans.

Lord Elgin, the greatest statesman who has ever governed Canada—the only man who ever carried through a Reciprocity Treaty—and carried it by securing a "solid South" by the adroit threat, if the treaty were rejected by Senate, to annex all the British Provinces and thereby add six new States to the North, as against the South—Lord Elgin once wrote Home to ask indignantly regarding a Little-England speech, why should people assume that a connection between the Mother-Country and her Daughter States is incompatible with the full development of the latter? "Is this really so incontestable a truth that it is a duty not only to hold but to proclaim it?"

The New Colonial Policy.

IN 1873 a new era in Colonial Policy began. The great American war for union, the union of British America, the unification of the Italian States, the confederation of the German States, the Russian conquests in Asia, woke the United Kingdom from the sleep into which the Little-England School had hypnotized the people. Disraeli—who twenty years before had spoken of "those wretched Colonies" as "a mill-stone around our necks" and as sure to separate in the course of a few years—made a famous speech at the Crystal Palace. Soon after, the Imperial Federation League was founded by men of both parties with a Liberal at their head. But Disraeli, by his conscienceless policy, made Imperialism stink in the nostrils of the Empire; and Providence punished the British people for tolerating him by five years (1880-85) of the weakest and meanest and silliest Government that the Nineteenth Century saw. Gladstone in his old age became from sheer fatalistic pessimism a Little-Englander; he got it into his head that the British Empire was doomed, like that of Venice, of Spain, and of Holland; and he held that the only policy was to submit to the inevitable with as much show of good grace as possible, and to give away what would otherwise fall away or be torn away.

In the *North American Review*, of September, 1878, to atone for his meddling in American affairs, he was kind enough to inform his "kin beyond the sea" that the commercial primacy would be wrested from Great Britain by the United States of America. "We have no more title against the United States than Venice, or Genoa, or Holland has had against us. We have no title to murmur, and I," he piously exclaimed, "have no inclination." He went on to complain that his countrymen were blind to the imminence of a time when they would be unable to support the burden of Empire, and to the need of ridding themselves of the burden before that time arrived.

Now, what is to be thought of the intellectual resources of a statesman who could originate no thought of any means of meeting American competition? And what is to be thought of the spirit and the patriotism of a man who could so easily imagine such a doom for his country, and so readily resign himself to it? And what is to be thought of the gumption of a statesman who could think to win friendship and respect for his country by such servile flattery of a foreign nation and such disparagement of his own? By all the laws of human nature, those who crawl will get kicks; Americans, in particular, respect patriotism, being patriotic themselves, and despise cosmopolitans even when these are most useful to them; and it is small wonder that, when Gladstone's article was scattered broadcast throughout the United States, that country soon after became the cradle of a conspiracy to assist Great Britain to get rid of the burden of Empire.

It is clear, however, that Gladstone's view was held by the majority of the Liberals elected in 1880. As late as 1890, a friend of Sir W. Harcourt's was asked by a journalist, "Is Harcourt sincere in any of his politics?"

"Well, I am sure," was the reply, "that he is perfectly sincere in his detestation of the Colonies."

This view is the explanation of the policy of surrender to everybody which characterized Gladstone and Gladstonians in later years. It is extraordinary that men experienced in politics, and presumed to have some knowledge of human nature in its political aspect, could fancy that concessions, such as those made to the Boers in 1881, could produce any feeling save contempt and dislike. They might have seen in the United States, that there is, indeed, in the South much hatred of the North, but not one half of what there would by this time be, if the North had conceded to the South independence or even a separate Congress. The Boers to-day, after the conquest and devastation of their country, bear us far more goodwill than they did after the concessions of 1881 and the further concessions of 1884. That is human nature. Fortunately, there were growing up in the Radical as well as in the Conservative Party younger men, saner, more courageous, and more resourceful, who were prepared to make a stand against the policy of the Gadarene swine. Fortunately, also, the British Democracy showed that Gladstone had misunderstood the character of his countrymen. He says, indeed, that he learned their nature when he was young; that once, when he was canvassing against the Reform Bill, (which he mistook for Antichrist), and was trying to frighten a farmer by pointing out that in foreign countries popular franchises had led to revolution, "the man looked me straight in the face, and said precisely the following words, 'D—n all foreign countries; what has Old England in common with *them*!'"

Gladstone claims that he showed how much he profited from this lesson by his share in two later extensions of the franchise; but if he had learned the lesson of his countrymen's character as thoroughly as he thought he did, he would have understood that the British masses were as little disposed to abdicate empire as to subvert the monarchy, and that the lot of Venice, of Spain, and of Holland will not be ours, for the short and simple reason that we are not Venetians, nor Spaniards, nor Dutchmen, but, by the good providence of God, resolute, resourceful Britons, subject to occasional deception, but speedily recovering our sense and spirit. Little-Englandism is dead, and so is its prophet.

"Dead the warrior, dead his glory, dead the cause in which he died."

Lord Rosebery, once under the spell of Gladstone, now differs (and his friends as well) from the Unionists only as *Outs* differ from *Ins*. We may feel perfectly sure that when the British Opposition comes into office (it will not come into power) the Colonial Department,—and indeed all the other great departments,—will be filled by Imperialist Radicals; and should any dispute arise within that Ministry between the Imperialists and the Radicals, we can count on the patriotism of the Unionists, even when in opposition, to throw their weight in the scale of Imperialism.

The policy of organizing and consolidating the unity of the Empire goes steadily on. Even Mr. Redmond looks to Imperial Federation as the only chance of Home Rule. The great author of the new policy, a short time ago, stood "crowned with sunlight—over darkness—from the still unrisen sun." He now has won over great interests to the cause. Too intelligent a man to be himself either an unconditional Free-trader or an unconditional Protectionist, he will manage to make both the instruments of a great political design—the Protectionists to keep out foreign products, the Free-trader to let in Colonial products. The effect of prosperity is against change; but when bad times come, as come they will—they are beginning in the United States,—then his policy will come in like a flood. The first step must be to impose the responsibilities of government on the Opposition, and to endow his own party with the freedom of opposition. Fiscal Reform, like most other reforms in Britain, may be carried by those who at first opposed it.

The Radicals, when saddled with the responsibilities of office, will undergo a change as great as that of the Canadian Liberals, who, when out of power, became such a party of traitors that Mr. Blake refused to lead them, and who sold themselves to American Capitalists; while they have, in office, developed into a party of Imperialists, preferential traders, and finally avowed protectionists.

In this country, we have seen that statesmen who stood, when out of office, for freedom of the trade in bait fishes, have had the patriotism, when in office, to face the charge of inconsistency, and to impose restrictions on a minor industry for the protection of the great staple industry of the country. Our enemies abroad, and those within the gates who sympathise with our enemies, long for the success of the British Radicals; but they may be disappointed with the result of that success. The world of politics is one in which the Progress of the living forces of the present against the policies of the past is embarassed and retarded by faction fights and personal interests; but nevertheless, to use a phrase which was well invented,—"nevertheless it moves."

In Evangeline's Garden.

By Eros Wayback.

A BOLD tall peony flamed to view
In a garden bed where a daisy grew
Beneath the imperious, scarlet thing,
That far and wide did its arms outfling.
Now, low, at his feet, he just caught sight
Of the sweet, shy flower drest in raiment white,
Save the delicate bloom on her petal tips,
As she kissed the dew from the morning's lips.

He derisively flouted the simple flower
That timidly crept by my lady's bower,
Where castles in Spain thro' the summer hour,
Evangeline's airy fancy drew
In the circumambient shimmering blue.
Unconventional mixed with minarets tall,
The woodbined cottage and stately Hall;
In the nebulous scheme no science had part,
There, shewed Gothic and Moorish and modern art;
Quick as the moves in a fairy dance,
Now, Elizabethan and Renaissance.

As for the people her fancy wrought,—
From varying climes and times were brought;
Evolved from Evangeline's summertide moods,
Waverley knights, and her own day dudes;
Alonzo and Jack in that wondrous throng,
George, Hernando and Tom stepped airily along;
The Regency's dandys in satins and ruffs,
With our own placid youths in collars and cuffs.

Now, the peony noted with jealous eye
That the singing bee and butterfly
Alighted oft on the gem-like flower,
Caressing and kissing through sunlit hour,
Whispering tales in her pearl-rimmed ear
Of her kith and kin in the gardens near
On each pictured wing were the fly's notes wrought,
Whilst the bardic bee garrulous hummed each thought,
When the daisy's bed in the noon-tide sought.

And the peony bent his scarlet head
Low down o'er the fair flower's bordered bed,
Anxiously seeking to intercept
The bee and the fly as they downward swept
To where the daisy grew apace,
Fearfully watching the angry face
Of the peony glowering at its homely grace;
But the gold-banded bee and the emperor fly
Never once heeded that amorous sigh,
Nor deigned a glance at the garish thing,
Whilst around they poised on quivering wing.
As never such plant as the peony stood
In Evangeline's garden in arrogant mood.

"Now, get thee hence, low sickly thing,
That hath cumbered my feet since earliest spring
Sent hither her bees with their merry chaunt,
And the pictured fly to a favoured haunt,
Where waves thro' the day my scarlet plume;
'Neath the trampling feet of men resume
Your place by the wayside's deepest gloom."
Then the sweet, timed flower lowly bent her head
In sore afright of the peony red;
And the bright eye dimmed, and the petals turned
Paler it seemed, as the bold flower spurned.

Then Evangeline hearing the click of the latch
Of the garden gate, and a scraping match;
And dreamily noted her lover's tread
As he cigaretteiferous odours shed;
Cried, "Jack! you're as bold as that brazen flower
That keeps nodding its red face here, thro' the hour;
And just like the plant, a tiresome pest,
Hither coming, an unbidden guest."
'Twas Evangeline's charmingly pettish mood,
Philosophical Jack quite understood;
And meekly smiled as he raised the hand
That wore a rich gemmed, golden band:—
"'Tis somewhat solemn, here, 'neath the yews;
Now, what is the budget of latest news?"

The peony had heard this perseflage,
And down to the roots was filled with rage;
Grew ruddier still, with injured sense
Of my lady's most slighting reference;
Malevolent, now, with wrath and pride,
Stood the purple flower by the daisy's side.
But that night the wind, with whirl and shout,
Scattered his gleaming plumes about;
And the morning sun saw a skeleton stalk
Where he arrogant stood by the garden walk.
When the daisy awoke from the night's light dreams,
She smilingly greeted the daygod's beams;
Pleasing each eye where she lowly grows
When summer has fled with the perfumed rose;
'Till the snow flakes cover with feathery plumes
Evangeline's garden's latest blooms.

Hoisting of the Banners.

By Sir Robert Thorburn, K.C.M.G.

REAR high the Crimson Banner of St. George,
Beneath whose ample folds Britannia guards,
'Neath Southern Cross, or by the Arctic gorge,
Her gallant sailors on the quiv'ring yards;
Or on the bloody field of Africa's velt,
Where sailors, soldiers, share a common grave;
That flag, a shroud for those whose honor felt
No stain should ever mark the fallen brave.

Rear high the Golden Harp, enshrin'd in green,
Old Erin's banner of the Sister Isle,
Inwoven with the Shamrock leaves between
By maiden fingers deft, in ornate style.
No braver race 'ere trod the tented field
To strain of music, or in silence stern,
Disdaining death, ne'er yet as cowards yield,
Has Celt been found the backward step to learn!

Rear high St. Andrew's flag of azure hue—
The banner of the gallant Scots unfold;
Her Patron Saint wore Cross of White and Blue,
And "*Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled*," were told
Grow thistles still, and hold their heads full high—
Still "*welcome to their gory bed*" of yore
Are Highland clans, when in the van they ply
The foe with bayonet thrust, or fell claymore.

Rear high once more old Terra Nova's flag,
As well becomes her Norsemen's sons of old;
Her colors on those Cabot Towers, no brag,
They fill the Post of Honor, and uphold
Our Country's claim to mark the sacred spot
Where Cabot's welcome to our Newfoundland
Burst forth in lusty cheers from British throat
That echo still around her ancient strand!

Uphold the Briton's flag, then, brothers all,
Where're it waves by land or surging sea—
At home, abroad, respond to Duty's call—
No tyrant's yoke we wear, or bend the knee,
Except to Him who rules by sovereign grace,
And "*holds within the hollow of His hand*
The mighty deep," that cradle of our race!
"God save the King," and bless our Mother Land.



Photo. by James Vey.

The First Train with the Old Home Week Visitors.



Photo by James Vey.

Some Guests at Mount Cashel Garden Party.

Top Row—Hon. E. M. Jackman, H. H. Carter, Rev. Arch. O'Neill, Rev. W. Jackman, Rev. M. Clarke, Rev. Dean Ryan.
Second Row—Rev. Fr. O'Rourke, Hon. J. D. Ryan, Administrator Horwood, Archbishop Howley, Rev. W. Borne, Rev. Fr. Finn, Rev. J. MacNamara.
Third Row—Rev. Bro. J. E. Ryan, Rev. Fr. Fleming, Rev. P. O'Brien, Rev. P. W. Browne, M. P. Cashin, Sir E. P. Morris, Rev. Bro. Slattery, Sup., Hon. L. O'B. Furlong, Rev. Wm. Browne.

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How Jack Burton Returned to Newfoundland.

By Rev. J. A. O'Reilly, D.D.

"WELL," said Skipper Mickle Brophy, as he took a seat on the "settle" in James Burton's cottage and spread his hands over the blazing logs that lay inside the "dog-irons," "I'm goin' to say fifty years now av its a day, and I never seen such a night as this in all me livin' days." Well might Skipper Mickle say so—for it was such a storm as is remembered in the Island to this day—though nearly forty years have passed since it took place.

"Yes," said Mr. and Mrs. Burton, "its a dreadful night on the land even; may God protect those that are out on the ocean." Here the speakers said a prayer, Skipper Mickle Brophy doing the same.

"Isn't it wanderful," said Mickle, "that people are niver so pious as when there's a big breeze of wind from the North-Aist or Sou'-West?" This cynical piece of philosophy was honored with a laugh. As they thus spoke the tempest seemed to have reached its height. In violent gusts it swept over the forests and down the hills; rushing at the house it caused it to rock and reel; whilst the window panes were all but driven in.

All this while the sea was thundering against the cliffs, and the ocean was rising with ever increasing rage as though to overleap all landward barriers. A wild storm of rain—changing hill-side rivulets into foaming yellow torrents—added its share to the elemental warfare. The loud voice of the storm at intervals dropped to a melancholy sobbing, as though in grief over the lives then perishing from its wrath. The whole scene was a bearing out of Longfellow's phrase—the "Mournful Atlantic." Dense darkness prevailed, illumined at times by the fierce searching flashes of lightning, which were flung for moments athwart the awesome scene—and when these ceased all was again buried in darkness—"chaos and old night." Again and again did those in Burton's cottage tell their beads—and invoke in that hour the aid of her, so well called "Star of the Sea," that she might add the weight of her influence in Heaven to their efforts on earth.

And now indeed it would seem to be the hour of "utter need" with many a seaman off the coast of Newfoundland. It was certainly the hour of "utter need" with one brave ship, which at that moment was fighting the storm near the south coast of the Island, and aboard of that vessel was Jack Burton—son of the people whose household we have described as praying for those out on the ocean in such a tempest.

Burton had been in the United States for about ten years previous to the time when we find him returning to Newfoundland. His pursuits had been mainly seafaring. Some years were spent on the George's Banks, whither he sailed from Gloucester; other seasons were spent on river-boats; he made several trading trips in the Atlantic and Pacific; from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson Bay his experience brought him. He was a through built seaman of the Newfoundland type; brave to recklessness—but courage well balanced by the coolest calculation. In appearance, a man of six feet—though breadth of shoulders and depth of chest took from his height; his face frank and good humoured was made stern and keen by that look which comes to men who have to look angry skies and dangerous seas in the face. His face was bronzed by foreign suns, used all his life to danger, and his present situation had not in it the embarassing ingredient of novelty. Not so the American captain, who, although a proven seaman, now found himself in a difficulty; first inasmuch as the storm was sudden and violent, making it a life and death matter to reach a harbor; and because he was almost a total stranger to the difficulties and dangers of the Newfoundland coast, especially in such weather. He appealed to Burton, as a man well accustomed to the coast, for advice and encouragement.

"Well," said the latter, "in the open sea, in weather of any kind, a good ship is a good harbor; but to be running for the coast of Newfoundland in weather like this is no child's play, captain."

The other said, "You know the coast along here better than I do—being a stranger. What say if you take the wheel and see if you can fetch her through it."

"All right captain, I'll do my endeavours," said Burton. "It looks saucy enough out here, but if she'll keep together I'll drive her through. I was often out in worse." The captain stepped from the wheel and the Newfoundlander took charge of the ship. He first secured himself by being "lashed" to the wheel—a precaution made necessary by the lurching motion of the vessel—which was such that as she rolled in the seas—everything movable would have been swept over the rails—unless already fixed securley on the deck by ropes and chains. This done Burton gave his orders to the well nigh panic-stricken crew to batten down the hatches and shorten sail—in a word to make all ready for a rough storm. The cool courage of the Newfoundlander speedily restored confidence of the hitherto discouraged men. They obeyed his orders quickly—and reefed the sails as he told them, and not a minute too soon—for the storm had by this time all but redoubled its fury. The vessel was now under double reefed canvas and the men stood by ready to take off all sails and let her drive before the gale under bare poles. Night was rapidly getting darker and more confusing—and the vessel was now rushing at fearful speed through the surging waters and it took all of Burton's seamanship to keep the vessel on such a course as to avoid being upset or else buried beneath the billows which were every few minutes breaking either ahead or astern of the fast-flying ship.

The vessel's decks were swept every few minutes—and Burton held his footing only by being lashed to the wheel. The drenching spray immersed him and all but carried him over despite the ropes: death yawned for him all around, but no perils drew off his mind from the main task: that of getting the ship in reach of land. Never is brave soldiership so well proven as in leveling a forlorne hope; and never is Newfoundland seamanship well shown as in bringing a vessel through the seas when the waves are like mountains all around, and when an iron bound coast is waiting to drive in her bows if she strike. One false turn of the wheel might send the ship to bottom; one moment of confusion might dash her on the rocks. But Burton like a brave leader who brings his men past the enemy's lines—steered the ship past the ocean lines which every moment massed their forces—and sprang at her sides to drag her down to the depths. She was the sport of the elements. The floods crash over the rails, decks and topmast: before and behind the sea opened in yawning gulfs: now she sinks in the trough of the sea: and now she climbs a hill-side of water. No sooner is she on the crest of the wave than she plunges again as though to strike the very earth—and through all this dreadful crisis the hand of the Newfoundlander is as steady on the wheel; his heart as staunch and his eye as true as though every minute did not bring the possibility of a "sailors grave." And in good truth not mere courage but the rarer quality of cool deliberation could have secured safety in such a crisis.

The American captain cries: "Do you think she'll come through all right?"

"All right, captain. Never say die."

A distant harbor; a storm risen to a hurricane; and a thick musky night—all conspired to make the steering difficult. The chances were a hundred to one that she would be swamped or upset before port could be gained. Burton knew all this; none better. Seafaring was his trade and life-work, but he knew what the call was on his own nerve—and then the Higher Power—Sole Ruler of the storm. In prayers brief, though fervent, he called God to his aid, whilst he often made a sign of the cross on the seas, and then with new manhood face the battles of wind and sea. His steering was so true that within another hour the vessels would have got into New Port. Already she was getting into smoother water, owing to the shelter of the steep headlands, at least; the force of the gale was greatly lessened—when crash!! goes the foremast—broken near the decks by the sudden swoop of wind from the heights, and falling

it hangs a mass of wood and cordage over the ship's side. The ship thus hampered no longer answers the wheel; but driven by wind and tide she is rushing towards the iron fronted cliff of Sunken Rock Point, where many a gallant ship and brave crew met destruction.

* * * * * * *

Father, there's a wreck on the Sunken Rock Point and the people are gone out to save the crew, and they want you to go with them."

It was Katty Simmonds, the venerable house keeper of Father Furlow, who thus spoke. The clergman was just finishing his breviary, as the house mistress, haste in her step, fire in her eyes, and a pair of top boots and waistcoat in her hands enters his study with the afore said message. It was no new call that to Father Furlow—for often in his thirty years of missionary life in that and other ports of Newfoundland, had a similar call been given him. When foremost amongst his people he went to the cliffs and the strand, or the sinking vessel itself to help to save the drowning; or to administer the last sacraments when possible to the dying, or, at least, to recover the dead bodies for burial in consecrated ground. Not once or twice but a score of times in his long missionary career had he been on the very brink of deadily peril in thus carrying out his sacred duties.

When the message was thus given his reply was—"A wreck is there? Tell Paddy Sloan to get a lantern and come out with me to Sunken Rock Point." Sloan is sleeping the sleep of a tired man by the kitchen fire when the house mistress rings the trumpet call in his ear. "Get up out of that and get the stable lantern and go out with the priest to Sunken Rock Point—there's a wrack there."

"A wrack," said Sloan, as he assumed the perpendicular. "A wrack, is it tibaccy or what or what?" Never mind what it is: it is not rum or tibaccy,—but drownin' men to be saved. I'd advise you not to keep the priest waitin' any longer." "Sloan, come along fast," says the priest from within. Sloan was promptly arrayed in sea-gear—and lighting a lantern he opens the door—when an inrush of storm drives him back. "Arrah, yer reverence, wat's the use of goin' out such an night as this. Shure these poor souls are gone be this, any way." "Go on," was the stern reply of the clergyman. "Amin," said Sloan, and then as he plunged into the darkness he added under his breath: "I'm not a horse at any rate." The clergyman and his faithful, though sometimes obstreperous man plod sturdily on by the narrow path-way which ran a quarter of a mile from the settlement towards the scene of the wreck. Their road lies within a few yards of the sea-broken cliff, and their footing needs to be firm, for the gale at times is so swift and stormy that it is only at the risk of being swept over the edge that they can make good their ground and go along.

Near Sunken Rock Point the rocks descended in slopes and steeps at heights varying from fifty to one hundred feet from the waters level to the top. The people—amongst them Skipper Mickle Brophy—were gathered at the place, and all provided with ropes and chains: for ships great and small had time and again been wrecked on that rock-ribbed tide ravaged shore—and the residents were well skilled in the art of life-saving: and well ready, too, to venture their own lives and limbs in taking the dead or drowning from the very jaws of the sea. And so it has ever been—for never has the call to save the shipwrecked been made to the people of the Island, but strong hearts and willing minds have been ready for the work. Whether—on the storm swept sea or amid the crushing waves and rocks—or over the front of the beetling headland the Newfoundlander has never failed to bring deliverance to those in need; And so it was now that a large number of men and boys was gathered on the outer ledges of Sunken Rock Point, to see by what means they might put in safety the remnant of the wrecked crew. When the ship had been dismasted, Burton managed to launch the little deck boat—and so brought the crew to the only safe landing place in their reach—a platform of rock at the foot of one of the highest peaks of Sunken Rock Point. Landed here they were safe at least for a while—and before leaving the drifting ship Burton made signal lights for help, in answer to which the people had come to their aid. Soon the ropes, with chains, are lowered over the heights and Jack Burton causes each man to be raised by this—the people above drawing the ropes up. As soon as all are up—he puts the rope around his own waist and begins the upward climb. His experience told him that the rope would be over worn from contact with cliffs—and so he had told the people by the mouth of those who had gone up before him, to leave the rope somewhat slack whilst he was going up, as he would be able to help himself along by making a sort of step-ladder of the rougher projections of the sea-wall. This was very near costing him a life, and in this way.

About half way up he rested his whole weight for a moment on a stone, which gave way under him, and as the rope was released he was on the point of falling to the bottom, when his old sailor training saved him. Often on the Banks had he gone to the masthead when the vessel was pitching and tossing—and now, no way unnerved, he clings hand and foot to the cliff, and so preserves a balance and saves his life, whilst those above pull tighter the rope. Coming near the upper edge of the cliff, another danger confronts him. Where the people were standing the ground was beginning to give away. As Burton gets near the top, a couple of men reach hands down to him, and by sailor's grip assist him to jump in on solid ground clear of the outer edge. No sooner has he done so than several tons of earth, gravel and stone—the whole upper edge of the precipice—goes clattering down a hundred feet and falls with a dead thud on the rocks below.

Safe, however, he is greeted by scores of friendly voices. All go with him to his old homestead, and there a real Irish welcome greets the wanderer after years of absence. And so it was, that fom the deck of a shipwrecked vessel; and from out the depths of a raging sea, and over the face of an iron-bound cliff that Jack Burton returned—about 40 years ago—to the Old Homeland.



A Foretaste of Autumn.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

I.

WILD north-west wind, oh, what do you say to me,
Me, who with shivering steps wander on?
Bending spruce boughs, what's the tune that you play to me,
Now that the glow of the daylight is gone?
Waves of yon dark pond, I hear but the plash of you,—
Though the moon rises, as yet she is low—
Yet well I know, by the fierce striving lash of you,
Summer is passing, and soon must she go.

II.

Chill is the night air, but fragrant with scent of boughs;
Weird is the forest, and dark are its dells;
Standing before me one tall fir tree, scant of boughs,
Moans like a wizard rehearsing his spells;—
Low breathes the streamlet, and black is the path of it,
Slipping o'er stones that show white in the eve
Save where a narrow place foams with the wrath of it
Sputtering to alders that over it grieve.

III.

Far in the marshland one stray bittern, hoarse of tone,
Hides in the shadow of rush and of fern;
Sounding like one who with fitful remorse of tone
Tells a foul secret we wish not to learn.
And through the dusk air, like mad thoughts that fleet by one
Whirrs the last snipe, speeding over one's head:
List! 'tis a rabbit disturbed by strange feet, by one
Sauntering at eve ere the last lights are dead.

IV.

Summer is going—the gay dancing feet of her
Speed from the barrens, and flee to the south;
Pale partridge berries turned red by the heat of her
Soon will grow lucious and soft to the mouth.
Shrills the north-west wind a menacing knell to her,
Mournfully answered by birch, spruce, and fir;
Then, my hushed soul, say a nine-month's farewell to her—
Hail then to Autumn, its clearness and stir!

Three Pond Barrens, August 27th, 1904.

A Six Months' Tour.

Extract from Letters of a Tour to Egypt, The Nile, Palestine, Turkey, Greece, and Europe, 1904.

By James Carter.

GLORIES of other lands, some may tell
Of mountain slope, river, field and dell;
Yet fairest St. John's we love thee best,
Thy sea laved beach and hilly crest,
To us more classic than the hills of Rome!
Heaven ever prosper thee "Home dear Home."

MARCH 4th, 1904.

I left you at sea, bound to Egypt via Alexandria, and now as you will see by the above address, I am writing you at the "Sheppard's Hotel," Cairo, and I will try to give you a brief outline of my movements since.

We arrived at Alexandria at 6 a.m. on Wednesday; there was a sand-storm the night before, so that we were delayed, which prevented us from making the land—it being like a fog. The land is very low and flat, but we lay close into the quay and had no trouble in landing. Up to the present time I have seen no trouble with regard to surf, that I have heard remarked. We drove to the hotel—the new "Khedival"—quite large and extensive, with marble pillars, galleries, etc., handsomely frescoed in Egyptian style. Called at Cook's office, and was very much pleased to find that four of our late passengers on the *Republic* were booked for the same trip as myself; Americans and millionaires at that; two couples, one young and the other elderly, which fitted in alright. Both of them had been all over the world, and were just making this trip to round off as it were. Well, we formed the party right away (five), and with the dragoman drove through the town in American style. We were tormented by a crowd of Arabs at starting, who had all kinds of fancy articles for sale, in fact the streets were crowded with all nationalities—Arabs, Turks, Syrians and I don't know how many others. We went through the principal streets, which are quite up-to-date, and some of them very wide with fine buildings on either side, and very many handsome structures, such as theatres, opera houses, museums, etc. We then went to the suburbs, where there are some beautiful villas, some of them in extensive grounds; one, especially, belonging to a rich merchant of the place, where the King, when Prince of Wales, remained with his uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, some time after his illness some years ago. The grounds are immense with statuary of all descriptions; large figures in marble, such as Nelson and other notable generals, modern and ancient, Neptune and a lot of fancy figures. The fountain in front of the house is very handsome. The dwelling house is built principally of white marble, with several cupolas. Lilies and flowering vines, etc., surround it. The palms were a sight, very high and formed an avenue up the side-walks with cactus scattered all about the grounds. I wish that "Balsam Place" was situated in a corner, so that we may experience what it is to live in the way and manner in which it was first ordained, amidst the grandest scenery of art and nature, fanned by the perfumed breath of the soft balmy air.

We then passed the canal that connects the Nile and over several bridges. The road on either side of the canal was crowded with arabs, mules, donkeys, camels and the canal itself with boats of the peculiar rig of which you see in Oriental pictures. The women are all veiled and dressed in black. They wear on the forehead a peculiar tube for breathing through, all you can is their eyes. The men in a variety of colors, I suppose according to their state and rank. The view in the country is a sight that can be seen only in Oriental countries, the palms scattered as far as the eye can reach, with the cactus, indianrubber trees and a host of others in full bloom. The pineapples, bananas and others fruits, also fields of wheat, etc. We returned to lunch at 1 p.m. and then went for a walk and visited the shops, arcades and bazaars, but we had not much time, leaving for Cairo by the railway at 4 p.m. The line is run by an English Company, the carriages being similar to those in England with one carriage seating six, they are very comfortable and run very smoothly and quickly, about forty miles per hour. The scene at the station was most animated and the noise deafening, for so many carriages, horses, mules, donkeys, all mixed up together. The scenery was very picturesque along the line. There was a road on either side, where one could see the Arabs passing on the backs of camels, donkeys and horses, and women in carts. We passed several Arab villages enclosed by a wall and built with mud, some low and others conical like a honey-comb. The villages were crowded with men, women and children. The vegetation is extraordinary, as far as the eye can reach on each side fields of barley and clover with long drains here and there about eight or ten feet wide for water, with horses working wooden wheels for irrigation. The rain that falls in June would take the balance of the year before it would reach that distance from the head of the river. We crossed some very fine iron bridges from eight hundred to a thousand feet long that crosses the Nile and Canal at several places. We saw the Egyptian oxen yoked to the plough in pairs turning over the soil, worked by Arabs. They get in some places, several crops of clover in one year. Several large flocks of sheep and a good deal of cattle grazing; camels, horses, donkeys, etc. Passed two or three large towns, one of fifty thousand inhabitants, where the train stopped at the station to land and take passengers. The place was crowded with Egyptians, Arabs and Greeks and in their Oriental costumes looked very picturesque. Several Arabs were at prayer in the fields and on the road, previous to which they wash their feet and rinse their mouths.

Alexandria is about 130 miles from Cairo. We arrived about 7 p.m. at "Sheppard's Hotel," a very fine and extensive building, with a beautiful terrace in front and very handsome breakfast and dining rooms. We found there an immense assembly of ladies and gentlemen in evening costume. The ladies were elegantly dressed: they were holding a reception in the garden at the rear which is very large, with beautiful palms, and the trees were hung with a thousand colored lamps, flags and electric lights in arches. The place was literally packed with ladies and gentlemen of all nationalities. English officers in gold lace uniforms, Egyptians, Greeks, Syrians and Europeans, I am sure there could not be less than five thousand; you could not get standing room, and carriages and pairs constantly going with the elite of Cairo and still adding to the number; it was a kind of carnival which takes place at certain seasons, I expect much the same as at Rome and other places in Italy. They were amusing themselves by throwing in the face of each other small colored paper like wafers, which would stick about the ladies' hair and dresses. The illuminations of the hotel, coupled with the garden, was a scene of Oriental grandeur that could not be excelled in beauty elsewhere.

The next day the garden was completely covered up to your ankles with the paper, which had to be taken up and the paths all covered again with red sand and gravel. There is a number of guests here at present, the tables are crowded, the cooking good, and there is a large attendance of waiters; Arabs, Greeks and also English. I think they have at least, fifty serving and waiting at table and there does not seem to be too many engaged. They have two alternate tables every time each day and they sit a big crowd. It is to me wonderful, where all the people are coming and going. At Alexandria, we visited Pompey's pillar which is about one hundred feet in height, built of granite and marble. There are the ruins of several others to be seen and a good deal of excavation has latterly taken place, where a lot of Catacombs have been discovered with several tombs, galleries, etc. The population of Alexan-

dria has been computed at four thousand, half of which are Arabs, etc. It is very seldom that there is any rain and in driving through the country we were covered with fine sand. The Arabs have large brushes which they always bring with them for brushing off the sand.

Thursday, March 4th, was a very fine day and in the morning we walked the principal streets of the city of Cairo, which are fine and wide with large shops, some of them English, supplied with all description of goods. After lunch, took a carriage, accompanied by a Dragoman and visited the Arab and Moorish quarters, where we had to leave the carriage and walk through the narrow streets. On either side were shops with all kinds of fancy and antique goods, ornaments, etc. Some of the entrances on the outside were very narrow, only a few feet in width, but extended up a court inside with the articles for sale on the floor of the shop; an immense stock of Persian carpets, silks, rugs and cotton and woollen goods. Over the shop which was situated in a square, were the latticed windows looking into the interior. Some of the goods were very expensive; $40.00 for a small silk rug. Others, again contained all kinds of antique gold and silver ornaments, also swords and knives, and a fine lot of precious stones, diamonds, rubies, etc. On the outside were the Arabs, working, carving, tailoring, etc. The streets were crowded by mixed groups of Arabs and Syrians, walking and on camels, donkeys, horses and carts. There are several hundred of those shops and the streets twisting and turning in every way. The houses appear very old, and on the roof, from one house to another, are placed planks and boards, which are covered with any old material in order to keep the sun from descending. We went through another street where there was only gold and fancy jewelry; the owners in front of their stalls working at their trade. While there I saw the funeral of an Arab. In front walked the hired wailers, making their laments, after which the coffin—a plain wooden box with some fancy covering or pall; then followed the mourners or friends, after which a cart containing the wives (6) of the deceased with their faces covered. There also passed the funeral of a rich Arab lady, with an elaborate panoply over the coffin, followed by a large crowd and about one hundred carriages, all with two horses and full of men. There were also men walking and camels with panniers carrying presents for distribution to the poor.

The "Continental" is a very fine hotel and only recently finished. It is much handsomer on the exterior than "Sheppard's, the vestibules are exceedingly large, and the rooms are splendidly frescoed and ornamented. The "Savoy" is also a very large hotel, but "Sheppard's" is the oldest and most conservative and much frequented by the "upper ten." You cannot get along there under under nine or ten dollars per day. The "Continental" is cheaper, $5.50, but there are others of less size and expense, but in any case, Egypt is a dear place in which to reside, as a sovereign is only worth about nineteen shillings of their money.

Went in the morning to the oldest Mosque in Cairo. Before entering we had to put on big sandals over our shoes. The buildiug is very old, and said to be built of some of the stones of the Pyramids. The Arabs were praying in the building; it is very extensive, but much out of repair and some men were working on parts of it. Its foundation is said to be laid in A.D. 643 and to have been nearly destroyed by fire in the 9th century.

We then went to the Mosque tombs of the present family of the Khedive of Egypt, and also the tomb of the grandmother of "Ismael." The tombs are beautifully carved, gilded and ornamented and are of different colored marbles. There were a lot of other tombs of sons and daughters of the same family, all very handsome in bronze and marble, etc. Thence to the Citadel which is occupied by the British (about ten thousand) inside of which is the Mosque of Mohammed Ali, who was elected Pasha of Egypt by the people. It is a most magnificent Mosque, built of marble and alabaster with marble pillars. His tomb is also in the Mosque, an elaborate work of art, consisting of all kinds of stones richly carved and gilded. The Mosque is of an immense size, and is gorgeous in its symmetry of architectural beauty.

Rev. Canon Pilot, D.D., D.C.L., I.S.O.

THE veteran Superintendent of Church of England Schools, whose portrait we publish herewith, was the recipient of a Royal Birthday honor in June last. The King has made him a Companion of the Imperial Service Order, and everyone acquainted with the long and distinguished services of this reverend gentleman will agree that the honor has been well earned and justly bestowed. The Canon is son of the late Thomas and Ann Pilot. He was born at Bristol on December 30th, 1841, and was educated at St. Boniface, Warminster, and at St. Augustine's, Canterbury. He was ordained Deacon in the spring of 1867 by Bishop Wilberforce, of Oxford, and came to Newfoundland and became Vice-Principal of Queen's College. Here he continued till 1875, when he became Superintendent of Church of England Schools. In 1870, he married the only daughter of R. R. Wakeham, Esq. In 1878, he received from the Archbishop of Canterbury, under a patent from the Crown, the Degree of B.D., and that of D.D. in 1891. In the latter



REV. CANON PILOT, D.D., D.C.L., I.S.O.

year he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and an honoray Fellow of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury. In 1896 he was installed by Bishop Jones a Canon of the Cathedral. For many years he has been examining Chaplin to the Bishop of Newfoundland. In 1897 he received the Degree of D.C.L., from Winsor, N.S. In scholastic concerns in 1898 he received the thanks of "My Lords" of the Privy Council for a valuable and complete report of the system of education in the Colony, and in 1901, the thanks of the Imperial Government for the part he took in this Colony in the Royal Patriotic Fund. Canon Pilot has been President of the Council of Higher Education since its birth in 1893. He is Grand Master of the Order of United Fishermen. He has at various times received the thanks of the Synod. He is author of a Geography of Newfoundland, of School Reports, and articles on Newfoundland Folk Lore. We wish the learned Doctor a long continuance of his successful career, and that he may receive additional honors.

Captain John Green.

CAPTAIN GREEN was born in King's Lynn, Norfolk, England, on January 29th, A.D. 1831, and is consequently nearing his 74th mile post. At an early age he was indentured to a firm of Solicitors in his native town, but the work not being congenial, after a short time, he left and entered the office of a large mercantile firm. Here he came in contact with many sea captains whose tales of the sea captivated the fancy of the young clerk, who became so discontented with his work, that at last he threw it up and went to sea. His first voyage so discouraged him that he vowed he had enough of it. But the salt was in his veins and the sea called him. He again set forth and served a long time in the Baltic trade, making a number of voyages to Cronstadt, near St. Petersburg, During the time of the Crimean War, a large number of Russian vessels, which were in various ports in England, were sold. In one of these—a barque called



CAPTAIN JOHN GREEN.

the *Jacob*—he made his first voyage to St. John's, with a cargo of salt, serving in the capacity of mate. After discharging the ship went to the Gulf of St. Lawrence for a load of timber. Here he left her and returned to St. John's, entering the firm of P. Rogerson & Sons, who at that time did a large business, having many foreign going vessels, beside a large sealing fleet. In 1857 he was in charge of the old *Ann Isabella* and made many foreign voyages in her. In 1864 he invested in a brig called the *Saxon*, and ran her till 1871. Finding freights going down on account of so many steamers running, he sold her in Leith, after discharging a cargo of sugar at forty-five shillings freight from Pernambuco—a freight in those days considered very unremunerative. Returning to St. John's he went into the steamboat business with C. F. Bennett & Co., Messrs. Prowse, P. & L. Tessier, Goodridge & Sons, the late Capt. Graham and others. This he worked so successfully that for the greater part of the thirty-two years of his connection with the Steam Tug Company, he was the trusted and efficient Managing Director. On his retirement a short time ago he was the recipient of a warm and flattering address from his friends and co-workers, beside a valuable and massive silver service. Capt. Green, though having passed man's allotted span, is still a smart active man for his years. After a long and active career, he is now enjoying a well-earned rest from the cares and distractions of business. He is now on his way to British Columbia on a holiday trip. The many friends and admirers of Captain Green wish him many years yet of rest and happiness, a wish which is cordially echoed by THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY.

A Plea for the Stag Caribou.

By L. F. Brown.

A DOMAIN so grand and remote and free,—
This island's own fastnesses wild,
Should mean safety for me,
Where I always could be
Secure on the pinnacles piled
Above green, sparkling streams that are crooning and clear.
Yet across this whole island, and passing me here,
Is an iron-railed road through the haunts of the deer.
We were happy. Why are we beguiled?

A half million caribou range at sweet will,
From Cape Norman to Fortune's fair bay.
The tundras we cross,
And we feed on the moss
That waves from the "vars," while we play
Over leagues upon leagues of the barrens afar.
We're so wild that we're tame; but the seas are a bar!
And beings with firesticks our happiness mar.
There is danger through night and through day.

We paw through the snow to the hidden, sweet moss;
We browse as the Northern Star gleams.
From the headlands we gaze
In the long Arctic days,
Or the low, midnight sun's waning beams,
At the glittering crags which the lone iceberg lifts
Toward the stern, ragged clouds with their somber wild rifts;
While the Snow King's white fingers his wide mantle sifts
Where the pale, ghostly moonlight streams.

Think, think, ye strange hunters, be beings that fill
Our faint hearts with forebodings, woes!
What if we could will
A full license to kill,
In your own loved Arcadia? Suppose
That *your own* does and fawns were hunted and shot,
While the seas made a prison of every dear spot
In your own happy lands? Would you joy at your lot,
Or revile and condemn your dread foes?

You should leave this one land in the beautiful world,
To be sacred to safety and bliss,—
For the caribou wild,
For the barrens' own child;
And not doom us to wonder, to miss
Our own wives and children at sad eves and morns.
Don't shoot us to get a stag caribou's horns,—
For our heads that you think your grim sport-den "adorns!"
Would your mercy to us be amiss?

But come with your cameras; come as our guests.
Come as friends to our green, remote hills.
Your camp-fires have scarred,
Your dread flames have marred
The forests that guard our wild rills.
Oh, the ranges and valleys where Nature, distressed,
Finds her wilderness fair that was happy and blest,
Left all desolate, lorn! Follow mercy's behest.
Be our guardians. Spare us these ills.

Gaff Topsail Mountain, Newfoundland, July 5, 1904.



RT. HON. SIR ROBERT BOND, P.C., K.C.M.G., LL.D.,
Premier and Colonial Secretary.
Candidate for Twillingate District.



SIR EDWARD MORRIS, K.C., KT.B., LL.D.,
Minister of Justice.
Candidate for St. John's West District.



JAMES AUGUSTUS CLIFT, K.C.,
Minister of Agriculture and Mines.
Candidate for Twillingate District.



JOHN R. BENNETT,
Deputy Mayor.
Candidate for St. John's West District.



HON. E. M. JACKMAN,
Minister of Finance and Customs.
Candidate for Placentia and St. Mary's District.



HON. ELI DAWE,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.
Candidate for Harbor Grace District.



CAPT. THOMAS BONIA.
Candidate for Placentia and St. Mary's District.



MICHAEL S. SULLIVAN,
Candidate for Placentia and St. Mary's District.



GEORGE W. GUSHUE,
Minister of Public Works.
Candidate for Trinity District.



GEORGE SHEA,
Mayor for St. John's.
Candidate for St. John's East District.



WILLIAM A. OKE,
Candidate for Harbor Grace District.



JAMES M. KENT, B.A., K.C.
Candidate for St. John's East District.



HON. HENRY GEAR,
Candidate for Burin District.



EDWARD H. DAVEY,
Candidate for Burin District.



FRANK J. MORRIS, K.C.,
Candidate for Harbor Main District.



WILLIAM J. ELLIS,
Candidate for Ferryland District.

Our Portrait Gallery.

OUR many readers in Canada, United States, and all over Newfoundland, will scan with interest the many plates in the Portrait Gallery of our current issue. In fact the suggestion that we reproduce the portraits of our public men, especially those who will be candidates at the coming general election, comes from a friend and patron of the QUARTERLY—an intensely patriotic Newfoundlander who has been some years residing in Boston. Many of our public men are known to our exiled fellow-countrymen by repute, but they all agree that it increases the interest in our biographical sketches, when illustrated with first class portraits, such as the QUARTERLY has been endeavouring to supply to its readers and patrons. We have endeavoured to secure the portraits of all the Candidates, but only partially succeeded. We reproduce for our readers a goodly number of the friends and patrons of the QUARTERLY.

SIR ROBERT BOND.

Newfoundlanders at home and abroad, irrespective of class or creed, are proud of their fellow-countryman—our first native Premier—the Right Hon. Sir Robert Bond, P.C., K.C.M.G., LL.D. His probity and patriotism are unquestioned. As Premier of the Colony, his administration has been one of the most successful and beneficial to the Colony's best interests, that we have enjoyed, since we first obtained the boon of Responsible Government. New industries have been fostered, to such an extent, that labour of all kinds is abundant. The fisherman, the mechanic and the labouring man are better off to-day than at any other period in our history. As a consequence, that mill-stone that hung about our necks and sapped the manhood of our hardy toilers, as well as impoverished the country—able-bodied pauper relief has been shaken off, and let us hope forever abolished. Our revenues have doubled up; our educational grants have been increased nearly a hundred per cent; our special and road grants have been augmented, and improvement is noticeable in every department of the Public Service. And notwithstanding that the duties have been taken off of Flour, Molasses, Salt, Kerosene Oil, Lines and Twines to the extent of nearly two hundred thousand dollars, yet so prudent and statesmanlike has been his policy that during his administration, notwithstanding the increased expenditure for roads, bridges, light houses, public wharves, education, etc., etc., we have had the unprecedented state of affairs, that we have had a handsome Surplus Revenue each year. Small wonder that his countrymen are proud of him and those brainy and patriotic Newfoundlanders with whom he is associated, and that Sir Robert Bond holds a very high place in the estimation of all patriotic Newfoundlanders both at home and abroad.

SIR EDWARD MORRIS, K.C., KT.B., LL.D.

Sir Edward Morris is an old St. John's boy. He was elected for his own district, St. John's West, when he was scarcely out of his teens; he has been continuously elected ever since. If it were conceivable that the people of his district would allow him to leave, he would have no difficulty whatever in being elected in any constituency in his native land. He has been, by long odds, the best member ever elected for the West End. His indomitable energy and his pride in his district has changed the whole face of St. John's West. This was abundantly testified by the exiled Newfoundlanders who were here during old home week. Many of them who were born and bred in the District scarcely recognised it, with its numerous industries, its magnificent roadways, and its general improvement in the last ten years. Certainly, if any district in the Island shows that it possesses a live, energetic member that one is St. John's West. Sir Edward has been associated with Sir Robert Bond, and has held the port folio of Attorney General, a post for which he has proved to his countrymen that he is well fitted. As a criminal lawyer he has no superior. He has the largest and most extensive private practice of any practitioner at the Bar. Morris's Reported Cases is a standard work, in which he has displayed wonderful industry as well as legal acumen. He has ever been foremost in all movements for the betterment of his district and his native land; and when His Gracious Majesty King Edward conferred the honour of knighthood on him, the rejoicing was universal, not a single fellow-countryman of his grudged him the honour. Sir Edward is now in his prime, and has many years before him of honours to himself and usefulness to his native land.

HON. E. M. JACKMAN.

A typical Newfoundlander, coming from a good old stock, with a name that will be ever famous in the fishery annals of Newfoundland. Captain Bill Jackman of happy memory was a man who was idolized by Newfoundlanders. He was the highest development of the type of those who "go down to sea in ships"; an intrepid commander, a king fisherman, and brave to the verge of rashness. His rescue of a ship's crew at Labrador would be sufficient to immortalize his name, if his hundreds of other good qualities had not enshrined him in the hearts of all Newfoundlanders. Capt. Arthur we still have with us, and if it were possible to put the question in Newfoundland as to who was a typical Newfoundlander—a brave, determined, hardy, generous Newfoundlander of our day—the universal answer would be Arthur Jackman. What the other Jackmans achieved wrestling with the stormy ocean at our doors, E. M. Jackman achieved in the quieter paths of commerce. He is one of the most successful of our younger business men. Mr. Jackman's reputation as a business man for square dealing, for honour and probity is one that any man may well feel proud of. By his unaided energy and ability he worked up one of the most successful business concerns in the country, and when he entered politics, he brought with him every requisite that was necessary for a public man. His unique record as Minister of Finance speaks more than volumes. When he took hold of the Receiver-Generalship the Colony was, according to the solemn declaration of his predecessor in office on the floors of the Assembly, "on the verge of bankruptcy." He and his associates worked the Colony out of difficulties, and now boasts what no other Receiver General could ever boast, that he has had a handsome Surplus Revenue nearly every year since he assumed office. And this in the face of reduced taxation on the one hand, and increased expenditure for education, roads, bridges, light houses, public wharves and every department of the Public Service on the other. And to this must still be added the striking off of all duty on flour, kerosene oil, molasses, salt, lines and twines—a sum amounting yearly to nearly two hundred thousand dollars.

HON. ELI DAWE.

Hon. Eli Dawe was born in Port-de-Grave in 1843, and resided for many years in Bay Roberts. Capt. Dawe is a Newfoundlander, a successful fisherman, with a thorough knowledge of the seal, cod, lobster and herring fisheries. From the very first he proved a valuable acquisition to our Assembly, whose main business it is to legislate for the staple industries of the Colony. Capt. Dawe unfolded the Liberal Banner in 1889, and was elected for Harbor Grace. He has been elected continuously for the same district ever since. He is one of the most popular as well as the most respected members of the Government. A plain, unassuming, commonsense man, with more than the average ability, he has held the port folio of Agriculture and Mines in the Executive Government with credit to himself and benefit to his native land. In his official capacity he has made a host of admirers by his courtesy and kindness, and his fellow-countrymen of all creeds and classes hold him in the highest esteem.

WILLIAM A. OKE.

W. A. OKE, whose portrait appears in this issue, was born in Harbor Grace on the 14th December, 1859, and has resided there since. He started work as an apprentice at the *Standard* office when a lad 13 years old, and has followed the fortunes of that paper to the present time. He attended the local schools—first that of the late Mr. Gardiner, next that kept by Mr. J. L. Bell, and later at the Grammar School, under late J. I. Roddick. In 1897 he was called out by the workingmen of his native town, to contest Harbor Grace District in the interest of the Liberal Party. In this contest he was successful, coming within a score

of the total number of votes polled by the veteran representative of the district—Capt. Eli Dawe. In 1900 he again contested the district, and was returned. The result of the forthcoming political contest is unknown, but it may not be over-sanguine to say that he has lost no friends and made but few, if any, enemies since 1897. Being popular among the younger voters, he is looked upon as their choice. Although nearing that time when active sport is too hard for the average man, Mr. Oke has shown this season that he has not lost interest in cricket and other sports and has taken a hand in football. He has always shown a lively interest in sport generally, especially aquatic contests, and any movement set on foot by the young men is sure to have his ready help and support. In his profession he has been rewarded with the same measure of success that has been his politically. Always taking a deep interest in his work he has built up quite a new industry in printing. He has shown no mean mechanical skill. Mr. Oke is prominent in Society work. He is a member of the Conception Bay British and Masonic Societies, and is the President of the Sons of England Society of Harbor Grace. His many friends in Harbor Grace and elsewhere will join with the writer in wishing him every success at the coming contest, and many years of usefulness to his native town.

ARTHUR BARNES, A.A., the third man on the Liberal Ticket for Harbor Grace, is a native of Topsail, but has resided for the past 22 years in Bay Roberts. The Academy there has, under his charge, been instrumental in developing the mental faculties of not a few of Bay Roberts' sons, and educational matters have been given new life through his work. He is an Associate of Arts, and is acknowledged to be a brainy and industrious man. His entering the political field will open a new sphere of work, wherein his ability will enable him to make his mark in the political history of his native land. His popularity is widespread, and his ability as a speaker and a debater is acknowledged.

HON. H. GEAR.

Hon. H. Gear is another young Newfoundlander of whom his countrymen feel proud. The trusted member for Burin, on the retirement of Hon. H. J. B. Woods, was tendered a seat in the Executive Council. A clever young business man, the senior and controlling partner in the reliable old firm of Gear & Co., he brought to his new duties all the qualities requisite in an ideal representative. While Newfoundland is represented by such sterling and patriotic men as Henry Gear, there need be no fear for her future.

GEORGE SHEA, MAYOR.

George Shea, the controlling partner in Shea & Co. was born in St. John's. Under the new Municipal Act he was elected its first Mayor, an office he has filled with dignity and ability both creditable to himself and beneficial to the city. Apart from the high place he holds in commercial and civic circles, he is perhaps one of the most popular men in the city. Being of a genial kindly nature, and possessing a voice of rare beauty and power, his name has always figured prominently on the lists of those singers and performers who have always been ready to donate their talent for charitable and philantrophic purposes. He is kindly and unostentatiously charitable, and only very few of his intimates know the extent of his practical sympathy to the needy and distressed. He comes of a fine old family. His esteemed father—Sir Edward Shea, President of Legislative Council, and his uncle—Sir Ambrose, late Governor of the Bahamas, are the pride and boast of Newfoundlanders the world over. They have proved that for brains and ability, Newfoundlanders when they get the chance, are able to hold their own with the foremost men of the Empire. Mr. George Shea was for some years the Executive representative of the District of Ferryland. In commercial circles he holds a high place; for years he has been local agent for the Allan and Dobell lines of steamships, and the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company.

JOHN R. BENNETT, DEPUTY MAYOR.

John R. Bennett is well known and one of the most popular men of the city. His popularity was well attested in the Municipal election: he received the largest number of votes of any the candidates, thus making him Senior Councillor and Deputy Mayor. Mr. Bennett, well as he is known in the East end of the city, where he does a successful business as proprietor of the largest Aerated Water concerns in the Colony, is better known in his birth place in the West end, where nearly every man of his generation is a personal friend. He is also proprietor of the large brewery business of Bennett & Co. in the West end. In the old home movement Mr. Bennett was the moving spirit; as Deputy Mayor he was the convener of the meeting, and the large and representative gathering in the T. A. Hall on that occasion were loud in their praises of his tact and ability in the conduct of the meeting. The subsequent success of the movement was largely due to his untiring efforts and the visiting Newfoundlanders on several occasions heartly acknowledged it. In Masonic circles, and other philantrophical and social organizations Mr. Bennett holds a deservedly high place.

JAMES M. KENT, B.A., K.C.

James M. Kent was born in St. Johns in 1872, and comes of a family that have been prominent in the public life of the Colony for over a half a century. His father, the late Hon Robert Kent, represented St. John's East for a large number of years. He is considered as one of the most promising of rising Newfoundlanders. He has been a prominent member of the Benevolent Irish Society for years, and is now Vice-President; it is only a question of time when he will hold the highest position that the Society can confer on him. Though comparitively a young man, he has earned the reputation of being a sound and and reliable lawyer, and his firm, Furlong and Kent, has one of the largest practices in the Colony. Mr Kent has had an almost unanimous call from the Liberals of St. John's East, to to put himself in nomination as a candidate at the coming election. His name is almost sufficient to elect him there, even it were not backed by sterling honesty and ability such as he possesses. He is most fortunate in being called to his home district where he is so well known and where he has thousands of friends and not one enemy.

GEORGE W. GUSHUE.

George W, Gushue, Minister of Public Works, is a generous and genial son of Terra Nova, and for years has represented, with credit to himself and benefit to the Colony at large, the important District of Trinity. As Minister of Public Works, he has had no superior in the office. He is very thorough in his conduct of the Department, and is recognized on all hands as an efficient and painstaking official. His charitable and genial disposition has gathered round him a large number of friends and well wishers.

EDWARD H. DAVEY.

Edward Davey, the senior partner of Davey Bros., architects and builders, has a very high reputation in his native city as a business man and citizen. He is prominent in Church circles, being a member of the Diocesan Synod, and Vestry man in the C. E. Cathedral. He is also a member of the Cathedral Restoration Committee, and his knowledge as an architect and builder has been of infinite value in the direction of vast numbers of details in connection with such a grand undertaking. As an architect and builder he has a first class reputation. He inherits the traditions of those old country builders of whom we have so few now-a-days, men who used to build for not only the present proprietors but for generations yet unborn, such as the Cornick Bros., the late Wm. Kelly, Alex. Smith, the Southcotts and others who are responsible for all our older public buildings. As a citizen Mr. Davey enjoys the confidence and respect of his fellow-townsmen, irrespective of class or creed. He is the type of man that any city or country may well feel proud of. His firm have initiated an industry that promises to revolutionize the process of stone and brick building in Newfoundland. We refer to the pressed brick industry. Davey Brothers are now building a large house and store on Duckworth Street, and if this be a fair specimen of the style and material, it is very likely that in the near future no other style of buildings will be attempted in the city. It looks artistic, clear cut and solid, and is a kind of material that will commend itself to future builders. Mr. Davey deserves great credit for his pluck and enterprise in bringing the process to such a state of success, and the reward of his labours which he will reap, as soon as the advantages of the new building material and more widely known, will be well earned and none will rejoice in his success more than his fellow townsmen who are all proud of Ned Davey.

CAPT. THOMAS BONIA.

Capt. Bonia was born in Placentia in 1856. At an early age he served his apprenticeship in the finest training school in the world for hardy seamen—Cape St. Mary's. That he was an apt pupil was proved while still in his teens, he was master of a schooner on his own account and for three or four years prosecuted the fishery successfully in the Straits of Belle Isle and neighbourhood. In 1880 he took charge of a large banker and struck out for the Grand Banks, and was a successful skipper among the big fish killers, when that industry was in its prime. In 1894 he commanded the s.s. *Alert* on the Placentia Bay Mail Service, and acquitted himself with credit to his sea-going qualities, and with such satisfaction to the people of the Bay that to day he is probably the most popular man in the district. In 1894 the fishermen of Placentia sent Capt. Tom to represent them in the Legislature. Here his early training stood him in great stead. He not only represented his district with credit to his fellow-fisherman, but his vast and varied experience in all branches of the fishery, fitted him to speak with authority on all matters connected with our staple industries—the fisheries of the country. He possesses a vast fund of what the fisherman call "common horse sense," he is a forceful and fluent speaker, and like several other fishermen representatives, in the House surprised those who heard him, with the breadth and solidity of his views on matters pertaining to the welfare of his native land. He is noted for his geniality and humour and often brightens a monotonous debate with gleams of witty utterances. He prides himself on the fact that he is a fisherman, and a representative of fisherman, and if he is a fair specimen of the Placentia Bay men they ought well feel proud of him. As a representative he has proved himself painstaking and efficient. In fact the district was never so well represented as it has been by the genial Captain Tom and his colleagues. Light houses and other works of public utility have multiplied in all parts of the district and the question that had been a standing joke for years, the bringing of the water supply to Placentia, has at last been solved mainly to his exertions, and the Ancient Capital now enjoys a water supply, nearly as good as that of St. John's. In case of sickness or accident or any trouble to his constituents the big hearted Captain is always at hand with his sympathy and practical help, and has thus endeared himself to the people in all parts of his large district, even his political opponents testify to the kindness and generosity of the big-hearted Captain Tom.

JAMES AUGUSTUS CLIFT, K.C.

J. A. Clift was born in St. John's in 1857. He was admitted to the Inner Bar in 1883 and "took silk" last year. He entered the political arena in the great Liberal year 1889 and was elected for Port-de-Grave, and in the session of 1891 was appointed Acting Speaker of the Legislature, a position which he held with such dignity as to merit the encomiums of members from both sides of the House. He is a prominent churchman and a member of the Diocesan Synod. He was one of the organizers of the Sons of United Fisherman and still holds a leading position in the Mother Society at St. John's. He is also a leading member of the Masonic Fraternity. Mr. Clift has for some years represented in the House the Premier District of Twillingate as the trusted colleague of Sir Robert Bond.

MICHAEL P. CASHIN.

MICHAEL P. CASHIN is a splendid type of our successful young business men. Born in Cape Broyle 38 years ago and educated at St. Bonaventure's College, he acquired a commercial training in the office of the late Ml. Thorburn, Esq., and then began business on his own account in his native place. He has been wonderfully successful, every enterprise he has undertaken having proved immensely profitable, and he is to-day among the foremost of our outport merchants. Besides large interests in the fishery business he is also a prominent operator in whaling and salvage undertakings, and has acquired a well-merited reputation for business acumen and a masterly grasp of everything that pertains to the industrial interests of the Colony. Mr. Cashin first entered public life in 1893 when he contested his native district, and headed the poll, a distinction he has achieved in every contest since by a steadily increasing vote. He is universally popular and highly regarded for his probity.

WILLIAM J. ELLIS, M.C.

William J. Ellis is a popular and respected business man of St. John's. In commercial circles he occupies a deservedly high place. As a citizen his popularity is best attested by the large vote which he obtained in the recent Municipal election. He polled the largest vote except the Deputy Mayor and was only five or six votes behind him. He has been prominently identified with the Temperance movement in St. John's, having been for years elected Vice-President of the St. John's Total Abstinence Society by acclamation. As a contractor and builder Mr. Ellis enjoys the reputation of being in the very first class. His sterling honesty and integrity is the best guarantee that those who do business with him will get first class work and material, As a result he does one of the very largest contracting businesses in the city. Mr. Ellis superintended the laying of the water pipes at Placentia, which was a most difficult piece of work. He has done work on some of our principal buildings, notably the rebuilding of the towers of the R. C. Cathedral. This proved to be such a solid and massive job that it will be a monument to his ability for the next century.

FRANK J. MORRIS, K.C.

Frank J. Morris is one of the best known and one of the most popular men in Newfoundland. In 1889 he fought his first political battle in Harbor Main. He met the Tory Colonial Secretary of that date, and notwithstanding that his opponent had all the Government patronage, and spent money lavishly in the district, Mr. Morris beat him by the largest majority ever rolled up in Newfoundland. He has been a most painstaking representative, and his district shows the result of his efforts. There is a great difference in Harbor Main now and when he was first elected. His district is now one of the most prosperous in the whole Island, due largely to the progressive measure initiated by the Liberal Government, of which Mr. Morris has always been a prominent member.

MICHAEL S. SULLIVAN.

Michael Sullivan was born in Presque, Placentia Bay He is the second son of the late Patrick Sullivan, Magistrate of Presque, so well and widely known for his kindly disposition and hospitality to strangers visiting Presque. Mr. M. Sullivan is a worthy son of a worthy sire. At an early age he left Presque and took a course of training as land surveyor. He is now one of the most reliable of our young surveyors and is constantly employed in surveying mineral and lumber lands, and in kindred work. Mike is popular in St. John's where he now resides, and he and his family are as well known in all parts of Placentia Bay as they are in Presque and are as highly respected. He is very popular among the younger people of the Bay and is widely kown among them as a good fellow.

ALBERT H. MARTIN.

ALBERT H. MARTIN, of the well-known lumber firm of Martin Brothers, was born in St. John's in 1859, and was educated at the Church of England Academy. He is senior partner in the firm and it is largely due to his energy and ability that they now hold a leading place in the produce and lumber trade. Mr. Martin is President of that fine old body of men the Newfoundland British Society. After the great fire when their Hall was destroyed by fire, and when in common with nearly all their fellow citizens, they had lost all their property, Mr. Martin's ability as an organizer stood them in good stead. By his exertions, backed of course by the Society, one of the finest halls in the city was erected, and the Society to day is in a more flourishing condition than at any other period of its history. The Society has testified to his work, by re-electing hin for a number of years by acclamation to the proud position of President. He is an ardent Temperance man, and a patriotic Newfoundlander. Those who know him intimately, and that includes more than half the inhabitants of St. John's, have the highest regard for Albert, and irrespective of creed or class are proud of their young fellow-townsman.

In closing the pages of this issue, we have to say that we will commence work at once on our Christmas Number. We will make a special effort to largely illustrate it, and we have arranged to print a larger edition than heretofore.

Sliding.

By Robert Power.

'TWAS winter, we were sliding adown the Poor House Lane,
My slide she was a dandy, and "Rover" was her name;
A bravo smart, and painted blue, with roses on the seat,
And every slide upon the hill I reckoned she could beat.

My comrades there, a score or more of happy boys were they,
Alaughing, and ajoking as we joined in merry play.
But a race is on, we all make start the hill-top now to climb,
And take up our positions or we'll be left behind.

Now all are ready for the test, with every slide in line,
Some are boasting of their speed, and I shout in praise of mine;
But hold! Here comes Jack Murphy with his old-fashioned slide,
Ah, she's too slow! we will not wait, so o'er the hill we glide.

The race is o'er, my slide has won, but Jack comes up to me,
And asks me why I didn't wait for him? to let me see
How he could go, and knock me out, or any on the hill,
We all burst laughing at poor Jack, till tears our eyes did fill.

But we couldn't trifle with him. or his clumsy looking slide,
He didn't care for any, and the "bravos" he defied;
When some one said "your da made her," Jack's eyes then quickly flashed
It seemed to make him proud—that word—and up the hill he dashed;
"Come on," he yelled, "and take your place, I'll leave you all behind,
Altho' my da he chopped her out, she's good as you can find."
We raced him, but away he shot, and left us in the rear,
On the slides our das bought down the town, which seemed a kind o' queer!

And such is life! We sometimes make a very grave mistake
In judging men as being slow, who might a record make;
Perhaps he looks a kind o' rough, as tho' he was chopped out,
His coat a kind o' shabby, as if 'twas knocked about.
But don't rush at conclusions, just wait and judge him fair,
You may get left, and just find out with him you can't compare
In noble acts which prove the man, in keeping up in pace,
With others who *look* smarter, in this life that's but a race.



AUGUSTUS WHITE. SYDNEY HERBERT. ANTHONY POWER.

THE granting of a Rhodes Scholarship to this Colony means much for Education here. As every French soldier was said to carry a marshal's baton in his knapsack, so every Newfoundland boy is a possible Rhodes scholar. The first winner of this substantial prize is Sydney Herbert, the central figure of the trio given above. He was a student at St. Bonaventure's College, as were his competitors, Anthony Power and Augustus White, this college being the only institution in the Colony whose pupils succeeded in securing "exemption from Responsions," the scholastic test essential for entry as a candidate for the nomination. In the future we may expect all the colleges to make a greater feature of this competition and to see our locally-educated boys hold their own with boys educated abroad as they have done so far.

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Application must be made to the Examiner on Form Exn. 2, and all previous certificates and testimonials deposited at least two days previous to the examination. Testimonials of character and sobriety must be produced for twelve months immediately preceding the application.

All services must be verified by a certificate of discharge.

An Only Mate must be not less than nineteen years of age, and must have served five years at sea.

A First Mate must be not less than nineteen years of age, and must have served five years at sea, of which one year must have been as Second or Only Mate. [From 1st January 1896, the Officer's Service must have been performed with the requisite certificate.]

A Master must be not less than twenty-one years of age, and he must have served six years at sea, of which one year must have been in the capacity not lower than Only Mate of a foreign-going vessel whilst holding a certificate not lower than an Only Mate's certificate for foreign-going vessels, and, unless this service as officer was performed whilst holding a First Mate's certificate for foreign-going vessels, he will also be required to prove the officer's service prescribed for that grade.

Certificates applying only to steamships are issued to candidates who are either unable to comply with the regulation which requires them to have passed one year in square-rigged sailing vessels, or who prove in course of examination that they are ignorant of the management of square-rigged sailing vessels. All the qualifying officer's service prescribed for these Certificates must have been performed in steamships.

These Certificates will entitle the holders to go to sea as Masters or Mates of foreign-going steamships, but will not entitle them to go to sea as Masters or Mates of foreign-going sailing ships.

Fees.

For a Certificate as Mate	$5.00
For a Certificate as Master	10.00
For a Certificate for Colors	.20

These fees admit of two examinations. After the second examination another fee will be required.

Candidates for Only and First Mates' Certificates must complete the whole of their examination in Navigation in twelve hours, including the time allowed for the papers on the cyclone or revolving storms, and for the correction of all errors and over-sights; but the nautical problems up to and including (K) of the Syllabus prescribed for Only and First Mate must be completed within six hours and without the candidate leaving the premises during that period.

Candidates for Masters' Certificates must complete the whole of their examination in Navigation in fifteen hours, including the time allowed for the papers on the Chart, the Compass deviation, Cyclones, or revolving storms, and for the correction of all errors and over-sights: but the problems up to and including (K) of the Syllabus prescribed for Only and First Mate must be completed within six hours and without the candidate leaving the premises during that period.

The examination commences punctually at 10 a.m., and closes at 4 p.m., when all papers will be called up, and if not completed the candidate will be declared to have failed.

In all cases of failure the candidate will be examined *de novo*.

If failed in Seamanship, he will not be examined for six months.

If failed three times in Navigation, he will not be re-examined for three months.

For further information as to time, place, and objects of examination, applicants should apply to the Examiner-in-Chief.

Rules.

No books, papers or memoranda are allowed in the Examination room.

In the event of any candidate being discovered copying from another, or referring to any book or memoranda, he will not be examined for six months.

Navigation is taught at Carbonear, Harbor Grace, Bay Roberts and Saint John's.

The Public are reminded that the

Game Laws of Newfoundland,

Provide that:

No person ..... shall pursue with intent to kill any Caribou from the 1st day of February to the 31st day of July, or from the 1st day of October to the 20th October in any year. And no person shall..... kill or take more than two Stag and one Doe Caribou in any one year.

No person is allowed to hunt or kill Caribou within five miles of either side of the railway track from Grand Lake to Goose Brook, these limits being defined by gazetted Proclamation.

No non-resident may hunt or kill Deer without previously having purchased and procured a License therefor. All guides must be licensed. Issued free to residents; to non-residents costing fifty dollars.

No person may kill, or pursue with intent to kill any Caribou with dogs, or with hatchet ..... or any weapon other than fire-arms, or while crossing any pond, stream or water-course.

Tinning or canning of Caribou meat is absolutely prohibited.

No person may purchase, or receive any flesh of Caribou between January 1st and July 31st, in any year.

Penalties for violation of these laws, a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars, or in default imprisonment not exceeding two months.

No person shall hunt, or kill Partridges during the present year, or before 1st October, 1905. After that period not before 1st October or later than 12th January. Penalty not exceeding one hundred dollars or imprisonment.

Any person who shall hunt Beaver, or export Beaver skins till October 1st, 1907, shall be liable to cofiscation of skins, and fine or imprisonment.

And no person shall hunt Foxes from March 15th to October 15th in any year, under the same penalties.

T. J. MURPHY,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
September 19th, 1904.

NEWFOUNDLAND PENITENTIARY.

BROOM DEPARTMENT.

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☞ All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.

Newfoundland Penitentiary, September, 1904.

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Architect and Builder.

269 GOWER STREET.

Supreme Court of Newfoundland.

List of Deputy Sheriffs.

SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

Residence.	Districts.	Names.	Residence.	Districts.	Names.
Ferryland	Ferryland	George Geary.	St. Jacques	Fortune Bay	———
Mobile	"	John T. Fitzgerald.	Belleoram	"	William Grandy.
Fermeuse	"	William Trainer.	Pushthrough	"	Joseph Camp.
St. Mary's	Placentia and St. Mary's.	M. Mahoney.	Harbor Breton	"	Benjamin Chapman.
Salmonier	" "	Francis R. Curtis.	Burgeo	Burgeo and La Poile	Albert Kelland.
Placentia	" "	A. Collins.	Ramea	" "	Matthew Nash.
Presque	" "	Thomas Sullivan.	Rose Blanche	" "	Prosper A. Garcien.
Oderin	" "	Peter Manning.	Channel	" "	James H. Wilcox.
Flat Island	Burin	Howard Parsons.	Codroy	St. George	Henry Gallop.
Burin	" "	Stephen White.	Grand River	"	Thomas B. Doyle.
St. Lawrence	" "	Cyrus Beck, sr.	Robinson's Head	"	Abraham Tilley.
Lawn	" "	Joseph Murphy.	St. George—Sandy Pt.	"	M. E. Messervey.
Lamaline	" "	William G. Pittman.	Wood's Island	"	Simeon Jennex.
Grand Bank	" "	Eli Harris.	Bay of Islands	"	Daniel J. Gilker.
			Bonne Bay	St. Barbe	Geo. Halfyard.

NORTHERN DISTRICT.

Residence.	Districts.	Names.	Residence.	Districts.	Names.
St. Anthony	St. Barbe	James Johnson.	Bonavista	Bonavista	Noah Verge.
Conche	"	———	Catalina	Trinity	Isaac Manuel
La Scie	"	Wm. A. Toms.	Trinity	"	Richard Spence.
Tilt Cove	Twillingate	Constable T. Walsh.	Bonaventure	"	Noah Miller.
Little Bay	"	Thos. E. Wells.	Northern Bight	"	Edmond Benson.
Little Bay Islands	"	Peter Campbell.	Britannia Cove	"	R. Currie.
Pilley's Island	"	Thomas Roberts.	Shoal Harbor	"	Caleb Tuck.
Leading Tickles	"	William Lanning.	Clarenville	"	George Janes.
New Bay	"	Peter Moores.	Foster's Point	"	George Leawood.
Botwoodville	"	J. T. Bendle.	Bay Bull's Arm	"	———
Exploits	"	George S. Lilly.	Whitbourne	"	Eliel Noseworthy.
Lewisport	"	Alfred G. Young.	New Harbor	"	George Bussey.
Twillingate	"	William Baird.	Heart's Content	"	Charles Rendell.
Moreton's Harbor	"	———	Hant's Harbor	"	A. Targett.
Fogo	Fogo	Ambrose Fitzgerald.	Old Perlican	Bay-de-Verde	Moses Bursey.
Barr'd Island	"	George Foster.	Bay-de-Verde	"	Reuben Curtis.
Seldom-Come-By	"	Philip Perry.	Lower Island Cove	"	Eli Garland.
Change Islands	"	John Porter.	Western Bay	"	Ewen Kennedy.
Gander Bay	"	Robert Pike.	Carbonear	Carbonear	Ernest Forward.
Musgrave Harbor	"	Adam Bradley.	Harbor Grace	Harbor Grace	John Trapnell.
Pinchard's Island	Bonavista	Jacob Hefferton.	Spaniard's Bay	"	Jesie Gosse.
Wesleyville	"	Wm. Sainsbury. / Peter Roberts.	Bay Roberts	"	A. Hierlihy.
Pool's Island	"	———	Brigus	Port-de-Grave	Benjamin Butler.
Greenspond	"	Thomas Wornell.	Conception Harbor	Harbor Main	William Cole.
Glovertown	"	Charles Kean.	Harbor Main	"	James Murphy.
Gambo	"	———	Holyrood	"	William Maher.
Brooklyn	"	Albert L. Howe.	Middle Bight	"	William Butler.
Salvage	"	John Burden.	Bell Isl'd—Lance Cove	St. John's East	John H. Ley.
Alexander Bay	"	———	Bell Island—Beach	"	John H. Bennett.
King's Cove	"	Thomas Curtis.	Portugal Cove	"	Edward Harding.

September, 1904.

JAMES CARTER, Sheriff, Newfoundland.
W. J. CARROLL, Sub-Sheriff, "

OFFICE AND STORE—Adelaide Street. STONEYARD—Just East Custom House, Water Street. Telephone, 364.

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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

THE ... NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY.

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. IV.—No. 3. DECEMBER, 1904. 40 CTS. PER YEAR.



CHRISTMAS MORN.

Christmas Number.

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W. & G. RENDELL,

General Commission
Property and Insurance
Agents.

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GROSS TONNAGE.		GROSS TONNAGE.	
60 Tons and under	$4.00	From 301 to 350 Tons	$24.00
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" 101 to 125 Tons	10.00	" 401 to 450 "	28.00
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" 151 to 175 "	14.00	" 501 to 550 "	32.00
" 176 to 200 "	16.00	" 551 to 600 "	34.00
" 201 to 225 "	18.00	" 601 to 700 "	38.00
" 226 to 250 "	20.00	" 701 to 800 "	42.00
" 251 to 300 "	22.00	" 801 to 900 "	46.00
		" 901 to 1000 "	50.00

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The owners are not responsible for any damage done by the Vessel towed, to themselves or others.

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Post Office Department

Parcels may be Forwarded by Post at Rates Given Below.

In the case of Parcels, for outside the Colony, the senders will ask for Declaration Form, upon which the Contents and Value must be Stated

	For Newfoundland and Labrador from July, 1904.	For United Kingdom.	For United States.	For Dominion of Canada.
1 pound	8 cents	24 cents	12 cents	15 cents.
2 pounds	11 "	24 "	24 "	30 "
3 "	14 "	24 "	36 "	45 "
4 "	17 "	48 "	48 "	60 "
5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	75 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	$1.05 "
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	
9 "	32 "	72 "	$1.08	Cannot exceed seven pounds weight.
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.20	
11 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	
	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York; Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by "Bruce" train.

General Post Office.

RATES OF COMMISSION ON MONEY ORDERS.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding $10 ..... 5 cts.	Over $50, but not exceeding $60 ..... 30 cts.
Over $10, but not exceeding $20 ..... 10 cts.	Over $60, but not exceeding $70 ..... 35 cts.
Over $20, but not exceeding $30 ..... 15 cts.	Over $70, but not exceeding $80 ..... 40 cts.
Over $30, but not exceeding $40 ..... 20 cts.	Over $80, but not exceeding $90 ..... 45 cts.
Over $40, but not exceeding $50 ..... 25 cts.	Over $90, but not exceeding $100 ..... 50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order to any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, $100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, December, 1904.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

GENERAL POST OFFICE.

Postage on Local Newspapers.

IT is observed that BUNDLES OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS, addressed to Canada and the United States, are frequently mailed without the necessary postage affixed; and, therefore, cannot be forwarded.

The postage required on LOCAL NEWSPAPERS addressed to Foreign Countries is 1 cent to each two ounces. Two of our local newspapers, with the necessary wrappers, exceeds the two ounces, and should be prepaid TWO CENTS.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

GENERAL POST OFFICE

Postal Telegraphs.

COMMENCING to-morrow, Wednesday morning, 21st instant, Telegraph messages will be accepted at the Telegraph window in the lobby of the General Post Office building, for transmission within the Colony to and from the undermentioned offices for the sum of TWENTY CENTS FOR TEN WORDS and TWO CENTS FOR EACH ADDITIONAL WORD, exclusive of address and signature which will be transmitted free, viz:—Bay L'Argent, Baine Harbor, Burin, Belleoram, Bonavista, Beaverton, Baie Verte, Birchy Cove, Bonne Bay, Brigus, Botwoodville, Come By Chance, Clarenville, Catalina, Change Islands, Fogo, Fortune, Grand Lake, Grand River, Grand Bank, Greenspond, Gambo, Gander Bay, Glenwood, Humbermouth (Riverhead), Howards, Harbor Breton, Herring Neck, King's Cove, Lewisporte, Lamaline, Long Harbor, Little River, Little Bay, Musgrave Harbor, Millertown Junction, Nipper's Harbor, Norris Arm, Newton, N. W. Arm (Green Bay), Pilley's Island, Port au Port (Gravels), Port aux Basques, Port Blandford, Seldom Come By, Sound Island, St. Lawrence, St. Jacques, St. George's, Sandy Point, Stephenville Crossing, South West Arm (Green Bay), St. John's, Tilt Cove, Terrenceville (Head Fortune Bay, Trinity, Twillingate, Wesleyville, Carbonear, (via Bay de Verde) Lower Island Cove, Old Perlican, Western Bay, Harbor Main, Manuels and Britannia Cove.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, September 20th, 1904.

For Christmas, 1904

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Is not very much for a young man of 20 to put aside out of his salary, but if invested with the **CONFEDERATION LIFE** it will give

To his family, if he dies before age 40, - - $1000.00
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according to plan selected.

Insure early, while your health is good. You will get your money back earlier in life, when you can use it better.

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Against Loss or Damage by Fire
are issued by the above
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JOHN CORMACK,
AGENT FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY

Christmas Number

VOL. IV.—No. 3. DECEMBER, 1904. 40 CTS. PER YEAR.

Christmas, 1904.

THE Xmas chimes sound sweet and clear
And fill with joy, the listening air,
And whispering Hope the bosom swells,
While Angel fingers tune the bells.
This gladdest time of all glad times,
Ring out ye Merry Xmas Chimes!

Christmas is again with us. How short a time it seems, since the issue of our last Xmas Number; yet what changes have taken place since then. What changes will have taken place ere the coming of the next Christmas-tide. All is change here.

"Change and decay in all around I see."

The moral of these reflections is, to make the best of our present opportunities. After all if poor weak humans do, to the best of their abilities, the task allotted, no matter how humble it may be, all will be well.

This is the message of the Christmas Chimes. And this is the one season that the message is heeded by the universal Christian world. This is the season of Peace and Joy and Charity.

"Thou hast brought with Thee plentiful pardon
And our souls over-flow with delight;
Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus!
With the Joy of this wonderful night."

It is the feast of the children, and therefore of the world, because the world is ruled by the children. It is a time of joy and gladness for them, and for us, too, who have retained, despite the struggle and turmoil of our daily strife, the attributes that make us "like unto children." Like the children, we can all have the Spirit of Christmas in our hearts.

"And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel-song,
To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

Faith and Hope! Hope and Faith! These are the gifts we lay at the feet of the Christ Child. These are the poor offerings for which we are repaid thousandfold. Faith in the Infinite Goodness and Mercy that caused the joyful tidings to the faithful shepherds; and Hope in the same Goodness and Mercy that redeemed the Race. Hope, the Consoler, that teaches us that even if we grasp not that which constitutes happiness here, yet if we "but keep at eve the faith of morn," the Crib at Bethlehem and the Cross of Calvary will be our sureties in the hereafter for the joys that never end.

"Tell me, how I may join in this holy feast
With all the kneeling world, and I of all the least?
Fear not, O faithful heart, but bring what most is meet:
Bring Love alone, true Love alone, and lay it at His feet."

* * * * * * * * *



Christmas Chimes.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY wishes all its Patrons and Readers

A Very Happy Xmas and Prosperous New Year.

This is our fourth annual greeting to our readers. We promised to produce a magazine that would not recognize any class or party, but would be devoted to the best interests of our Island Home. We conserve these by getting timely articles, both entertaining and instructing from some of the best writers in our midst. We also endeavour to rescue from oblivion, and record for future generations, the history of the country as told at many a Christmas fireside. It may be that we are garnering the data for some future historian, who, with a master touch, will open our eyes to the greatness of the deeds of daring every day performed in our midst by some one or other of the thousands who yearly go down to the sea in ships.

During the coming season, we intend soliciting the assistance of our patrons and readers in the Outports, and will be glad to reproduce for our readers some stirring incidents that happened in various parts of the Island in the brave days of old. There is not a Bay in the Island but has had its deeds of daring, its romance, its songs and poetry. If we could get some of the experiences of outport clergymen, doctors, teachers, planters and fishermen, we would have a valuable addition to our local history.

We will be glad always to consider the manuscripts of our outport readers, especially those who can give us bits of local history that will be of general interest to all Newfoundlanders.

Our portrait gallery was so acceptable to our readers at home and abroad, that we intend to enlarge it the coming year.

Our present Number will be one of the best of its kind ever published here. It is replete with articles from some of our best known writers, and illustrated with pictures of local scenes of more than passing interest.

Our readers and patrons will be glad to hear that our circulation has more than doubled during the year. Last year we published a very large edition. We could not half supply the demand of patrons who wanted to send some memento of the old land to friends away. This year we have prepared a still larger edition, and hope to have enough to supply all our friends and patrons.

In conclusion we repeat our greeting, and wish you all, dear readers, A VERY HAPPY XMAS AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

How Meagher Became a Millionaire.

A True Story of Old St. John's.

By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D.

THE splendid harbour facilities of St. John's: its easy access from the Atlantic: the aptitude of the surrounding land for the site of a town, and the suitableness of its surrounding valleys for an agricultural settlement;—rendered it from the beginning a most likely place for the founding of the Capital City of the Colony. Hence although Ferryland and Placentia had the advantage of it in priority of selection, and in the expenditure of vast sums of money in the erection of military works, &c., yet these places, not having the natural advantages of St. John's, yielded to it in the course of time, and about the beginning of the XVIII. Century we find St. John's the acknowledged Capital and the residence of the Governor.

It was not, however, until the early decades of the XIX. Century that she began to "change her character from a fishery to a large commercial town." (Extract from Governor Keat's letter to Lord Bathurst.—Prowse, p. 399.) The population of the city at that time was 10,000, and immigrants were constantly pouring in, principally from Ireland. Between the years 1814 and 1815 as many as eleven thousand immigrants came from Ireland. Kent & Morris had a regular passenger service by sailing vessels from Waterford. Newfoundland was blessed in those days with two enlightened and broad-minded governors, viz.: Admiral Sir John T. Duckworth, who came in 1810, and Admiral Sir Richard Goodwin Keats, who succeeded him in 1812.

Under these progressive men, great improvements were made in St. John's and its environs. The "Ships' Fishing Rooms," which had monopolized the best sites in the town, were abolished. The laws forbidding the erection of permanent houses were repealed; grants of land were made in small lots in the suburbs (the grant of "Mount Cashel" lands date back to this period, 1815); more than a thousand acres of land were then under cultivation. The streets of the city were laid out on an improved and enlarged plan; a police force was established, also a fire brigade, and an attempt was made at lighting and sewerage.

In the year 1812 the second American war broke out, and it was a harvest time for the merchants of St. John's. Many a "fortune" was made in those years, and of one of these I am going to tell the story. Judge Prowse in his admirable History gives a graphic sketch of St. John's in these days, (p. 387 et seqq.) "During the whole conflict (the American war) New-
"foundland was in a state of great prosperity, wages were high,
". . . . fish and oil and all our produce was also abnormally
"high." St. John's was the base of operations of the British fleet during the war. "There were in the Harbour at the breaking out of the war three sail of the line, twenty-one frigates, and thirty-seven sloops, brigs and schooners of war." Prizes were constantly being brought in laden with various cargoes, many of them of very great value. At one time there were thirty American prizes in the harbour. "I have heard a gentleman describe his walking across from Bennett's (now Duder's) to Alsop's on the Southside on American prizes chained together. . . . On board the captured vessels were all sorts of valuable freights,—Lyons silks, and whole cargoes of champagne, &c.—(Prowse, p. 387.)

Among the mercantile houses of St. John's about the year 1815, was that of Meagher & Sons. Their premises were situated about where Tessier's are now. On an old code of signals in my possession (for which I am indebted to our local artist, Jno. Hayward, Esq.), I find Meagher's house-flag. It is all green with a large yellow capital M in the centre. He was a very wealthy merchant, owning several foreign-going vessels. He, like many others, having amassed a large fortune returned to live in his native country. Before proceeding to tell how he started on his career of success, I must say a few words concerning the family history of the head of this firm.

Among the Irish immigrants who came to Newfoundland about this time was a young man, a native of Clonmel, named Thomas Meagher. He was a tailor by trade and worked at first in the establishment of Mr. Crotty, a man who carried on a large tailoring and clothing business. Young Meagher was a shrewd business man and a great favourite in the household. Mr. Crotty died, and in due course of time Meagher married the widow and became owner of the whole business. There was a romance connected with this Crotty, which it would be out of place to relate here, but which may form the subject of a future Christmas story.

During this stirring period scarcely a day passed on which there was not a sale of goods from the cargoes of the prizes brought into the harbour by the British men-o'-war.

One day a prize was brought laden with delf crockeryware and glassware packed in crates. A sale was called by the town crier. Mr. Meagher, who, besides his clothing business, always had an eye to "the main chance," was punctually on the ground at all these sales. Seeing that the goods in this case were not of much value, he agreed with William Thomas, another prominent merchant of those times, to "go halves" for one crate, "just to keep their hands in." The crate was knocked down to Mr. Meagher "for a mere song," and the auctioneer, seeing that there was going to be no bidding that day, was about to close down the sale, when a commotion was heard on the outskirts of the crowd. The Commissary or Quarter-Master of the Military, at the time, was a certain Captain Barnes. He was a jovial and convivial character and was well known through the town as the perpetrator of innumerable practical jokes and the performance of many bold and dare-devil feats. He was seen riding along the street until he reached the scene of the auction when he reined in his horse. It was evident from his rollicking manner and the somewhat unsteady way in which he sat his horse that he was returning from some carousal and was not quite himself.

Flourishing his whip he forced his way through the crowd, cracking jokes right and left. On learning that the sale was about to be called off "Come, Mr. ——," he cried, "I'll take the whole d— lot of them! I want the crates to make coops for my spring chickens. You may pitch the cups and saucers over the wharf, but send up the crates to the Ordinance Yard at once." He went off whistling a lively air, and thinking no more about the matter. The auctioneer knocked down the whole lot, some couple of dozen, to the Captain, and prepared to have them carted to his residence.

In the meantime, it having been agreed between Meagher and Thomas, that he (Meagher) should take the crate home and unpack it, and send half the contents back to him (Thomas). Meagher had the crate carted to his house and placed in the back work-room. He waited till night-time, when his journeymen had all gone home, before commencing to unpack.

No sooner had he removed the first tier of delf ware, than he stood amazed and astonished, for there before his eyes he saw the rarest selection of valuable silks with which the whole interior of the crate was closely packed! He could scarcely draw his breath, so excited was he, as he took out one after another rolls and packages of the most brilliant and costly fabrics:—silk stuffs woofed with wool, and with gold and silver threads, forming the most exquisite patterns; shawls, hankerchiefs, scarves, watered silks, poplins, velvets, satinets, moires, &c., it was simply bewildering. It had been the intention, of course, to introduce these articles as contraband to America.

Mr. Meagher quietly packed all the goods into trunks, safely locked them, and carefully concealed them. The delf-ware of which there was only an outer layer all round the crate buried in straw, he religiously divided, and in the morning sent one half

over to Mr. Thomas, but said not a word about the silks. Thomas made some slight remark about the smallness of the quantity, but was easily led to believe that the greater part of the ware had been broken.

When Commissary Barnes awoke next morning, having slept off his debauch, he was surprised to hear a great noise and commotion going on outside. Looking out of his window he saw the square of the Ordinance Yard encumbered with the immense crates, and horses and carts still bringing more. He could not understand what it was all about. He had quite forgotton his freak of the day before. In the course of the day, however, his memory began to clear up, and it was helped by a sharp reprimand from from the commanding officer of the garrison who had come to learn of the absurd purchase. He was reminded that his position debarred him from entering into commercial enterprises, and he was ordered to send back at once the ridiculous articles, or to pay from his own pocket the amount of the Bill. The auctioneer, of course, would not hear of taking back the articles, and the consternation of poor Barnes, whose salary was not over large, was quite pitiable, besides his confusion at being made the laughing stock of the whole garrison. While in this miserable plight Mr. Meagher came like a good angel to his relief. Happening along as it were by mere chance and with an air of complete innocense. He got into conversation with Barnes, sympathized deeply with him in his distress, and finally in a burst of most magnanimous generosity he said: "I'll tell you what, Barnes. Without any inconvenience to myself, I can help you out of this difficully. In my shop I do a little of all kinds of business, so I'll take the crates off your hands. Of course I know I may have to wait a long time to realize them, as there is an over-stock of crockery-ware in town just now. But I have compassion for you; you're not a bad fellow, and I like to help a poor devil out of a mess."

"My dear fellow," shouted Barnes, squeezing him by the hand, "I'll never forget this noble act! To tell the truth, it saves me from court marshall and degradation, for I assure you I am deucedly hard up, and I never could find the money to pay for those infernal crates! I thank you most sincerely."

Meagher lost no time in gretting the crates home and settling the auctioneer's account. For weeks after be spent his nights locked up in his work-room assorting and packing into trunks and portmanteaux the contents of the crates. All were filled with valueable goods like the first one.

That fall Meagher went home. The number of trunks and portmanteaux he brought with him excited some comment, but he said it was ready-mades that he was supplying to the Irish trade. When he returned in the spring he brought out a whole cargo of goods for the general trade of the Island, and seemed also to have an unlimited supply of money. He bought a water-side premises, as mentioned above. He soon became one of our wealthiest merchants. After a few years, having amassed a large fortune, he retired to Ireland and spent his last days in Waterford. He was taken prisoner by a French ship, but managed to escape. He had two sons—Patrick and Thomas. Patrick became a Priest and a Jesuit, and was the first Newfoundlander promoted to Holy Orders. Thomas, who was also born in Newfoundland was the father of Thomas F. Meagher, the famous "Young Irelander,"—"the *Vergniaud* of the rising of '48."

To My Mother.

SONNET: FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

By Edgar Alfred Bowring.

I HAVE been wont to bear my head right high,
My temper too is somewhat stern and rough;
Even before a monarch's cold rebuff
I would not timidly avert mine eye.
Yet, mother dear, I'll tell it openly:
Much as my haughty pride may swell and puff,
I feel submissive and subdued enough
When thy much cherished, darling form is nigh.
Is it thy spirit that subdues me then,
Thy spirit, grasping all things in its ken,
And soaring to the light of Heaven again?
By the sad recollections I'm oppress'd
That I have done so much that grieves thy breast,
Which loved me, more than all things else, the best.



Photo by James Vey.

His Grace Archbishop Howley and Rt. Rev. Mgr. Reardon starting for a sleigh-drive.



TOPSAIL BEACH, FROM A LATE PHOTO.

Topsail Stages.

By late Richard Raftus, B.L.

THE following verses were written early in the seventies by the late Mr. Richard Raftus, B.L., and published in the *Morning Chronicle.* The local allusions caused a good deal of amusement at that date, but most of them are pointless to readers of the present day. We reproduce it by request of a Boston subscriber.

(To the Editor Morning Chronicle.)

DEAR SIR,—Havin' been informed that you were offerin' a shillin' a line for poulthry, and been in the want of a little tin, I succeeded in puttin' the followin' together. Perhaps you'd object to payin' so much, as the lines are shorter than usual; if so I'd be willin' to make it sixpence, or make it a lump sum for the lot, if you could let me have it before Patrick's Day,

You'd oblige,
Your humble servant,
JERRY JEHU.

P.S.—The charge is as raysonable as any man on the stand.

OH! Topsail's stages and flakes umbrageous
Are situated in Conception Bay;
There folks go browsin' and some carousin'
From St. John's town on a summer day.

Tho' in winter sayson, for the same rayson,
In a double sleigh, with two or three,
Take my assertion, you'll have divarsion,
Before returning, as you will see.

But first on startin' you'll make a dart in
To a dacent house at Riverhead;
Your asofaygus, some Ould Tom negus
Slip down quick and jump in the sled.

Then with furs wrapped round you, I'll be bound you,
'Ll snap your fingers at snow drift and squall;
As you lave the city, strike up some ditty,
Till you're snugly sated at Boggy Hall.

If from sucking dudeen or sigaroodeen *
You're slightly husky in the passageway,
Good Misses Farrell will draw from a barrel
Some usquebaugh that's kum o'er the say.

When done with drinkin', you will be thinkin'
'Tis time you started upon the run;
And hear the rhymin' and merry chimin'
Of the sleigh-bells as away you're spun.

Some pleasant chaffin' uproarious laughin'
Lightens the way till you get to Dunn's;
Or if you prefer it, then away we skerrit
On t'other side to soft spoken Ann's:

There another taste of O. T., the laiste of,
A drop of whisky or brandy—mind,
Keep head-piece coolin' to share the foolin'
A game of Loo or a dollar "Blind."

If you get three aces, make no smilin' faces
Nor slip another from off your knee;
For such chatin' gainin', there's no manin'
Except with Grimshaws or cute Chinee.

But faith! 'tis noonday and must soon way
On the journey to the land of splits;
After more libations and inspirations,
We drop the picthers, and hall on our mits.

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*Ce'tic for cigarette.

Then softly glidin' the double slide in,
No longer tarry, but to Daley's haste;
Where we will pop in, and take a drop in—
That well-known hostel for man and baste.

But there's no stayin' or long delayin'
Till we get to Squires' for a quiet lunch,
Then we will squat down and let a lot down
Of whatever feedin' we get to munch.

For our peryfayries, somewhat varies,
And Nature vacuums we know detests,
So sit round the table, and whate'er your able
Stow away like "invited guests."

Now the Lord that head is, of the Kennedies,
With the big boys of his Governmint,
To our native town is a comin' down,
And is for sartin on a good time bint.

Now if you pull in the caplin scull in
A fry of fresh ones, he will surely get—
Cake-toutens, dough-boys, fresh codfish oh boys!
Sure a finer male he never eat.

Then some calibogus—mind a sly rogue is,
But for a wash down is much finer, say—
Than the best French wine, or that from the Rhine,
Johannesberg or yet Tokay.

But sure I'm wanderin' and phlanderin'
And must get back where we started from;
So lets fill our glasses to the Topsail lasses
And drink their healths ere we start for town.

But when we get there, we will all rep: ir
To Atlantic Hotel or else Depot
And finish up with a nate hot sup,
For they're famous places as you all know.

Now good-bye gintils, get beyond the lintils
Of your various doors; don't stop out, fear
Of a white stone head in your geen bed in
The General Protestant or Belvedere.

Newf'undland Men and Cape Shore Men.

By W. J. Carroll.

THE Seiners, by James B. Connolly, a tale of the Gloucester fishermen, is a tale that will be read with avidity by every Newfoundlander. While it ostensibly deals with the fishermen of Gloucester, it includes, of course, the many recruits from our Island that go each season to man the American banking fleet. Dealing as it does with the fortunes of the fishermen of Gloucester, a change of name to Cape St. Mary's, the Straits, or Labrador, and the description would fit to a nicety the lives of thousands of our hardy toilers of the sea. It is a tale of live, strong, vigorous men battling with tempestuous seas lashed by angry winds. Its a strenuous tale of virile men, with the tonic of sea salt quickening the hot red blood that courses through their veins, and gives us glimpses of human nature—that is of the nature of those who go down to the sea in ships—that excites alternately our laughter and our tears.

The description of the "drive" for the first load of mackerel, with a little alteration, would describe the struggle for the "log load" enacted every spring in our waters by our local vikings. The picture of the seining, splitting and salting of a large haul of mackerel, with its days and nights of hustling, with a few moments only to get a "mug up" and no time at all to change wet clothes, or get a wink of sleep, till a man falls where he is standing and sleeps for hours as sound as the sleep of death, is a graphic description of the life of our local fishermen in the "caplin school." And then Wesley Marrs, Patsie Oddie, Tommie Ohlsen, Tom O'Donnell and Tommie Clancy are all big, brave, hoydenish, simple, lovable men,—men brave to rashness, resourceful in danger, recking nothing of their lives to save a fellow-fisherman in distress, driving like fiends to kill a voyage, and generous to a fault with their hard earned money. Their prototypes in Newfoundland are legion.

The Race and the rescue, and the run for home in the storm, all are vivid pictures of the sea, and displays in a remarkable manner Mr. Connolly's intimate knowledge of men and things and their ways, and describes the life with such vigour and sympathy, that one almost positively concludes that here is a tale told by one who has just relinquished his dory paddles, and while his mind is still keyed to the struggle, seizes his pen and in a burst of genius describes it. Here's a pen picture of a vessel sailing, by Captain Tomy Clancy, who lashed to the helm on an inky night, sends a message to the cook.

"Then go below and tell him, Joe ———, tell him to mouse his pots and kettles, for with sail alow and sail aloft, with her helmsman lashed, and her house awash, in a living gale and the devil's own sea, the *Johnnie Duncan* is going to the Westward."

And when they had all foregathered on the night preceding the great race and were discussing the prospects of the morrow, and the song and jest went merrily round, and O'Donnell started in to sing—"On, Seiners all, and Trawlers all," but Alexander McNeill and Patsie Oddie interrupted: "Oh give us the other one, Tom—'The Newf'undland and Cape Shore Men.'"

"Ha!" laughed O'Donnell, "it's the mention of your own you want—you and Patsie there. Well, its all one to me. Any man from any place, so long as he's a fair man and a brave man, and the Lord knows ye're both that. Well, here's to you both—a wee drop just, Tommy—easy—easy, and he began—

Oh, Newf'undland and Cape Shore men and men of Gloucester town,
With ye I've trawled o'er many banks and sailed the compass roun';
I've ate with ye, and bunked with ye, and watched with ye all three,
And better shipmates than ye were I never hope to see.

I've seen ye in the wild typhoon beneath a Southern sky,
I've seen ye when the Northern gales drove seas to masthead high;
But summer breeze or winter blow, from Hatt'ras to Cape Race,
I've yet to see ye with the sign of fear upon your face.

Oh, swingin' cross the Bay
Go eighty sail of seiners,
And every blessed one of them adriving to her rail!

There's a gale upon the waters and there's foam upon the sea,
And looking out the window is a dark-eyed girl for me,
And driving her to Gloucester, may be we don't know
What the little ones are thinking when the mother looks out so.

Oh, the children in the cradle and the wife's eyes out to see,
The husband at the helm and looking Westerly—
When you get to thinking that way, don't it make your heart's blood foam?
Besure it does—so here's a health to those we love at home.

Oh, the roar of shoaling water, and the awful, awful sea,
Busting shrouds, and parting cables, and the white death on our lee;
Oh, the black, black night on George's when eight score men were lost—
Were ye there, ye men of Gloucester? Aye, ye were and tossed
Like chips upon the water were your little craft that night,
Driving, swearing, calling out, but ne'er a call of fright.
So knowing ye for what ye are, ye masters of the sea,
Here's to ye, Gloucester fishermen, a health to ye from me.

And here's to it that once again
We'll trawl and seine and race again;
Here's to us that's living and to them that's gone before;
And when to us the Lord says, "Come!"
We'll bow our heads, "His will be done,"
And all together let us go beneath the ocean's roar.

"I never again expect to hear a sea song sung as Tom O'Donnell sang it then, his beard still wet with the spray and his eyes glowing like coal fire. And the voice of him! He must have been heard in half of Gloucester that night. He made the table quiver; and when they all rose with glasses raised and sang the last lines again, any stranger hearing and seeing might have understood why it was that their crews were ready to follow these men to death."

A Christmas Carol.

By Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

THE Shepherds went their hasty way,
And found the lowly stable shed
Where the Virgin Mother lay:
And now they check their eager tread,
For to the Babe, that at her bosom clung,
A Mother's song the Virgin Mother sung.

II.

They told her how a glorious light,
Streaming from a heavenly throng,
Around them shone, suspending night!
While sweeter than a Mother's song,
Blessed angels heralded the Saviour's birth,
Glory to God on High! and Peace on Earth.

III.

She listened to the tale divine,
And closer still the Babe she pressed;
And while she cried the Babe is mine!
The milk rushed faster to her breast
Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn
Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born.

After Caribou in Newfoundland.

By Lieut. E. C. Kennedy, R.N.

THE writer of the following graphic sporting yarn is Lieutenant E. C. Kennedy, R.N., of H.M.S. *Ariadne*, Flagship of the North American squadron. All Newfoundlanders will remember his uncle, the genial Admiral Sir W. R. Kennedy, R.N., K.C.B., the best all-round sportsman in the Royal Navy and one of the most humorous after dinner speakers in England; Author of several well-known works on Travel and Sport; one of old Newfoundland's best friends. The guides who were with the young Lieutenant speak in glowing terms of his wonderful walking powers and good shooting. He is a born sportmen, his father, Mr. E. B. Kennedy is a well-known authority on fishing in Norway and Sweden; author of two works—"The Black Police of Queensland," and "Thirty Seasons in Scandinavia." A younger uncle is G. B. Kennedy, well known to lawyers as the Editor of Roscoe's Criminal Evidence. D. W. PROWSE.

NEWFOUNDLAND has been described by one of its leading authorities as one large deer park; a grand range for its splendid caribou larger than all Ireland. And so it is judging by the many accounts heard and by what the writer himself witnessed; there is probably no better big game country existing.

Some twenty years ago, before the railway joining the East and West Coast was finished, the caribou could wander unmolested over the whole of the interior, except for such sportsmen and trappers who could afford time to make expeditions any distance from the coast; now, however, thanks to the enterprise of R. G. Reid, the sportsman can be put down in the heart of the deer country, with all the luxury of modern travelling.

The line though, makes little difference to the caribou, who can often be seen scampering away at the approach of the train to some other part of the many miles of unsurveyed country that still exist, and probably will do so for many years to come.

It was the middle of September that I went on an expedition to these parts; I had been informed that to get one's heads was a very simple matter—a little patience and straight powder were all that was necessary, once in the track of the deer and one made his choice—this I believe to be the case in many parts, especially during the month of September when the deer migrate South to warmer latitudes. Such, however, was not my experience as perhaps the following account may show, consequently it was all the more enjoyable as one had to work to get such satisfactory results.

It was near midnight that the train put me down at a certain place near the centre of the Island, where no station, or even footboard exists; my two guides were awaiting me here. Luckily it was fine; no tent had yet arrived, but in spite of the cold, a fairly comfortable night was passed, thanks to the two excellent back woodsmen—men who had spent most of their lives with axe and rifle, and as long as wood and water were obtainable could make themselves comfortable.

B. was detailed as guide, and C. as cook. We spent two days here, away from daylight to dark, scouring the country for several miles round, and I must confess that my introduction to the sport was somewhat disappointing. Where were those countless herds that I had heard so much about? We saw tracks, but very few of them were fresh. B., who had hunted this same country last year in the same month and had never had a blank day, was quite non-plussed; the only explanation he could offer was that owing to the mildness of the weather the deer had not yet started tracking South.

Another place, some twenty miles to the West had also been recommended to me, but my proposal of going there on the third day hardly met with B's. views, he being unacquainted with that country. Anyhow it seemed slow work remaining here, so I overruled all objections on the part of the guides, and accordingly we stopped the Express (it runs every two days), and an hour later arrived there.

A couple of sportsmen were awaiting the train, and they had just time to inform me that they had been there two days, seen several does and bagged one, but no stags. This sounded more hopeful, and following their advice, and the tent having arrived, we pitched it some four miles north of the line.

The country here proved much more open than at the previous place, rocky hills and open stretches of marsh with small woods here and there.

We remained here five days and worked hard. It was, however, not till the fourth day that I saw and got my first caribou. We had been walking for about two hours when B. spotted a couple feeding about 500 yards nearly to leeward. After some rapid tactics of B's., which consisted of keeping out of sight and running for about 300 yards so that they would not be able to wind us, we got to within 300 yards, and though somewhat breathless, was lucky enough to wound one, which made off, we following as fast as the nature of the ground would allow and finely came nearly up with him, after having run about a mile, as he was entering a lake. He remained about 100 yards out in his depth and presented a broadside view when a bullet through his heart finished him; to our surprise it was a doe with a small head. B. was mistaken by the horns which were out of velvet, an unusual thing for that time of the year. We kept the antlers and the meat made a useful addition to our larder, which was beginning to get somewhat low. It blew a gale nearly every day, from the north or west, and our camp was not too well sheltered, so I decided to shift to some other part of the country; three hours portage brought us to a snug looking clump of trees where we selected a protected place. It was a move in the right direction, for, as will be seen, our game was very much more plentiful here.

The men were pitching camp, so taking a look round I soon spotted a herd on a neighbouring hillock. A closer inspection revealed the fact that there were seven, one being a stag with a small head of thirteen points. My license only allowed me to kill three, and though an enticing shot I was afterwards glad I did not take it.

Arriving back the men told me an old stag of thirty to forty points had passed quite close to them. My disappointment at losing this chance was great, still I was consoled in having seen more already than at our previous place.

The next day I proposed visiting a large lake to leeward of us; it took nearly four hours walking and we saw two or three small herds, but winding us they made off before we got close enough to inspect them. Our return journey, which was by a different route and to windward, brought us better results.

We were at the foot of a hill when some three-quarters of a mile up it, a black bear was out feeding in the open on the blueberries near a wood. My only chance was to cut him off, as he was already apparently finishing his meal and approaching the

wood; I accordingly made off as fast as possible, the ground being very rocky and broken, in hopes of a shot, but alas! I was disappointed, for when 150 yards from him he saw me. "Shoot," said B., but I was too unsteady, so I refrained in hopes of getting closer. As luck had it the ground got denser, with broken trees and stumps, and though Bruin must have passed within thirty yards of me, so thick was it, I never saw him again. He was a big fellow and as black as coal, and it was in very low spirits we wended our way home.

We had walked on for half an hour, when suddenly "Stag," from B., caused us both to take cover, and there, 150 yards down a hill was a fine looking beast with two or three does, the first good one I had seen. It was an easy shot, as he presented a broadside view and had not seen us; a bullet behind his shoulder caused him to stagger on for a short way when he rolled over dead—a good head of thirty points. This consoled me somewhat for the loss of the bear. We grallocked him and hung up a rag as a land-mark, as we were some way from camp and it was getting dark.

Another two hours walking and B. spotted a herd about half a mile ahead on the crest of a hill in an admirable position for stalking, dead to windward with good cover. We crawled to within eighty or ninety yards and got a good view of them—ten does and a magnificient looking stag with a grand head, the remainder of him being behind a rock. I waited until the old gentleman came into a small opening, and fired, result a regular stampede the whole lot coming down the hill nearly straight for us for they had not yet seen us, the stag bringing up the rear apparently uninjured. What a grand sight he looked as he charged past me about twenty yards off; surely I could not have missed. Anyhow I was determined not to lose this chance and I gave him one point blank behind the shoulder. His pace never altered till he had gone a good 100 yards when he stopped, faced us and rolled over dead—thirty two points but a far finer head than the previous one—the brow antlers being particularly well developed. Even B, old hunter as he was, admired him; an inspection showed that the first bullet was too far forward, having pierced the loose part of his neck which had little or no effect, the last one made a frightful hole in his side. I was using a .303 Lee Metford, with a soft-nose bullet.

We arrived at camp soon after dark. The next day the men were employed bringing in meat, etc. I kept the antlers of the former, and complete head of the later, to remind me of a very enjoyable trip. We remained there another day getting in some of the meat and salting the skins, then returned to the Station, I carrying my belongings, the men carrying the remainder, which with the skins and heads formed a pretty heavy load.

B. and C. proved a couple of very useful men, some of their many experiments were very amusing and instructive to listen to; they were unequalled at skinning and grallocking a deer; they were obedient, hard workers, and never seemed to tire, provided they had their tea and grub, which former they consumed in large quantities.

To anybody who contemplates such an expedition the following items may be of interest:—

Close season, 1st February to 31st July, also from 1st October to 20th October. License costs $50, which allows holder to kill two stag and one doe. Guides usually paid about $2.00 a day and found in provisions. Tent and cooking gear necessary. All one wants is a frying pan, kettle, poiling pot, with cups, forks, spoons, knives, etc,; and of provisions the following are necessary:—Tea, sugar, flour, bacon, pork, milk, lard, butter and salt (not omiting coarse salt for skins, etc.), also fresh bread for a start, when excellent flap-jacks can be made—a kind of pancake made of flour and water. A very useful thing lent me by a friend was a piece of light cotton duck about 6ft. x 2½ft. It weighed practically nothing and could be fixed up to represent a stretcher by reeving four sticks or poles through places made in the head and sides and securing them to four uprights, its great advantage was that it kept one off the damp ground. A complete shift of underclothing and good strong boots completed one's kit, with a large canvas bag to sling over both shoulders to carry it in, and for night I found three blankets necessary, as it usually froze.



Photo by S H. Parsons. NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU.

An Ocean Voyage.

By Rev. Charles Lench.

ALL things here have an end. So had our eight weeks of delightful pleasure time in the Home-Land. June, July and August passed all too quickly. The friends we met with gladness after a long interval of years, we had to leave again with heavy hearts. August the 18th found us on board the Atlantic liner *Ionian*, a good ship, well commanded, 8,265 tons register, length 485 ft., and a 58 ft. beam. Her crew numbered over 100, and her passengers 720; total 820 souls.

The majority of our passengers were crossing the ocean for the first time, while a considerable percentage, having visited the old land, after years of absence, were returning to the land of their adoption. This was to be our fifth crossing of the Atlantic, and as old Neptune had never brought us to his feet in obeisance, we had no cause to entertain anything but feelings of gratitude for past mercies.

It is amazing how soon, in this big world so shrunk by modern circumstances, you meet with some one who knew some place or person that you know or were acquainted with, somewhere at sometime. We had scarcely settled before we were face to face with Rev. W. J. and Mrs. Luscombe, and two children, enroute to Wesley, Iowa, U.S. via Montreal. We had met at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on the first Sabbath in England, but never expected to see him again. It was the self-same Bro. Luscombe. We couldn't observe the slightest change. We would not have known that he was a full-fledged Yankee, a real naturalized citizen of the United States if we had not learnt the tremendous fact that his allegiance was transferred from the Union Jack to the Stars and Stripes.

It is marvellous how quickly such a family will become acquainted, and although it was six o'clock when we left the wharf at Liverpool, on arriving at Moville, Ireland, at ten o'clock next morning we seemed to be no longer strangers. Boats were soon alongside and we were informed that for two shillings we could go ashore and return. On landing we found a large number of jaunting carts and their drivers, very anxious to take passengers to the "Green Castle."

Some drivers got impatient for customers and went in for a horse-whip 'skirmish. The Kilkenny cats never had a better time, but while they were engaged settling their business, the story of the dog and the shadow was re-enacted and the sensible drivers got the prey. I suppose their differences are settled by this time! My friend Luscombe invested in an Irish pig of bog-oak. He paid a good price for a small article, but he could see nothing that would please one of his parishioners better, a son of Erin, than an image of "the gintleman that pays the rint."

My souvenirs were a small kettle of bog oak, some sprigs of Irish heather, a specimen of peat, the "dear little shamrock," and some most interesting picture post cards. Our true born Americans having taken a very circumspect view of the quiet little town of Moville, pronounced it "alright," and when one of Uncle Sam's representatives brings that word into requisition, you may depend that it is alright!

We were in due course under-weigh and after a few hours had rought but one vast expanse of sky and ocean.

As the days passed and the storms failed to interrupt our pleasure, the voyage became increasingly enjoyable. It was good to have so many who could sing and play. A Church organist, a professor of music; and amateurs on the violin, guitar, flute, and mandolin.

A concert rendered by our amateur artists would have done credit anywhere. Our concert was given in aid of Liverpool Seaman's Orphange. The Rev. Thomas Harris presided, and advocated in a splendid speech the claims of that Institution. He was enthusiastically congratulated on obtaining his Ministerial Jubilee.

The writer addressed the audience, rubbing in a few hard facts and practical lessons. Songs, instrumental selections, recitations and readings filled in a good programme, and the collection amounted to $22.00. Three other collections were taken for this object during the voyage.

Profitable and instructive conversations and debates were always in order. Great International questions were raised and settled according to our own peculiar views: moral and political economy, Chamberlain's fiscal policy, &c., etc.

Some passengers, we thought, went too often, for their own good, to a little shop in a side street, and imbibed too freely of Scotch whisky and other beverages. Yet none were locked up for being drunk and disorderly. Some of the younger voyagers became to all appearances intensely affectionate. Perhaps the old lines have since been fulfillled in more instances than one:

> "To meet, to know, to love, and then to part,
> Is the sad tale of many a human heart."

Can you imagine the delight with which the first voyagers greeted the welcome sound of "land ahead," or the tremendous rush and excitement at early noon, of hundreds of passengers to get their first glimpse of an ice berg? Nor was the passage through the Straits of Belle Isle without interest to us, as we left old Terra Nova behind us for a few days longer.

How shall we describe that 800 miles run up the River St. Lawrence. Beautiful towns and villages and at length the Montmorency Falls, and soon after the charming view of old historic Quebec, with its heights and Plains of Abraham, the frowning fortress and the quaint old city.

Here the steerage passengers left us, and after a delay of some eight hours we proceeded by moonlight upon the last stage of our voyage to Montreal, accomplishing the 2,900 miles in four hours less than any previous voyage of the *Ionian*, making it her record trip. Soon we were through the customs. Then came the good-byes and the genuine hand-shaking, but not for ever. We hope to meet again, and the Great Pilot face to face, when we have "crossed the bar."

Above the Bridge.

By D. Carroll.

ABOVE the Bridge the night is fair,
Up-floating on the frosty air,
The clink of steel and shouts that go
From skaters flitting to and fro,
Re-echo from the hills of snow
Above the Bridge.

To lands where summer breezes blow
Have gone the friends I loved to know,
Who many a night, as this as fair,
Had revelled in the moonlight here,
With mazy glidings, long ago
Above the Bridge.

O! many a night shall come and go,
With moon-lit sheen the scene shall glow,
And Youth and Love shall gather there
And new delights their souls shall share;
While dreaming hearts shall whisper low,
The snow-clad hills again shall grow
Transfigured; well—'twas ever so
Above the Bridge.

The Catholic Church and the British Empire.

By Rev M. J. Ryan, Ph. D.

"Let not your good be evil spoken of."

I HAPPENED last summer while travelling to meet a very intelligent and fair-minded man, not a Catholic, who was desirous of information concerning the mysterious institution to which I belonged. The notions which he entertained were so remote from the reality that it occurred to me that we are perhaps somewhat negligent in explaining our own principles to the world in which we have to live, and for whose welfare we are bound both to pray and to work. And this feeling has grown upon me as I have seen, in English reviews and newspapers, the disposition of a large section of the party which once was entitled to the name of Liberal, to work up a "No-Popery" cry as a means of securing them a majority that would make them independent of what they describe as "the intolerable Irish yoke" upon their party.

It is with the object of meeting misrepresentations, that I put my ideas on paper. The Catholic religion is a religion of ordered freedom, and holding as it does a *juste milieu* between extremes, it is continually liable to be attacked by extremists on both sides; it is charged by extreme Conservatives with disloyalty; and it is charged by extreme Radicals with being the party of tyranny. The Catholic Church, in Ireland, in particular is the object of hatred to both Orangemen and Fenian. The Catholic religion is essentially a religion of order and union, of law as the bond of order, and of authority as the source of law. Under this aspect, she may be viewed as a great Conservative institution, the inflexible opponent of anarchy, lawlessness, and rebellion. At the same time, by the necessity of her essence, the Church must stand for freedom of conscience against the absolutism of the State. She must insist on the independence of the spiritual order; and she must defend the right of association. And as religious freedom has no real security, without civil freedom, and as, on the other hand, civil freedom leads as a rule to religious freedom, therefore the Church incidentally favours civil freedom as a means to that religious freedom which is of course her main concern. She undoubtedly finds herself most at home under constitutional government, and particularly under constitutional monarchy.

Now, I do not want anyone to be bringing me objections from the 16th century. To accuse the Church to-day of disloyalty because she was hostile to the government of Queen Elizabeth would be as absurd as to accuse the Conservative party of disloyalty because it was hostile to the Revolution settlement for sixty years. It is sometimes said that there are Americans who do not know yet that George III. is dead. In the same way, there are Protestants who do not know that Pius V. is dead. And yet he is dead, more dead than Pius I., and there is no one to whom the Catholics of to-day would more readily apply the theological principle that "the canonization of a saint is not the canonization of his actions."

I often wonder that British Protestants do not see what a striking analogy there is between the British Empire and the Catholic Church. The Anglican Reformation was really an ecclesiastical "Declaration of Independence," and it had in the Grand Rebellion and the declaration of American independence its logical consequence and (let me say without offence) its providential punishment.

Long before the American Revolution, the New England had effaced the cross from the flag of Old England as savouring of Popish superstition. The Catholic Church, like the British Empire, is envied for its greatness and dreaded for its power; and it is hated and misrepresented for the same reasons. And the misrepresentations against the Catholic Church take the same contrary forms as those against the British Empire. Each is described at one time as tottering to its fall, and at another time as being so mighty and so aggressive that only a coalition of all other powers can withstand it. The British Empire is described in Europe as the home of revolution and in America as the great embodiment of tyranny; so is the Catholic Church assailed with opposite charges of tyranny and rebelliousness. There are people so blindly anti-British that Great Britain can always dictate to them what side they shall take up; by supporting the right, she can make them support the wrong by choosing the winning side, she can make them range themselves on the losing side. She can make them support a Boer republic or a Russian autocracy,—Calvinists or orthodox Greeks,—those who profess to be defending their own soil against a robber or those who openly acknowledge that they are going to seize, if they can, other people's land. So it be anti-British, these people will sympathise with it. And so too there are people so blindly anti-Catholic, that any cause, however bad, has their sympathy if it be in opposition to the Church. It may be tyranny or it may be anarchy,—it may be the tyranny of a monarchy or that of a mob,—it may be indifferentism or it may be aggressive and fanatical infidelity,—the denial of the right of association,—the confiscation of property,—all have their redeeming points as soon as they are against the Catholic Church. When the Divorce Bill was being carried through in England, by the party of all the virtues, Mr. Gladstone, opposing it with the conviction of a Christian and the spirit of a man, wrote (*Quarterly Review*, July, 1857)—"An attempt is made to prepossess our minds adversely to this ancient and venerable [marriage] law, by insisting on the fact that we owe it to the times of Popery. . . . 'Why should it be thought a thing incredible' with us that the Church of Rome might here and there, by accident at least, do right?" Disraeli wrote once to a friend that the Catholic Church and the Conservative party were natural allies, and that it was the ambition of his life to bring them into alliance. Disraeli usually knew what he was talking about; but how then can the Church be accused of disloyalty? Of course I am not claiming that Catholics invariably act in perfect accordance with their principles; no one is perfectly consistent; no one always understands his own real interests; no one always rises above the temptation of preferring the interest of the hour to principle. I speak of the spirit and the principles of the Church, and of the temper and character which she tends to produce, but does not always succeed in producing, in her children.

The person whom I refer to, inquired about the "deposing power." I thought that this was rather a matter of archaeology at present; but I thought, historically, that it proved more conservative than the modern principle that subjects have a right to decide for themselves when they should rebel. I said that the Church of England on one occasion and the Scotch Kirk on several occasions had exercised what was practically the same

as a "deposing power", and I asked him how much trouble Government would have in the British Empire if it never had any except what the Pope would now stir up. In truth it is very remarkable that the statesman who accused the Vatican decrees of making Catholics disloyal should, before ten years were over, be appealing to the Pope to make the Catholics loyal, in one part of the Empire.

Now if we turn to foreign countries, Italy, one of the most Catholic countries in Europe, is the one where the people worship England; and that sentiment is scarcely less strong in the Vatican than in the Quirinal. In France, until the Dreyfus affair the Catholics were the pro-British party; that was as it should be, for English sympathy then went with the Catholic Church; but Catholic sympathy was carried so far that distinguished French Catholics wrote in defence of British policy in Ireland; and it was to the Radicals and Socialists of France that Parnell appealed. I do not defend the French Catholics for their attitude on the Dreyfus case; but I think the London *Times* might have remembered that it, too, was once deceived by a forger; and it is very natural that the French Catholics should have resented the attacks on their army. Now, if we turn to the storm of abuse during the Boer war, in what country was there such an outburst of diabolical and hypocritical malignity as in the land of the Reformation? Every Protestant pulpit in Germany resounded with accents of wrath and hatred. I do not know that the Catholics were any better, but at least the Catholic pulpits were not degraded in this fashion; and I know that the *Germania*, one of the two chief Catholic organs in Germany, argued that friendship with England would be better than friendship with Russia, because the example of England would work in favour of fair treatment for the Catholic Church, and the example and influence of Russia against it.

If we turn within the Empire, the French Canadians, though newly conquered, were loyal in 1776, when the Protestants of the Thirteen Colonies rebelled; and the French Canadians are loyal still; Bourassa is a gas-bag, of no influence; and anyhow he is not a "Clerical" but an anti-clerical. If it be said that there is some racial dislike to the English, I answer that the French Canadians like the English much better than any other race; they like a Protestant Englishman better than a Catholic Irishman; they have usually voted on the opposite side to the Irish; and when they went solid to elect a Prime Minister of their own race, it was indeed a Liberal, but a Confederate, and Imperialist, and one who has since carried his imperialism so far as to say, in his place in the House of Commons, that though he believed in the principle of Home Rule, yet he must add that some of the Nationalist Leaders had by their conduct excited a just and reasonable distrust.

In Ireland, I maintain that the Catholic Church for the last one hundred and fifty years has been loyal to Great Britain, while the Protestants of Ireland have been loyal to nothing but their own interests, have played off the two peoples against one another, have been Irish or English according as it suited their own purpose, and have always been ready to ally themselves with the rebel faction whenever they were not allowed to have their own way in oppressing the Catholics. In speaking of the Protestants of Ireland, I do not know whether I ought to call them Irish Protestants or Protestant Irish, or whether I ought to call them Irish at all, and not rather an Anglo-Scotch Colony in Ireland. The word Irish is as ambiguous as the word American, which may mean a Red Indian, a white man, or a negro citizen of the U. S. I notice that both the English and the Irish are ready to claim them when they do anything honourable, and to disown them when they do anything shameful; but if they are English when they win battles, they are English when they commit crimes, and if they are Irish when they win battles, they are Irish when they commit crimes. All I ask for is consistency. They themselves were Irish in 1782 and English in 1798; they were Irish the other day, when it was a question of getting a grant from the treasury in addition to the price of their estates; they are English again when it is a question of Home Rule; in general, they are Irish when they want the help of the Catholics to get anything from Great Britain, and they are English when they want to refuse the Catholics any share of the freedom or the power which they monopolise. Perhaps we ought to say that they are neither English nor Irish, but a *tertium quid*. Mr. Bryce, who belongs to them, thinks them superior in character to either Irish or English. Matthew Arnold thinks that they have retained "the narrowness and doggedness of the Saxon" and acquired "the passionate unreason of the Celt."

(Continued.)



TILT COVE.

On Christmas Day.

By Dinah Maria Muloch Craik.

God rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Savior, was born on Christmas Day.
The Dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Savior, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, little children; let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Savior, was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilæe the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, all good Christians; upon this blessed morn
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born:
Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins he takes away;
For Jesus Christ, our Savior, was born on Christmas Day.

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Risen from the Dead.

By H. W. LeMessurier.

IN a fisher's cot, situated in a remote fishing hamlet of one of our southern bays, a woman sat, at the close of an afternoon of September, gazing out over the restless sea which constantly beat on the beach which fringed the wild and open cove that served as a resting place for the fishermen's boats when not at work. As the woman gazed she saw not the steady roll of the ocean's billows as they sped landward and broke upon the shore, nor the fishing boats in the distance hieing homewards, nor yet the beauties of the seascape lighted by the rays of the setting sun, and alternating in colors as the clouds moved slowly overhead. Her thoughts were far away in past scenes, when happy days were hers, and when a loved one had been eagerly looked for each day as time came for his fisher's skiff to come to land. And as she thought and gazed she remembered the time when happy days were turned to grief, and patient watching and fervent hopes alone kept her alive and helped her to bear her heavy burden.

But now after nearly seven years of loneliness she was faced by a question of, to her, stupendous moment, and this was the cause of Ruth Hope's idleness on this summer afternoon. Would she wait and hope any longer and eke out the miserable pittance which just kept herself and child from starvation, or would she accept the offer of marriage made her by Edward Poole who for the last seven years had been a persistent admirer of hers. This was the question which she tried to settle in her own mind, for whilst her love was with the absent and perhaps dead one, her needs of sustenance were great and the future of her boy was a greater consideration with her.

Nearly eight years prior to the opening of this story John Hope had brought Ruth, a blushing bride, from her home in a settlement thirty miles distant, and was the envy of all the bachelors of Lobster Cove, as Ruth was a comely maiden of winning manners. The girls of the cove also were envious, for Ruth had taken from them one of the most eligible and best looking young fishermen to be found for miles. Amongst those who envied John the most, was his chum and fishing mate—Edward Poole—whose work brought him in constant contact with Ruth. It was not long before he learnt to regard her with the deepest of affection and became secretly jealous of John's good fortune in the possession of such a wife. His jealous temperament worked on his better feelings and often he found himself planning how John might be disposed of or got out of the way, so that he might have Ruth as his own.

The Cove they lived in was open to the east and southerly winds, and, it being a rough spot when these winds blow, no craft could be kept there which could not be hauled up on the beach out of reach of the raging seas. During summer time the boats were mostly put on collars—that is moored out from the shore, and sometimes when an unusually heavy sea rose they were swamped at their moorings and often sank. Hence it was that all their trading was done with the schooner-traders which periodically visited the Cove taking the catch of the fisherman and leaving such supplies as they needed. Occasionally the fishermen visited St. Pierre in the spring and fall to settle up their accounts and then they clubbed together and went in one of the largest skiffs belonging to the settlement.

Christmas was approaching, the first that Ruth was to spend in her new home, when it became necessary for John and several others to visit St. Pierre and purchase a few necessaries in preparation for the celebration of the coming festival, and Ruth was anxious that John should go as she wanted, for a particular event, one or two articles which could not be obtained in Lobster Cove. Edward Poole was amongst the number who were going, and laughingly said when wishing Ruth good-bye, "we may not get back until after Christmas." St. Pierre was reached in due course and the first evening was spent in the Café Lion D'or, where a motley crowd had assembled. Amongst those present was the mate of a ship which had a few days before put in to the roadstead from stress of weather, having had her decks swept coming out of the Gulf and losing three of her crew. She was a barque bound to England with a load of deal, and having a scanty crew when she left Miramichie was now too short-handed to proceed on her voyage. It was very hard to get sailors in St. Pierre, as the French sailors of the port did not care to ship on an English ship, and the few English speaking sailors would not ship for the run unless they were guaranteed their return passage to Newfoundland. The mate of the ship was endeavoring to get men by every means in his power, and spying the Lobster Cove men he very soon invited them to drink, and broached the subject of his needs in the usual manner. His eloquent description of the outside world, and the advantages to be gained by sailing to foreign parts almost won some of them over, and two promised to meet him again on the morrow, and afterwards left the Cafe.

Edward Poole who had sat quietly listening to the offers, and had decidedly refused them, made as though he were going with the others, but slipped back and sitting down alongside the mate began bargaining with him for three men. He pointed out that by a little management they might be secured and that strategy would have to be used to secure them. Before he left he arranged to delay the sailing of their small craft for two days and to bring on board three men on the next night, the mate to have everything ready for sea and to be prepared to drug the men.

Edward Poole had thought out a diabolical scheme for getting John Hope out of the way, for a time at least, and hoping that thereby he might win Ruth for himself. With this object in view Poole on the morrow persuaded two of the men to go with him in the evening on board the barque to visit the mate, and tried to induce John Hope to also go. He had some difficulty in doing so, but at length prevailed, alleging as an inducement that he might want John's help to row back the boat, as he thought it likely that the others would stay until morning.

Everything went as he desired for the carrying out of his nefarious scheme, and when the dory got alongside the barque they were most effusively welcomed on board by the mate, who invited them to the cabin where they were introduced to the captain. After talking a while the mate produced a decanter of rum, and filling out drinks for all, but the captain, jocularly offered a toast "To sweethearts and wives," which he evaded drinking himself by just putting the tumbler to his closed lips and holding it as though he were drinking. Edward Poole, who was in an awkward position, first held his glass and looked steadily at the mate, and keenly nothing what he did followed suit, whilst the others, in the conventional style, tossed the liquor off—draining the glasses without a stop.

The effects of the drugged liquor soon began to tell on the men who were pressed to take a parting glass, and in their half stupid state did so without heeding the large quantity poured out for them. It was not long before Edward Poole was speeding on his way shoreward with the reward of his treachery in his pocket. As he had so timed his departure for the vessel, and his arrival back, he reached his lodging house before supper-time and before Mat Rogers, the eldest of the Lobster Cove men, had returned. Upon the entry of Rogers, Poole inquired of him where Hope and the other men were, and as Rogers casually remarked that they might be at the Café Lion D'or, nothing more was said, and no notice was taken of their absence until late on the following morning. Poole slept but little that night, and at day-light went to view the roadstead, and to his intense relief saw the barque being towed to sea by a small tug, he watched her until she was well out of sight, and then returned to his bed to meditate on his future actions.

At breakfast the landlady of the house remarked, that the others must be lazy this morning and supposed that they would soon appear. As Mat Rogers was engrossed with his business and anxious to get away that evening, or as soon as a favorable time offered, he went out without making any enquiry about Hope and his comrades, but about 11 o'clock he returned in search of Hope's aid in a transaction of mutual benefit to them, and on enquiry learnt that he had not been at home during the

night and that neither of the three had been seen since last evening. Mat Rogers immediately made enquiries at all the haunts of the Newfoundlanders, and securing Poole's aid in his search went to the Commissaire de Police and told him the story of the missing ones, and Monsieur B—, who was interested in and knew John Hope, secured a ready promise from the Commissaire to at once institute a search for the missing men.

It was not long before the news, that three of the Newfoundland fishermen had disappeared, spread over St. Pierre, and many were the conjectures as to what had become of them. During the evening a gale of wind sprang up from the North and blew with great violence for two days, veering on the second to North-East, thus preventing Rogers and Poole from leaving St. Pierre even had they desired to do so. The gendarmes had searched St. Pierre and Isle-aux-Chiens and no tidings had been obtained, although the Commissaire de Police had discovered that the captain of an English barque had been looking for men and he concluded that the missing men had gone in her. Mat Rogers, however, could not believe that John Hope would willingly go away without consulting him, and whatever the others might do he would not leave his wife and home to whom, Rogers knew, he was deeply attached. Having done all in his power, and apparently in the power of Poole, to find John Hope and the other two men, he reluctantly set out for Lobster Cove with a fine southerly wind and made a quick run home.

You may be sure that Mat Rogers was not silent on his way home. He reviewed again and again the occurrences of the past week and the conjectures which had been mooted as to the disappearance of the men—always winding up with the pronouncement that "whatever had happened them, John Hope never went away of his own good will."

Rogers discussed with Poole the best way to break the news to Ruth, and Ruth's future if John did not come back, and it was arranged that Rogers being the eldest should perform the unpleasant task, whilst Poole visited the friends of the other men on a similar errand.

It was dark when the skiff touched the beach of Lobster Cove, and after she had been moored and the goods which they brought taken out of her, Rogers, who had told his wife, upon their arrival, of the sad news he had, induced her to go with him to Ruth's house. Ruth was anxiously on the lookout for her husband, and supposing he was detained by securing the boat, welcomed Mat and his wife into the house. It was with great difficulty that Rogers told her of her husband's absence, and of how it occurred that he came back without him.

The blow was a great one to Ruth, who at first could not realize that John was not somewhere in St. Pierre, and the only comfort she had was in Mat Rogers' suggestion that he might have been forced on board the vessel that was there wanting a crew and being carried away against his will. Ruth after a time clung strongly to this supposition, and in all the years that had passed never lost faith in the hope of his return.

A satisfactory arrangement was made by Mat Rogers, on behalf of Ruth, with Edward Poole to continue to run the fishing skiff as of yore with the help of Mat's youngest son, so that with her husband's savings and her share of the skiff's earnings she had managed for five years to live in a semblance of comfort.

One month after Mat Rogers came from St. Pierre and told of the disappearance of her husband, a son was born to her, and for some time she hovered between life and death, but owing to a strong constitution and the kindly offices of the mothers of the settlement, she was able to resume her household duties before the spring. It was a pathetic sight to see the way she cared for her baby boy, and how carefully she brought him up, and when he grew to talk, how she constantly talked to him about "dadda" and what they would do when he came home.

During this period Edward Poole had pressed her again and again to marry him, and by his constant attention and pecuniary aid had forced her to regard him in the light of a brother, but to all his oft repeated importunities of marriage she gave him the one answer,—that she could not think of marrying whilst John was alive.

After five years of long waiting Poole was forced, by a failure in the fishery and the destruction of their boat in a great gale, to seek employment in a nearby settlement as a bank fisherman, and Ruth was driven to support herself by knitting, making fish, and working generally for the neighbours. The year previous to the commencement of our story had been a trying one for Ruth, who was often with barely enough to keep her self and son from starving. Poole had done well as a bank fisherman and urged Ruth to escape her drudgery and starvation by marrying. As an inducement for her to do so, he spoke so feelingly of her little son and the advantages of education that he might have, that she had given him a promise that if John did not turn up at the end of the next year she would favourably consider his proposal.

And now the time was fast approaching and Ruth was in great perplexity, as in her inmost heart she believed that John was living and might come back. Yet she dreaded the future, more for her son than for herself, and thus we find her at the opening of our story debating with herself what her answer would be when Edward Poole came for it at the end of a week.

Whilst Ruth was thus engaged the sailing packet, which periodically visited the Cove, hove up and sent her boat ashore with the mails and a passenger who appeared to be a weather beaten seaman. The usual crowd of unemployed greeted the mailman when he came ashore, but no one recognized the seaman until he met Mat Rogers whom he stopped and spoke to. At first Mat did not recognize him, and when he did was almost frantic with joy and took him to his house telling him on the way about Ruth and his boy. John wanted to go on to his own house, but Rogers insisted on it that he should go on and prepare Ruth. John agreed to this, but would not stay behind. Mat Rogers found Ruth as has been previously described, who told her that the mail had just arrived and that there was good news for her. Before he could say much more John was in the house, and Ruth, with true wifely instinct, flew to his arms the moment she saw him.

John's story was soon told, how he had been induced to go on board the barque and of the scene in the cabin, and how he remembered nothing more until the evening of the next day when he was rudely ordered on deck to help the sailors. During that day and the four following days a heavy gale of wind from the North drove the ship out of her course. As the ship on the first day lost her mizzen-mast and maintopgallant-mast and was forced to run before it under reefed fore-topsails, when the gale abated it was found that she was leaking badly, and that if she had not been lumber laden she would have certainly sunk. All of this John knew little about, as in the loss of the topgallant mast he had been struck in the head by the end of one of the yards and had been insensible for some time. At the same time three of the sailors, including the other Cove men, had been washed overboard, and had it not been for the boatswain, who had taken a liking to John he would never have returned to Ruth. For some days the ship lay wallowing in the sea until sighted by a vessel bound for the Brazils which rescued them from a watery grave. John meantime had recovered his bodily strength, but constantly complained of his head and could remember nothing of past events. He was eventually landed in Pernambuco and taken charge of by the British Consul, who finding that he was not in his proper mind and could not tell where his home was, had him removed to a hospital. Subsequently he was discharged, and in one of his few sane moods shipped on a vessel bound to the West Indies. In one of the Islands he became ill and was removed to hospital, and from thence taken to a lunatic asylum where he had to perform manual labour with his fellow inmates, who were blacks. About nine months previous to his home coming, one of the black lunatics, who had an aversion for John, in a state of frenzy struck him over the head and he was picked up in a state of insensibility. The doctor of the asylum, finding the skull slightly crushed and that it appeared as an old wound, summoned a well-known surgeon who was at the hospital and successfully performed the operation of trepanning or lifting the crushed bone from pressure on the brain. When John was restored to consciousness and his brain commenced to work properly, he was puzzled to know where he was and how he came there, but the good nurse who tended him understood what he wanted, and told him to rest and keep quite and all would be well. Next day John woke, without any fever, and in a short time grew quite strong and tried to piece together his story since leaving St. Pierre. This he could not have done but for the kindly assistance of the asylum doctor, who took a great interest in John, and traced his coming from Brazil to the West Indies. When John was well enough to be discharged the good doctor got him a position with one of the planters, who placed him in charge of a boat which traded between the plantation and the town. During the time of convalesence John was eager to get home, and often wondered how his absence had been accounted for, the great obstacle to his leaving for Newfoundland was his want of means. John worked steadily for seven months, and every cent he earned he carefully husbanded, at last he heard of a chance to get to Halifax and speedily availed of it, working his way thither in a Canadian schooner, and from thence to Burgeo, where he arrived in time to catch the fortnightly packet which sailed down the coast.

The home-coming of John was the cause of much rejoicing, and yet it was tinged with sadness when the treachery of Edward Poole was disclosed, and the friends of those men who were lost, were bitter in their denunciations of him, so much so that he left the country as soon as he heard of John's return. John and Ruth lived to enjoy a happy life; he often declared that Ruth was Hope by name and hope by nature, otherwise she would not have waited for him, and she affirmed that there was no man so much worth waiting for as her John.

Supreme Court of Newfoundland.

List of Deputy Sheriffs.

SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

Residence.	Districts.	Names.
Ferryland	Ferryland	George Geary.
Mobile	"	John T. Fitzgerald.
Fermeuse	"	William Trainer.
St. Mary's	Placentia and St. Mary's.	M. Mahoney.
Salmonier	" "	Francis R. Curfis.
Placentia	" "	A. Collins.
Presque	" "	Thomas Sullivan.
Oderin	" "	Peter Manning.
Flat Island	Burin	Howard Parsons.
Burin	" "	Stephen White.
St. Lawrence	" "	Cyrus Beck, sr.
Lawn	" "	Joseph Murphy.
Lamaline	" "	William G. Pittman.
Grand Bank	" "	Eli Harris.
St. Jacques	Fortune Bay	
Belleoram	"	William Grandy.
Pushthrough	"	Joseph Camp.
Harbor Breton	"	Benjamin Chapman.
Burgeo	Burgeo and La Poile	Albert Kelland.
Ramea	" "	Matthew Nash.
Rose Blanche	" "	Prosper A. Garcien.
Channel	" "	James H. Wilcox.
Codroy	St. George	Henry Gallop.
Grand River	"	Thomas B. Doyle.
Robinson's Head	"	Abraham Tilley.
St. George—Sandy Pt.	"	M. E. Messervey.
Wood's Island	"	Simeon Jennex.
Bay of Islands	"	Daniel J. Gilker.
Bonne Bay	St. Barbe	Geo. Halfyard.

NORTHERN DISTRICT.

Residence.	Districts.	Names.
St. Anthony	St. Barbe	James Johnson.
Conche	"	
La Scie	"	Wm. A. Toms.
Tilt Cove	Twillingate	Constable T. Walsh.
Little Bay	"	Thos. E. Wells.
Little Bay Islands	"	Peter Campbell.
Pilley's Island	"	Thomas Roberts.
Leading Tickles	"	William Lanning.
New Bay	"	Peter Moores.
Botwoodville	"	J. T. Bendle.
Exploits	"	George S. Lilly.
Lewisport	"	Alfred G. Young.
Twillingate	"	William Baird.
Moreton's Harbor	"	
Fogo	Fogo	Ambrose Fitzgerald.
Barr'd Island	"	George Foster.
Seldom-Come-By	"	Philip Perry.
Change Islands	"	John Porter.
Gander Bay	"	Robert Pike.
Musgrave Harbor	"	Adam Bradley.
Pinchard's Island	Bonavista	Jacob Hefferton.
Wesleyville	"	Wm. Sainsbury. / Peter Roberts.
Pool's Island	"	
Greenspond	"	Thomas Wornell.
Glovertown	"	Charles Kean.
Gambo	"	
Brooklyn	"	Albert L. Howe.
Salvage	"	John Burden.
Alexander Bay	"	
King's Cove	"	Thomas Curtis.
Bonavista	Bonavista	Noah Verge.
Catalina	Trinity	Isaac Manuel
Trinity	"	Richard Spence.
Bonaventure	"	Noah Miller.
Northern Bight	"	Edmond Benson.
Britannia Cove	"	R. Currie.
Shoal Harbor	"	Caleb Tuck.
Clarenville	"	George Janes.
Foster's Point	"	George Leawood.
Bay Bull's Arm	"	
Whitbourne	"	Eliel Noseworthy.
New Harbor	"	George Bussey.
Heart's Content	"	Charles Rendell.
Hant's Harbor	"	A. Targett.
Old Perlican	Bay-de-Verde	Moses Bursey.
Bay de Verde	"	Reuben Curtis.
Lower Island Cove	"	Eli Garland.
Western Bay	"	Ewen Kennedy.
Carbonear	Carbonear	Ernest Forward.
Harbor Grace	Harbor Grace	John Trapnell.
Spaniard's Bay	"	Jesie Gosse.
Bay Roberts	"	A. Hierlihy.
Brigus	Port-de-Grave	Benjamin Butler.
Conception Harbor	Harbor Main	William Cole.
Harbor Main	"	James Murphy.
Holyrood	"	William Maher.
Middle Bight	"	William Butler.
Bell Isl'd—Lance Cove	St. John's East	John H. Ley.
Bell Island—Beach	"	John H. Bennett.
Portugal Cove	"	Edward Harding.

November, 1904.

JAMES CARTER, Sheriff, Newfoundland.
W. J. CARROLL, Sub-Sheriff, "

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Examination of Masters and Mates.

Examinations will begin on Wednesday of each week, providing that the candidate produces the requisite certificates of character and time, and passes the color test.

Application must be made to the Examiner on Form Exn. 2, and all previous certificates and testimonials deposited at least two days previous to the examination. Testimonials of character and sobriety must be produced for twelve months immediately preceding the application.

All services must be verified by a certificate of discharge.

An Only Mate must be not less than nineteen years of age, and must have served five years at sea.

A First Mate must be not less than nineteen years of age, and must have served five years at sea, of which one year must have been as Second or Only Mate. [From 1st January 1896, the Officer's Service must have been performed with the requisite certificate.]

A Master must be not less than twenty-one years of age, and he must have served six years at sea, of which one year must have been in the capacity not lower than Only Mate of a foreign-going vessel whilst holding a certificate not lower than an Only Mate's certificate for foreign-going vessels, and, unless this service as officer was performed whilst holding a First Mate's certificate for foreign-going vessels, he will also be required to prove the officer's service prescribed for that grade.

Certificates applying only to steamships are issued to candidates who are either unable to comply with the regulation which requires them to have passed one year in square-rigged sailing vessels, or who prove in course of examination that they are ignorant of the management of square-rigged sailing vessels. All the qualifying officer's service prescribed for these Certificates must have been performed in steamships.

These Certificates will entitle the holders to go to sea as Masters or Mates of foreign-going steamships, but will not entitle them to go to sea as Masters or Mates of foreign-going sailing ships.

Fees.

For a Certificate as Mate	$5.00
For a Certificate as Master	10.00
For a Certificate for Colors	.20

These fees admit of two examinations. After the second examination another fee will be required.

Candidates for Only and First Mates' Certificates must complete the whole of their examination in Navigation in twelve hours, including the time allowed for the papers on the cyclone or revolving storms, and for the correction of all errors and over-sights; but the nautical problems up to and including (K) of the Syllabus prescribed for Only and First Mate must be completed within six hours and without the candidate leaving the premises during that period.

Candidates for Masters' Certificates must complete the whole of their examination in Navigation in fifteen hours, including the time allowed for the papers on the Chart, the Compass deviation, Cyclones, or revolving storms, and for the correction of all errors and over-sights: but the problems up to and including (K) of the Syllabus prescribed for Only and First Mate must be completed within six hours and without the candidate leaving the premises during that period.

The examination commences punctually at 10 a.m., and closes at 4 p.m., when all papers will be called up, and if not completed the candidate will be declared to have failed.

In all cases of failure the candidate will be examined *de novo*.

If failed in Seamanship, he will not be examined for six months.

If failed three times in Navigation, he will not be re-examined for three months.

For further information as to time, place, and objects of examination, applicants should apply to the Examiner-in-Chief.

Rules.

No books, papers or memoranda are allowed in the Examination room.

In the event of any candidate being discovered copying from another, or referring to any book or memoranda, he will not be examined for six months.

Navigation is taught at Carbonear, Harbor Grace, Bay Roberts and Saint John's.

The Public are reminded that the

Game Laws of Newfoundland,

Provide that:

No person ..... shall pursue with intent to kill any Caribou from the 1st day of February to the 31st day of July, or from the 1st day of October to the 20th October in any year. And no person shall..... kill or take more than two Stag and one Doe Caribou in any one year.

No person is allowed to hunt or kill Caribou within five miles of either side of the railway track from Grand Lake to Goose Brook, these limits being defined by gazetted Proclamation.

No non-resident may hunt or kill Deer without previously having purchased and procured a License therefor. All guides must be licensed. Issued free to residents; to non-residents costing fifty dollars.

No person may kill, or pursue with intent to kill any Caribou with dogs, or with hatchet ..... or any weapon other than fire-arms, or while crossing any pond, stream or water-course.

Tinning or canning of Caribou meat is absolutely prohibited.

No person may purchase, or receive any flesh of Caribou between January 1st and July 31st, in any year.

Penalties for violation of these laws, a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars, or in default imprisonment not exceeding two months.

No person shall hunt, or kill Partridges during the present year, or before 1st October, 1905. After that period not before 1st October or later than 12th January. Penalty not exceeding one hundred dollars or imprisonment.

Any person who shall hunt Beaver, or export Beaver skins till October 1st, 1907, shall be liable to cofiscation of skins, and fine or imprisonment.

And no person shall hunt Foxes from March 15th to October 15th in any year, under the same penalties.

HON. ELI DAWE,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
November, 1904.

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ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.

Newfoundland Penitentiary, November, 1904.

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Photo by S. H. Parsons. *Printed by J. J. Evans.*

DIOCESAN SYNOD OF NEWFOUNDLAND FOR 1904.

Lord Bishop, Clergy, and Lay Delegates.

Memories---Grave and Gay.

By Rev. Canon Pilot, D.D., D.C.L., I.S.O.

SUGGESTIONS have been frequently made to me by a number of my friends that I should put into shape reminiscences of my official life and work, extending now over a period of thirty years. To these suggestions I have hitherto turned a deaf ear, until now the editor of this QUARTERLY has asked me for a contribution for its Christmas Number, and I have yielded, but with grave doubts as to whether I have acted wisely in doing so. In these memoirs I have no pet fad to exploit, no special topic to discuss, nor any particular scholastic ideas to enunciate. These find their proper place in those most charming of all literature—the "Reports of Inspectors of Schools." My aim is to give a plain homely story of some of the things I have observed, approved, blamed or laughed at, in one or two departments of my official life, and this department shall be "My Schools and my Teachers." In doing this I may have occasion to refer to many old friends (alas! few only now living), but I shall endeavour to avoid such references as may give offence. Without further preface or apology I plunge *in medias res.*

In the early seventies travelling round the Coast of Newfoundland was no easy undertaking compared with the multiplied facilities of doing so to-day. Then there was no railroad, and steam communication was infrequent and less certain. Nearly all my inspection and visitation had to be done in bully-boats, jacks and whale-boats, and in the doing of it, I was, to use an incongruous metaphor, always in the saddle. I was a regular vagabond, months on end away from home. In their charity some of my then friends declared I was "like a roaring lion;" but I must ask my present friends to believe that the analogy, between a nameless other personage who did the like and myself, ends there. One of the longest trips I ever made continuously extended from Cape Ray to Cape St. Francis, taking in the sinuosities of the Bays of Hermitage, Fortune and Placentia, crossing from LaManche to Rantem, and travelling on foot round the south side of the Bay of Trinity to Bay-de-Verde, where I took the s. s. *Leopard* for St. John's. I reached home feeling literally like a returned empty. Of that one solitary trip I saw enough, and heard enough, to fill a three-volume novel which has yet to be written. Even now it is replete with the most pleasant recollections. I was, and am an ardent fisherman. My rod was my constant companion, and between the limits above given there is scarcely a tarn or a brook over which I have not cast my line. Of the hospitality I received from the fishermen I have the most grateful memories, albeit in some cases it was of a most "lively" character. But itwas given without stint, or expectation of a return. The best their larders provided was always placed before me, and my visit ended, I was afterwards forwarded on my way with the same amiable disposition.

Some one has called hospitality a savage virtue. Be it so:—then some savage things are very lovely, estimable and of good report, furnish memories that will stand the wear and tear of many a long year, and amid a desert of, it may be polished but meaningless conventionalities, retain a freshness, unfading and unchangeable like all things good and genuine. One instance occurs to me. I was anxiously awaiting at Burgeo the arrival of the Royal Mail Packet that ran between that port and Harbor Breton. She arrived on a Saturday. Now the worthy Parson of the town had counted on my help for his Sunday Services. I was not unwilling to stay, but could not see how this was to be done. The Parson held consultation with the Skipper of the Packet, and that estimable person with a wary eye cast heavenward ordered the crew to take down sail, as, to use his own language, "we's in for a blow." It was a glorious day, and so was the Sunday, but on the Monday when we started it was foggy and logy, and we were just one week going about seventy miles. In those days there were no schedules or schedule time to keep. It was like silver in the reign of an Israelitish King, it was nothing accounted of in those days. On parting with the Skipper, I offered payment for my week's entertainment and passage, but he refused it with a "Begar sir, we never charges the Parson nothing." Pressing his hand gratefully, I said, if ever he came to St. John's, I hoped he would call on me. In the following January he did call, and bemoaning the loss of his Royal Mail Packet in the late November gale sought my help to get for him from the Government, a *Royal Mail Steamer.* I remember also a Captain of a Coastal Steamer delaying a whole day in port for me while I did my work, and who felt amply repaid for the retention by a present of fresh lobsters that I had speared after that work was done. I 'low this can't be done now-a-days.

I cannot omit to mention one more instance of seemingly the opposite to the above courtesies. I had gone on shore with hitherto a most obliging mailman, with urgent request that he would not leave without me. There were at least a hundred and fifty passengers on board, and the worthy Captain was eager to push along. I was not in time for the mail man, and begged a bystander to put me off in his punt. The Captain eyed my frantic gestures, and awaiting my arrival at the gangway, addressed me after the following fashion: "Who are you, sir, to keep my boat waiting like this? I don't care for parson, priest or preacher—the poorest passenger aboard my boat pays his passage as well as ye." Meantime I had mounted the steps, and through the crowd of exultant passengers, made my way to the stern where I consoled my offended dignity with a draw of the fragrant weed. I had not long been there before the genial Captain came aft; and in half audible whisper, said "Parson Pilot, sir, you mustn't mind me. It's a farm I goes thro'. I does it to everybody." This atoned for all I had suffered, but ever after when I went ashore with the mail man, I took care to carry the bag myself, and did not mind the "Farm." But I am wandering;—where was I? This paper was to be about my Teachers. So I must begin.

But a word about schools first—the fabrics, that is. In the early days, while some of these schools were fairly satisfactory in respect of building and equipments, a large majority of them was of the most primitive description, and in a most sorry condition. They were architecturally of the early Newfoundland style—an oblong structure, with low roof, without ventilation, apparatus, desks, maps, or blackboards;—furnished(?) with broken or fragmentary forms, and at certain times of the year crowded to suffocation with pupils of all ages from the babe to the hobbledehoy. Not infrequently a sail loft, or the upper story of a fish store was dubbed with the exalted name of a school. I recall to mind a feeble old man, with one foot in the grave, who reduced the much too limited number of cubic feet of air in his school-room still further with all the paraphernalia of a fisherman's craft, hooks and lines, sails and twines, bultows and barrows, and nets, which emitted an effluvium such as I never *felt* before or since, the effect of which was moderated to some extent by the scent of a small quantity of new mown hay, stowed away on boards above the rafters. He kept his goats in the

school by night. His emoluments were small, small his children, and educational results nil. What was I to do but recommend his retirement. The Board pleaded theirs and their Teacher's poverty: there was no pension fund to come to the relief. But the old gentleman *was* retired, in a way not unheard of before, by an allocation (our outport people love the word) from the Road Grant, which the feeling member for the District, in playful irony, recommended should be "spent by Mr. — on the way to the churchyard." It was not long before he made his final journey to this quiet resting place. He had in his day been a successful fish-hawk and sealing skipper. *Sic transit gloria!* Another school—and this a pattern of many—was lumbered up with articles and tools of a carpenter's trade, in anticipation of the modern Manual Training School no doubt, though then the only pupil to ply the plane was the industrious dominie. I could multiply instances of similar conditions. Happily all such schools have been improved out of existence, and have been superceded by others having some pretensions to architecture, hygiene, and modern educational requirements. During my thirty years in office, I have seen rebuilt every Church of England School in the Colony with the exception of the one at St. Philip's, eloquent in its hoary loneliness of the good old times, but now giving place to one of modern type and proportions.

Now to *My Teachers*. In the early days my Teachers as a class were greatly lacking in their knowledge of the ordinary branches of a fair English education, and still more particularly for want of training, in that knowledge which would fit them for the right conduct and management of our common schools. I recall to mind instances of where a whole generation had been inflicted with a permanent injury by the retention of an incompetent Teacher. The idea prevailed that the scholars were few, and so young that it made little difference who was engaged in teaching. Some teachers had been employed from so-called Charity, when either advancing years had rendered them incapacitated for any other employment; or when every other business failed with them. The schoolmaster was indeed abroad: and oftentimes he was the butt of those, who knowing his drawbacks and his dollars should have been apoligists for his deficiencies. I remember being entertained by an eminent M. D. in a northern outport, with a dozen others, the elite of the Town, when the medico began jocosely to chaff me for the incompetency of my Teachers, and cited instances. Now in the earlier part of the day this genial friend had introduced me to a brother Medico, Dr. F—, who, he confidentially informed me a few minutes afterwards, could neither read nor write. It was my turn to be playful. While admitting much that he had said about my Teachers, I retorted that as yet I had not come across a single one so competent as his friend Dr. F.—and insinuated that I was credibly informed that all my Teachers who failed to pass examination for the lowest grade, were going to turn Doctors: and instanced one, who, the year before was retired because he could not make up averages, and was now a Doctor making £300 a year. He was dear as a Teacher with the proverbial £40.

In a nearer outport a pompous Stipendiary Magistrate, fond of airing his scholarship had preserved a whole file of letters received from Teachers in and around his district. Producing these he feebly suggested the incompetence of the writers, from some grotesque spellings contained in their communications. I had to remind him that the schoolmaster was abroad even in his own office, and pointed to the label on the file which read "Curiosities of Litrature." He defended the spelling of the final word, until a reference to his Webster Unabridged dispelled his illusion. I asked who taught him to spell.

In a nearer outport still an estimable man was dismissed from his school because his wife opened a store, destined it was said to become a rival with that of a member of the Board—the *magnus mercator* of the Town. The chairman could not bring himself to send the Dominie his congé in his own handwriting, so sent the MS. of the resolution as it passed the Board. That resolution was the source of worry and correspondence to me for over two years. It had been copied Verbatim, and sent to the Governor, Premier, and Colonial Secretary. Each of these functionaries forwarded it to me with a request for a reply. In the resolution there were two grammatical blunders, and more than two errors in spelling, and the worthy schoolmaster, who possessed a certificate of Grade Three, asked His Excellency if the writer of such a resolution was competent to judge of his qualifications as a Teacher, requested protection against ignorance, and suggested His Excellency should insist upon a qualifying Examination of all members of Boards of Education before gazetting them to so exalted a position.

Indeed some of my Teachers were queer fish. One of these old worthies always wore during school hours an old-fashioned beaver hat, "to inspire fear, and to command respect" he informed me. School over, the beaver was exchanged for a billy-cock. I never heard that the children trifled with the beaver, even when they were left in school alone.

On one occasion I made a surprise visit to a school taught by a septuagenarian. Gently lifting the latch I looked in, and there I saw this worthy measuring the upper end of his room with equal paces, capped, pipe in his mouth, and flourishing a supple wand over the head of some imaginary urchin:—the children all the while playing with marbles on the floor. At sight of me their play ceased, and there was complete silence. The dominie's reverie and smoke were ended. He came rushing towards the children with up-lifted wand and caught my eye. Closing the door quickly I hurried away to be shortly interviewed by a friend commissioned to "take the sting out of it." This Teacher was pensioned. Another Patriarch dragging out a feeble existence, whose school was not up to the mark in even the beggarly elements, was alarmed at my plain talk with him about his school. He had never seen an examination before, and I question if he had ever heard of the bogie. I do not wish to charge him with attempted bribery and corruption, but on parting he began stealthily to thrust some money into my hand, with "You'll want this before you get home."

An elderly female Teacher once wrote to me "to get her sallary rose a few lbs." Needless to say this is no part of my duty, that pleasure or prerogative attaches to the august gentlemen who compose the Boards of Education. I examined the school of this worthy lady and described it as "ungraded," which so grievously offended the poor soul, that she incontinently resigned. She had gone upon the principle that "it's little they pays me, and its little I teaches 'em."

One veteran who entered the wedded life for a third time was absent from his school on the day of its examination. To account for this dereliction of duty he entered in the School Log Book: "Teacher absent, undergoing a matrimonial operation."

One of my colleagues, now deceased, told me that on entering a school for examination, on a sweltering hot day, he found the Teacher with his coat and collar off, shirt-sleeves tucked up, a red handkerchief tied round his head, and the children each gabbling away his own lesson. The Inspector asked him for his first class. The Dominie replied he had no classes, that he taught the children one by one. "But," continued the Inspector, "you should have them in classes, it would lesson your labour." "D— it," exclaimed the irate pedagogue, "how can I class 'em when they have no books." This Teacher was subsequently pensioned.

I could go on multiplying instances of the idiosyncrasies of my Teachers, but space forbids. Of the one hundred and forty-four I had to do with thirty years ago, one hundred and forty have passed on to the unreturnable bourne. *Pax vobiscum!*

It was in 1876–7 I recommended a compulsory examination of all Teachers, the Legislature accepted the recommendation, and thus came to an end all family organizations which in a great measure had ruled schools and school-masters in the good old times.

The Examinations began, and I could fill another such paper as this with "howlers", and amusing incidents which took place in their progress. Many of these old teachers were aged, and hopelessly improvable, yet there was not a few on whom kindly encouragement had a quickening effect, and who with the possibility of a certificate, and thereby continuance in office, set to work pluckily and gained the Coveted Parchment and the scanty emolument ranging from six to twenty dollars, which it brought with it. I need scarcely add that they were most grateful. I never more fully recognized that kind words cost little and are worth much to all my teachers.

A Six Months' Tour.

Extract from Letters of a Tour to Egypt, The Nile, Palestine, Turkey, Greece, and Europe, 1904.—(Continued.)—By James Carter.

THE Mosque of Mahommed Ali in Egypt is covered by a vast dome, richly frescoed in colors. The courtyard is surrounded by colonnades and gigantic arches. We visited also several mosque tombs of the Khedives who reigned from 1382 to 1517. Some of these tombs must have cost considerable sums of money. We had a magnificient view from the Citadel of the city, old and new, the desert and the pyramids twelve miles away. I saw them and for the first time; at the sight of them you begin to realize the old and historic lore of this very ancient land, the cradle of all civilization and culture, in war, art and science and all that makes up the grand and beautiful, not only in the science of living, but also of dying; they bring before us the mighty deeds of the past. We were shown the Citadel from where the Mamelukes were assassinated by Mohammed Ali. They were treacherously invited to an entertainment and as soon as they were inside, the gates were closed and the soldiers opened fire upon them; 470 of their followers were murdered, and it is said that only one escaped. Afterwards we visited their tombs. On returning from the Citadel we met the funeral of a Pasha; in front came a lot of horses and camels with baskets, from which the attendants were distributing gifts to the poor, after which a large body of police (I suppose he must have been a judge or a magistrate), then a body of Dervishes and a lot of Oriental servants; and others—the friends of the deceased, some of them in flowing robes and Oriental costumes, then all the wives in carriages. When it passed our carriage, one of the wives, I expect as she was young—the latest, tore the veil from her face and commenced to wail. Poor girl, I expect she was wailing for joy and the opportunity perhaps of getting another husband to her taste. The body was in a common deal coffin, perfectly plain, with some writing on the side, which is taken from the box and placed in the grave with the body wrapped in a sheet. The body was also followed by water carriers. I did not hear what rank the deceased represented.

After lunch, we went to one of the Mosques to hear the howling Dervishes. Friday is their Sunday. They celebrate with drums and instruments of music. They commence by chanting the psalms of the Koran and then making a peculiar noise with their breath, drawing in and out, making a queer and weird sound, bowing their heads to the music, after which they get excited, but we did not remain as their prayers would not appeal to anything less than an Egyptian God. At times they get beyond control of themselves and the police have to put a stop to it. We then drove to old Cairo through the "Arab quarters" and visited the Mosque of Ami Said. It contains 366 large marble pillars and occupies a large extent of ground. It also contains a tomb of the Sire of Ami. The Mosque Hassan is very large and extensive, it is said that when the structure was finished, the architect's hands were cut off, to prevent him from executing a similar work. In the court yard are two fountains of water, one used by the Egyptians and the other by the Turks. On the Eastern side can be seen a few of the balls which were fired at the Mosque by the army of Napoleon. We then crossed the river Nile in a ferry to see the building where the waters are measured, so that it can be seen how much it rises and falls. We then visited the place pointed out where Moses was found by the Egyptian maiden, one of Pharaoh's daughters, but as I could not see any rushes, I was sceptical, but the guide said that the river had changed its course. I replied that if so, how can they vouch for any authority as to its truth? He said that faith was the principle ingredient in all religions (perhaps he is right). We then went to the old Coptic church which was founded in the fourth century and said to have been restored in the eighth. It contains some interesting pictures and a very ancient bronze candalabrum in the shape of two winged dragons, with seventeen sockets for lights. On the roof is a small bell in a cupola. The entrance to the grounds is through a very ancient gate in the wall, opened and locked by a peculiar wooden key. This style of lock is very ancient and is still used at Damascus. It leads into a small narrow street that formerly was full of small shops the ruins of which are still plainly to be seen.

In the evening we visited the Arabian quarters; the streets were full of Arabs, etc. There are miles of those narrow streets and the turns are very tortuous so that it would be easy for one to lose his way. There are numbers of coffee houses in which the entertainment consists of Arab girls dancing writhing figures, etc., in costumes, throwing their bodies into wonderful contortions. All these are crowded with Arabs and Egyptians; they appear to be very peaceable and orderly and do not insult strangers in any way, although in the midst of thousands. You can pass along without any protection even late at night. We crossed the Nile, going over a very long bridge; there were hundreds of boats on the side of the river. The bridge was built by the French; it has two immense marble lions on either end, a beautiful road on each side of the rive lined by immense trees which form a shady avenue. The road was crowded with private carriages, very handsome turn-outs, full of ladies going to the race course. We drove round the island from one side of the river to the other. There were a number of beautiful residential buildings, some situated in magnificent grounds and a great many new ones in course of completion. We passed a very large hotel which is also new, called "Ghizeh Castle," and I believe owned by the proprietors of "Sheppard's" Hotel. We also passed a large barracks belonging to the British and capable of accommodating six thousand men. The Post Office, Government House and Court House are very fine and beautiful buildings, and there is a score of others for different purposes. It is a remarkable fact, here in Cairo that you can leave the town of handsome buildings and go to the old portion which has been in existence for four thousand years.

Saturday, March 5th, 1904.—A beautiful day, not too warm. This day we have appointed to visit the Pyramids, and accordingly, with a guide and carriage, we left at 9 a.m. The distance is about twelve miles, a level road, no sign of a hill, the trees on both sides arching over making a lovely shade from the sun. The size of the big Pyramid—"Cheops"—seemed to grow as you approached nearer, and the view of the country was exquisite. Electric cars run all the distance. At the foot of the Pyramid were a big crowd of Arabs, guides and sheikh, all waiting to be employed and overwhelming you with their attentions. We accordingly made arrangements with the sheikh and took two guides each. We went inside first before climbing to the top. The opening from the outside is about forty-five feet from the ground, the descent is terribly steep and slippery. There are small steps in the rock in which you have to place your feet, if you missed you would go headlong to the bottom, but two Arabs hold your hand before and behind. The passage is very dark and you have only the light of a candle to see where to place your feet. In some places you have to crawl through tunnels which are about three feet in height then you have to take a turn in the dark and ascend for some distance. The place is as dark as pitch and not a breath of air, with the perspiration running like a river from every part of your body; you will then find yourself in a passage which leads to the Queen's chamber; a light is then procured from a kind of torch. The roofing is a beautiful piece of workmanship. Then you take a passage that leads to another chamber, which is the King's. The roofing is of flat stone, and the floor is 140 feet square. Inside lies the empty, broken, coverless red granite sarcophagus of "Cheops" who was most oppressive and cruel and plunged into every kind of wickedness. The stones were brought from the quarries in the Arabian Mountains, down to the Nile, transferred in vessels across the river, thence dragged to the Lybian Mountains. They worked to the number of 100,000 men for three months every year. The people were harrassed by toil for ten years, and it took that time to construct the road on which they drew the stones, and in forming the sub-terraneous apartments on the hill, on which the Pyramid stands and which "Cheops" made as a burial vault for himself—on an island formed by a canal from the Nile. Twenty years

were spent in erecting the Pyramid. It is composed of polished stones and jointed with the greatest exactness; none of the stones are less than thirty feet. The Pyramid is built in the form of steps. When they had first built it in this manner, they raised the remaining stones by machines made of short pieces of wood. Having lifted them from the ground to the first range of steps and then removed by another machine that stood ready on the first range, thence to the second, with the machines were portable, and to each range in succession, when they wished to raised the stones higher. The highest parts, therefore, were part finished and afterwards completed. On again getting outside it was like a new existence to be able to breath the fresh air. You are literally dragged to death by the dragoman, one holding your hand and another at your back to prevent slipping. The strain on the muscles is something fearful and you feel as if you had been on the *rack* or taken out of some infernal machine of torture. It had to be done; it was for this purpose one came to enjoy this lively experience. You had now to face the top; what in heaven will you do? Will you risk another bad quarter of an hour? Yes, you must. Your courage, your honor is at stake. You say yes again. They come and seize you, your cries avail nothing; they are bound to get backsheesh and get it they will. So on you go, raising your legs four feet every step, for the pyramid is four hundred and eighty feet in height. One holds your hand on either side and another behind to push you up. You are afraid to look up and you dare not look back; they say that out of hell there is no redemption; of that I cannot say, but I do say that once the Arabs have got hold of you there is no redemption, for if they do not bring your body they will carry your limbs to the top, come what will. So in such case you have to go on, and at last you take courage and look above and see the sun and what is a great deal better, for you, the top of the pyramid. You then take fresh courage and mount again, until your haven, or at least I should say heaven is reached; you sit down on the top and collapse with the perspiration coming from every pore of your body and thank God that you are an entity and have not lost your legs and arms in toto. After a little while you begin to live again and what would you not give for a "whisky cock-tail" stimulant?—why, yes, thousands; yes, millions of Pyramids, but alas! alack, you have to get down again before you can get one.

The top is about thirty feet square, the view of Cairo and the the surrounding country is grand and an ocean of sand beyond so far as the eye can reach. Coming down, is like the second squeeze of the rack, which is done by jumps, that is if you are able to jump; I did it by sliding, to the damage of my anatomy. However one can always go down the hill better than going up, providing that you do not go too quickly which in this case there was no fear as I was not able to "haul the proverbial herring off the fire," so was dragged down, "nolens volens" and landed once again on terra firma. You have every reason to be grateful to Divine Providence, but feel that it would be trusting it too far ever again to climb it inside or outside.

From the Pyramid we mounted a camel, and after having our likeness taken went to the Sphinx, of which I will try and give you a brief descripfion. Just as you see it in many pictures, so it appears to us lying on the sand in full majesty of its great proportions. The head is perfect, minus the nose. The Sphinx is hewn out of the living rock, but pieces of stone have been added where necessary. The body is about 150 feet long, the paws are 50 feet and from the top of the head to the base of the figure is 70 feet. The condition in which the monument now appears is due to the savage destruction by the Mohammedan rulers of Egypt. We then went to the Temple of the Sphinx which is a little to the south-east. In one chamber and at the end of the passage leading from it, are niches which were probably intended for to hold mummies. At a short distance from the Pyramid, has been erected recently a very extensive hotel (Moorish architecture) where we had our lunch. The place was crowded with guests. Some go to stay, in consequence of the lovely dry atmosphere. At the outside of the hotel the temperature was 70 degrees. Such lovely weather you can hardly realize. On returnig to Cairo, we went to the Museum. We saw all the monuments from Upper Egypt, too numerous to mention. And saw a legion of mummies, some inside; others out of the coffins. Cheops was there, taken out of the Pyramid. You could see the face very plainly; also Rameses the second, who persecuted the children of Israel in the time of Moses, and a lot of Queens and a number of Kings, who lived 3,000 and 4,000 years before the Birth of Christ. You could see many of the features quite plainly, as they were uncovered and out of the coffin. I am leaving on Tuesday in the steamer *Rameses* for the Nile and will be on that cruise three weeks, so that will be for you a rest, from trying to make out my long letters. I shall have much to tell bye and bye which I cannot put in writing giving an account of my experiences in each place visited. I have so far as possible seen everything that is to be seen and must of necessity have a lot to say. I often wish that you were with me to enjoy many a good laugh. That I am having a good time, goes without saying. I have met with many nice people and am especially fortunate with my present companions in travel. I have been told that the trip up the Nile is very attractive and with good company, must be most enjoyable.

(Continued.)

The S. S. "Portia."

ELSEWHERE we reproduce an excellent photo of the new Coastal Steamer *Portia*. Her lines are beautiful and graceful, and she has proved herself an excellent sea boat. The late accident has turned out, as far as the ship, her captain and owners are concerned, a kind of blessing in disguise. While everyone regrets the untoward accident that brought her in contact with the uncharted shoal, it has had the effect of intensifying, as it were, the confidence placed by the public in her owners, captain and crew. The accident proved, beyond doubt, that the ship was well furnished with life-saving boats and gear, and that even though a hole was stove in her bottom, she is so well constructed that she could steam in safety to any of the numerous harbours on her route. And though for a short time after the accident panic reigned supreme, yet her gallant captain and crew were true to the traditions of Newfoundland seamen, and without undue haste or fear, safely launched the life-boats and disposed of the large number of panic-stricken passengers. It is regrettable that the accident happened Captain Kean, but at the same time it proved beyond cavil that he and his first officer Joseph Kean, second officer John Field, chief engineer Wylie, and the other officers and members of the crew, were men to rely on in such crisis, and notwithstanding the exaggerated fears of inexperienced passengers, they stood to their posts like brave British seamen and ensured the safety of the ship and passengers.

It is also creditable to Messrs. Bowring Bros., that when the sudden call came, there were not only life-boats and life-buoys sufficient, but also extra blankets and coverings to keep the passengers warm in the boats during the chilly autumn night.

The ship accommodates 60 first class and 90 second class passengers. Her staterooms are most comfortably, even luxuriously furnished throughout, and she is fitted with all the modern improvements of a first class British passenger ship. She steams on an average about 10 knots, but she made 12½ knots on her trial trip. She has triple expansion engines, and her dimensions are:—length, 200 feet; breadth, 30 feet; depth. 15 feet 3 inches; gross tonnage, 978; net, 599; speed. 12½ knots. Besides being luxurious in all her appointments, her saloon, music rooms, smoking rooms, etc., being furnished with mahogany, upholstered with plush, she is also comfortably heated throughout by steam. She is lit by electricity and has a powful search-light as well as electric masthead and port and starboard lights, and when all her lights are going as she enters a harbor after nightfall, she presents a most brilliant spectacle. All the berths in the ship are fitted with life belts of the very best kind, and everything that science can suggest or money can purchase is supplied for passengers' safety and comfort. Added to this the table is bountifully supplied with good wholesome food, carefully prepared and daintily served. Is it any wonder then that the *Portia* and her sister ship the *Prospero* have bounded into public favour, and are likely, for years to come, to be largely patronized by the travelling public?



Photo by Wm. Robertson & Co.,] [*Gourock, N. B., Scotland.*

S. S. "PORTIA."

The Northern Coastal Steamer.



From the Reid-Newfoundland Co's.] [*Collection of Photos.*

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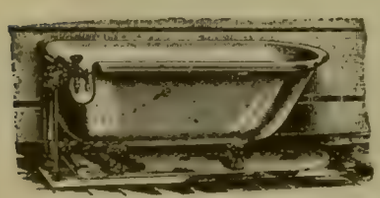
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Books about Newfoundland.

By D. W. Prowse, LL.D.

IT was the fashion for a long time to decry this "Newfoundland of Ours," to deride the idea of her importance and to despise her attractions. As the French say we have changed all that. The local historian who claimed that the story of Newfoundland was not only interesting, but of national importance, might be sneered at and looked upon as an enthusiastic dreamer. When, however, all the leading journals of the world supported the Newfoundland writers opinions; when to-day we find the most celebrated sportsmen, writers, and artists like Selous, Millais, Prichard, and Admiral Kennedy, &c., proclaiming the attractions of Newfoundland, the scoffers have to be silent. The opinion of these world renowned authorities cannot be gainsaid. The old proverb about giving a dog a bad name, is most applicable to this Colony. Some harm has been done to us by exaggeration, and by detraction, but we are now getting known, not half so well known as we ought to be, and we have quite passed the stage in which any malign old scribbler like General Dashwood can do us the least harm.

I have undertaken to say something about Books on Newfoundland, but it is a subject one can only glance at in the pages of a magazine. For the Bibliography contained in my History the titles of the works alone occupy nearly 20 pages of large octavo; yet it is still admitted to be incomplete, and to bring it up to date would take as much more space. One of most interesting features of these ancient books on Newfoundland—some of them nearly three hundred years old—is their description of the various seasons and of the operations of the fishery. We can see how unchanging are the ways of nature, how undeviating and eternal are her ways and works. Like the ocean—

> "Unchangeable save to the wild waves play;
> Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—
> Such as creation's dawn behold, thou rollest now."

It should be a comfort to the croakers, and prophets of ill omen, who are always predicting the decline and ruin of our fisheries, to read these old writers, and learn how unchanged, and unchangeable, are the migrations of the fish and the harvest of the sea. These old chroniclers' description of the spring herring, the opening of the codfishery, the advent of the caplin, the arrival of the squid, and lastly the large herring of the Fall, all read like a Fishery Report of to-day.

The discovery of New Worlds East and West; the Voyage of Columbus, and the Doubling of the Cape of Good Hope by the Portuguese had excited the wonder and admiration of the Tudor age. The excitement over these marvellous events had not abated in the earlier reign of the Stuarts. Whilst much was known about the new countries in Asia, Africa, and America, there was still an unsatisfied longing and curiosity, and overwhelming desire to know more about these marvellous New Lands and Islands of the ocean.

Shakespeare, the great genius of that age, the most splendid genius the world has ever produced, voiced the sentiments of his age. All marvels and prodigies were possible for a generation that had discovered new worlds. He makes his great creation Othello speak

> "Of the Anthrophagi, and the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."

The world of that day was always on the look-out for new miraculous creations, new monsters. Orders were given to every ship leaving England to search out rare birds, animals, plants, and curiosities to please King James' favourite—the dissipated, gifted and erratic Buckingham.

Two remarkable Books on Newfoundland, typical products of this age of marvells and wonders, are—"The Newlander's Cure," by Sir William Vaughan, a kinsman of Richard Vaughan, Earl of Carbery, in whose beautiful mansion—"Golden Grove," in South Wales—the renowned poet and Royalist, Jeremy Taylor, found a refuge from the storms of the Civil War.

Vaughan, like Baltimore's plantation in Newfoundland, formed part of the original given by King James I. to that shrewd speculator John Guy, afterwards Mayor of Bristol and Member of Parliament. Vaughan's tract of land lay south of Guy's, from Petty Harbor to Placentia, and extending south to Cape Race. He founded his Welsh Colony in Trepassey Bay, naming it Cambriol Colchos, and his own residence Golden Grove—after his brother's ancient seat in Caermarthenshire. In John Mason's map of the Colony all these names are set out.

The Colonists—a wretched crew of wild men from Wales, caught by the press gang, and coralled like so many bullocks—came out to Newfoundland in 1617. Old Whitbourne was sent to bring them food and other requisites the next year, 1618, but his ship was plundered by what he calls "An erring Captaine who went forth with Sir Walter Rawleigh." The truth is that on his return from his last voyage to Guiana—the "El Dorado" of that day—the poor Knight and his companions were in such sore distress, that they came north to rob and plunder the Newfoundland fishing fleet, English and foreign alike. It was then the only part of North America where white men and victuals could be procured.

The seas swarmed with these pirates of all nationalties; some of them called, by the old writers, Turks. Lots of places in Newfoundland are called after these daring free-booters—"Turk's Gut," "Turk's Cove," &c. They were really from Barbary in North Africa and are generally known in European history as the Salee Rovers. Numbers of them renegade Christians, Greeks and Italians mostly, but amongst them an odd English man and the ubiquitous Irelander.

All the patentees of the new plantations were sorely troubled by these ocean robbers. Whitbourne gives us a doleful account of their misdeeds.

To return to our Author, he was a mystic, a dreamer, one of his leading ideas was to cure the awful drunkenness of that age by the use of spruce beer—a fantastic notion just as practical as Mrs. Sartington dipping up the Atlantic with a bucket. The one use for spruce beer by the jovial West Country men was to compound it with rum into that delectable drink known as "Calabogus." Spirits were not so commonly used as they are now. More wine and beer were drunk, specially beer. The high qualities of English ale has always been proverbial; the sentiments of the old topers are set forth in the ancient song.

> "Back, and sides, go bare, go bare,
> Both feet and hands go cold;
> But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
> Whether it be new or old."

With all his fantastic notions Vaughan was enlightened enough to see the importance of Newfoundland, its stratagetic position in the New World, and its vast potential wealth. He begged the King to give the country a firm Government and the blessings of law and justice; but the High and Mighty Prince James cared for none of these things. Like the Whigs and Radicals of to-day, he was a veritable Little Englander, and he turned a deaf royal ear to all poor Vaughan's petitions. Friends in England told the poor exile that if he wanted to excite curiosity in his readers and sell his works he must give them strange titles. So in his books—"The Newlander's Cure" and "The Golden Fleece"—are the strangest medleys about colonization, law, medicine, and religion, all mixed up in the most fantastic way.

Not a single name given to the country by Vaughan has survived. The King was well called "the most learned fool in Chrisendom." He took an interest in this queer scholar, sent him relief in his distress and two Men-of-war to bring him and his poor Colonists home. The one sensible thing that Vaughan did was to sell part of his grant to Lord Baltimore.

When Baltimore was a Protestant and an Oxford student he had been a close associate of Lord Carbery and his younger brother. They were sentimentalists and kindred spirits. Just as one pawns off an unsound horse on a dear friend, so Vaughan sold a large portion of his most worthless property to his beloved old associate—Baltimore—at a very high figure. The one and only practical thing this poor enthusiast effected in his long painful and most unfortunate Colonial experience.

I must leave to a later issue Robert Hayman, settled at Harbor Grace, who begged the King to re-name the country "Brittaniola". He was a rymer and a fantastic dreamer, an early edition of Power, the Pokeham Path Poet, who penned the tragic story of the lost *Dauntless*.

> "She struck on Cahill's Rock, my boys,
> And tore away her keel,
> And down went the bould *Dauntless*
> Belonging to Davie Steele."

Wireless Telegraphy In Newfoundland and Labrador.

By Wm. Campbell.

WE live in extraordinary times. We were but just becoming accustomed to the triumph of mechanical genius in overcoming the obstacles of nature, and communicating between continents by means of the telegraph cable, when science triumphs by using rather than overcoming the elements. That Marconi had received a telegraphic message at Signal Hill from Wales through the air without any visible connection was doubted by many; we heard but comprehended not.

The recently published message received from the Government Marconi Station at Venison Island, Labrador, was a great surprise to the public generally, who were not aware that such stations had been established along that isolated coast. Though the system is only in the experimental stage many messages have been transmitted therefrom the past summer, and the result has been so satisfactory as to ensure such development of the system in the Colony as is now regarded by many as only a dream.

The first of the Newfoundland stations is located at Battle Harbor, forty-two miles distance in a direct line the second office is placed upon Venison Island, thence sixteen miles further we come to the third office at the Seal Islands; the next station is at Domino, fifteen miles distant, then the current travels without a break for seventy-eight miles to the most northern of the five islands known as "Smoky."

Young men from Conception Bay, employees of the Postal Telegraph System, have been in charge of these stations, they having been instructed in the use of the instruments by the engineers who were engaged the past summer erecting the apparatus at the above mentioned places.

The Canadian Government have stations at Bell Isle and Chatteau, where connection is had with Quebec, and the messages from the Newfoundland stations are now sent in that way. It is, we believe, the intention to connect the Labrador stations directly with the Postal Telegraph System of the island, probably at Flower's Cove or Bonne Bay, thus ensuring direct communication. The Labrador and Coastal steamers will likely also be equipped with the necessary instruments for transmitting and receiving messages, so that Marconigrams brought on board the mail steamers at any of the numerous ports of call could be sent off as soon as the ship came within two hundred miles of a land station.

Every steamer almost which passed "Belle Isle in the Straits" the past summer was equipped with the Marconi wireless apparatus. Their approach being heralded to the lonely watchers on that Craggy Isle long before they came within sight, messages fly back and forth from Isle to ship and from ship to Isle—her name, cargo and incidents of the voyage. origin and destination, in fact all about her is—before she is plainly in sight—an old edition of the Operator's budget. Finally she passes by as an old familiar friend, and the operator's "good-by" exchanged long afterwards when Island and mast-head are but specks upon the horizen. It is impossible to measure the benefits shipping will derive from its use.

Our sealing fleet will undoubtedly be equipped with this very useful invention, communication with the other vessels of the fleet or to their watches over the ice floes would be a boon that all will appreciate, and on shore we would know daily, even hourly, the progress of the fleet.

To fully describe technically would be endless labor but the discription of the method followed and the kind of instruments used will perhaps be interesting.

The sending key is the usual Morse telegraph key with its contacts immersed in oil. When the operator works the key the spark gap throws out sparks in such a way as to represent dots and dashes, under the Morse code of telegraphy. An accepted theory states that, "The surging of electrical charges between "the spark gap causes the current to flow up the sending mast "in rings, and that these expand in all directions, reaching the "distant station, travelling at the same rate as light, without "wires and in a greatly attenuated condition."

At the receiving station the wave strikes the wire screen, erected for receiving purposes, the exact sound made by the sending instrument is reproduced, and the operator, who has a telephone connection with the wire screen, receives the dots and dashes made by the sending instruments.

The receiving instrument consists of self-induction coils, a condenser, a telephone receiver, a responder and local battery. It is said to be possible to so tune the receiver's electrically, that each will only respond to waves intended for same, and therefore the waves intended for one station will not interfere with those intended for another.

The long intervals for communication by mail to distant Labrador, has greatly handicapped the lumber and mineral development of that coast, and the benefit this speedy, means of communication will be to such that cannot be estimated.

The toiling fishermen and sailors are very liberally attended to just now. Many will remember when a monthly visit of a mail steamer was the only break in the monotony of the Labrador fishing voyage, then this was changed to a fortnightly service, and



Copyright by James Vey.

GUIGLIELMO MARCONI.

shortly afterwards a physician was placed on board, later a mission hospital ship, fitted out and equipped by Philanthropists, was sent to minister to the sick and needy, then permanent hospitals were established where the sick and injured were nursed and tended by skilled physicians and now the most modern facility for speed communication has been established.

The possibilities for its usefulness are many, in a number of instances the ability to communicate by a merchant with his vessel on the Labrador coast at critical times would have saved thousands of dollars. Vessels have had to return to St. John's in ballast, having left to load for European markets, but not knowing until they reached the Labrador that no fish had been caught. With the system established, the merchant at his head office may keep in touch with the vessels and branches of his business at all points, and the fishermen "Floaters" may obtain from the stations prompt and accurate information pertaining to their calling.

The fishermen are often driven hither and thither on that coast, sailing many miles uselessly in quest of fish. An idle rumor of good fishing to the North or South is sufficient to cause him to hoist up anchor and proceed on a fruitless journey. We have heard of men, driven to desperation by the conflicting rumors of sickness and death of their families, coming home to ascertain the truth, as "bad news travels fast." He need not now be over anxious concerning his friends at home, for if anything serious does occur it could speedily be made known to him.

These are but a few of the many benefits the telegraphic communication will be to the fishing interests of that coast. A cable service there would be an impossibility; for, apart from the rocky nature of the sea shore, the ice would soon chafe and destroy a cable necessitating expensive repairs every season, as instance the heretofore frequent interruptions of the cable between Belle Isle and the main land, for at the present time this cable is not working, and they depend altogether upon the wireless service.

Recently a wireless message was sent from Chicago to the St. Louis Exhibition, and though scientists have expressed doubt concerning the possibility of sending messages overland, when the current that transmits them has to pass through many obstacles, the message referred to had to pass through skyscrapers, power houses and elevated structures in the heart of the city.

That its sphere of utility is unlimited has been fully demonstrated, messages have been exchanged between ships at sea, from sea to land and from point to point; it is an accepted twentieth century facility, as firm as is the telephone, telegraph or cable, with a greater future than the three combined.

May we not then expect a larger extension of the system within our Island, and is it too much to hope that the electrical wave between Port-aux-Basque and Sydney will be used to convey our foreign messages to the offices of the Great Western Union system at Sydney, thus bringing us into touch with the great cable and land services of that Company with its fifty thousand offices in Canada and United States.

DEDICATED TO

Samuel Mucklebacket, Esq.,

FROM

"Somewhere far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod."

By Sir Robert Thorburn,

On receipt of the Author's Book of Poems, in which he complains that Dame Fortune had been hitherto somewhat unkind to him.

I hae yer buik, ma canty frien',
An's read it wi' great pleasure,
So may yer muse be ever bricht,
Nor scrimpit in her measure!
And may Dame Fortune change her mind—
Sine fill her Bardie's pocket!
An' keep his caunle burnin' bricht
Doun to the very socket!
"A fellow feelin', wondrous kind,"
Makes us o' ane anither,
In ilka loyal Scot we find
A sympathetic brither.

But if the muse cements the links,
That tells each brither's trouble,
Ah, then! a dual cord entwines
An' makes the mandate double.
I too hae woo'd the "Fickle Jade,"
While wan'drin' o'er the heather,
Weel clad in tartan trews, I wot,
But guileless o' shoe leather!
But that's lang syne, in youthful days,
When storms o' life were hidden,
An weel it is my honour'd friend',
For come they will unbidden.

Then gird yer loins, my sturdy Bard,
An' face the stormy weather,
"The darkest hour precedes the dawn,"
The silver linings gather.
Our Father never smites in vain,
Nor lifts the rod in anger,
He pilots ilka ane through life,
An' maist while shadows gather!
For some maun dree the loss o' life,
An' some maun lose their treasure,
But spar'd ane's health, an' friendship's ties,
There's still a blessed measure.
Wi' food eneuch, an' claes to boot,
Then let us be contented;
O' life we are but tenants here,
So be our time weel tented!—(Amen!)

St. John's, Newfoundland, December, 1904.

The North Sea Outrage.

"The Russian Baltic Fleet while steaming up the North Sea, 200 miles off Spurn Head at midnight on Friday, came across a fleet of British steam trawlers comprising the Hull fishing fleet busily plying their nets. Without warning the Russians opened fire, sinking two trawlers and badly damaging several. Two fishermen were killed and many wounded. Five trawlers are still missing, others have reached Hull with dead and wounded. The snrvivors report that the Russians without any provocation maintained fire for half an hour, all vessels of the squadron participating, although the warships' searchlights fully revealed the identity of the helpless fishermen. The Russians then apparently realizing their mistake hastily steamed away without stopping to assist the sinking vessels."

WHERE floats the flag o'er Britain's realms—
Where beat the "Hearts of Oak,"—
There British prestige reels to-night
As from a mighty stroke;
There "Soldiers of the King's" quick throb
Is heard in every hall,
And hearts beat fierce in prowd desire
To hear the bugle call!

We're one where Greater Britain rules—
Where hearts, indignant burn—
We're of the pulse that throbs to-night
The Tartar's act to spurn!
We're with the outraged fisher fleet
Upon God's yielding sea!
Where Russian wrath and coward force
Wrought Death and—Mystery!

Proud scion of a thousand thrones!
Victorioa's soar! Our King!
What insult's this to thy proud flag
The Russian's dared to fling!
At flag and fleet, at Hearth and Crown,
In Britain held divine!
Let Russ. and Cossack know at once
The Bear *must* face the Lion?

* * * * *

Are the voices still'd who the ramparts thrill'd
Who the pride of the Russian quell'd?
Is the "ROCK" dissolv'd in the ocean's depths
Are the arms of the gunners fell'd?
Are the warriors dead, has the courage fled
That won our fislds of old?
Is the sword to rust in the scabbard thrust
In the brave old Lion's Fold?

Shall "The Gates of the Sea," a highway be
For the Cubs of the treacherous Bear?
Shall the Foe defile and smirch our Isle
With the blood of our kindred dear!
Is "THE FLEET" but a name to conjure with?
Are the guns of the ramparts mute?
Must the crescent sink in the dull wave's brink
Of the North Sea's rude dispute?

Must "The lion spirits who tread the deck"
Be still, while the Empire throbs!
And the coward Bear, in his northern lair
Growls back as the widow sobs!
Ah me! for the rays of the Chatam days
To flash on the Realms again!
And the men and the guns, who the Empire won
To smite for their brothers, slain!

* * * * *

There's a Drake and a Nelson on some brave ship
And they breathe amid "HEARTS OF OAK"—
And a Wellington stands with impatient hands
Somewhere, to avenge this stroke!
For the wound will smart in the Empire's heart
Which her daring and and might must heal;
And the North Sea's waves, will, above these graves
Rebound to the deeds of the Leal!

—E. C.



From the Reid-Newfoundland Co's.] [*Collection of Photos.*

THE DEAD MONARCH.

Christmas in the Twentieth Century.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

LORD, still we worship Thee;—
To-day at countless altars, millions kneel,
Adoring the Incarnate Word, and feel
With thrilling hearts that joyful Mystery;
Yea, still within Thy Church upon the earth,—
The great proclaimer of Thy Virgin Birth,—
Is preached Thy Manhood and Divinity.
Yet, as we look around us, what is there
To tell that Christ has come?
Error, and crime, and misery, and despair
Are all around us; war and pestilence
Have shocked the gazing East,
And sent their echoes to the listening West;
The harlot's oath, the outcast children's cry
Ascend the heaven's dome;
And cold Indifference saunters listless by.
Where is the wondrous change
That Simeon saw far off, and hailed, and died,
While o'er the earth's wide range
Such horrors stalk, unchecked and undefied?

O Thou, who born for man, art always Man,
These men who flout Thee, those who nothing care,
Are all Thy brothers;—In the mighty plan
Of Thy Redemption, Save!
Thou Virgin pure beyond all thought,
With lily chaplets crowned,
These wretched ones whose shame profound
Is deeper than the grave,
Are all thy sisters,—pity them; thy Son by what He wrought
Will surely save them, for he can!

Upon a holy day,
The lonely Dreamer on far Patmos isle
The height of heaven clomb;
And underneath the rainbow archèd dome.
A throne was set: bright lamps of fire did play
Before the Lamb that stood amidst the throne,
Slain, yet alive the while;
While Beasts and Elders praised His wondrous worth.
No hands could ope the Volume but His own.
And still beneath all plagues could hurt the earth
And its inhabiters; but still He sate
That none of His should perish, small or great.

Is not this a parable
It were meet to study well?
The throne is set to-day,
And still Thou sittest in the very midst,
Directing, guiding all this great display
Of mighty forces; only as Thou didst
'Tis ours to suffer; infinitely worse
The pangs Thou hast borne for us:
Over the world like Babel clamorous
Thou sittest, working out Thy purpose vast,
Till Time's sad years are past.

So "Peace on Earth" has not been sung in vain
Year after year, since first the sacred strain,
The ever broadening verse,
Had angels for its primal choristers:
We can but see in part; the wondrous whole
Will reconcile the sections to our soul.

So shall we echo "Glory in the Height
To God, and Peace on Earth:"
Glory to God for His most joyful Birth
Scattering forever sin's most awful night.

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1904 Greeting 1904

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We also carry a full line of

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Toilet Boxes, Smelling Bottles,
Hair Brushes, Washing Gloves,

in fact a complete assortment of everything necessary for Toilet and Medicinal purposes.

A visit to our Store will convince you, that right here is the best place to buy anything in the above line.

We defy competition in goods or prices.

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"EARLY BIRD,"	"EMPIRE,"
"MARINER,"	"DAISY,"
"MONT ROYAL,"	"OUR FAVORITE,"
"J. D."	"VIRGINIA LEAF,"
"HAPPY THOUGHT,"	"CROWN,"
"RICHMOND GEM,"	"SUCCESS,"

"IMPERIAL."

For a cool, refreshing smoke, try "KILLIKINKNICK."

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PORK.—Mess, Bean, Ham Butt, Family Mess, Loins, Jowls, Hocks, Spare Ribs, Hams.

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334 Water Street, - - St. John's, Newfoundland.

☞Patterns and self-measuring cards sent on application.

CONSTABULARY FIRE DEPARTMENT.---FIRE ALARM TELEGRAPH.

EASTERN DISTRICT.

NO. LOCATION OF BOXES.

12—Temperance Street, foot Signal-hill Road.
13—Factory Lane.
14—Water Street, foot Cochrane Street.
15—Duckworth Street, corner King's Road.
16—Cochrane Street, corner Gower Street.
17—Colonial Street, corner Bond Street.
18—Water Street, East.
112—Inside Hospital, Forest Road, special box.
113—Penitentiary, corner Quidi Vidi Road.
114—Military Road, corner King's Bridge Road
115—Circular Road, corner Bannerman Road.
116—King's Bridge Rd., near Railway Crossing
117—Opposite Government House Gate.
118—Rennie's Mill Road.

CENTRAL DISTRICT.

21—Head Garrison Hill.
22—Water Street, foot Prescott Street.
23—Water Street, foot McBride's Hill.
24—Gower Street, corner Prescott Street.
25—Court House Hill.
26—Duckworth Street, corner New Gower Street.
27—Cathedral Square, foot Garrison Hill.
28—Long's Hill, and corner Livingstone Street.
221—Military Road, Rawlins' Cross.
223—Hayward Avenue, corner William Street.
224—Maxse Street.
225—Gate Roman Catholic Orphanage, Belvedere.
226—Carter's Hill and Cookstown Road.
227—Lime Street and Wickford Court.
228—Freshwater Road and Cookstown Road.
231—Scott Street, corner Cook Street.
232—Inside Savings' Bank, special box.
233—Flemming Street.
234—Queen's Road, corner Allen's Square.
235—Centre Carter's Hill.

WESTERN DISTRICT.

31—Water Street, foot Adelaide Street.
32—New Gower Street, corner Queen Street.
34—Waldegrave and George Street.
35—Water Street, foot Springdale Street.
36—Water Street, foot Patrick Street.
37—Head Pleasant Street.
38—Brazil's Square, corner Casey Street.
39—Inside Boot & Shoe Factory, special box.
312—Horwood Factory.
313—LeMarchant Rd., head Springdale St.
331—LeMarchant Rd., head Barter's Hill.
332—Pleasant Street.
334—Patrick Street, corner Hamilton Street.
335—Inside Poor Asylum, special box.
336—Torpey's, Cross Roads, Riverhead.
337—Hamilton Avenue, corner Sudbury Street.
338—Flower Hill, corner Duggan Street.
42—Southside, near Long Bridge.
43—Central, Southside.
44—Dry Dock.
45—Southside, West.
46—Road near Lower Dnndee Premises.

On the discovery of a fire, go to the nearest box, break the glass, take the key, open the door of the large box, and give the alarm by pulling **the Hook all the way down once**, then let go and listen for the working of the machinery in the box. If you do not hear it, pull again. After giving the alarm, remain at the box, so as to direct the Fire Brigade where to go.

CAUTION.—Persons willfully giving false alarms, or damaging the Fire Alarm apparatus, will be rigorously prosecuted.

"FIRE OUT SIGNAL."—Two strokes on the large Bell, repeated three times, thus: II—II—II.

JOHN R. McCOWEN, Inspector-General.

SHEEP PRESERVATION!

THE following Sections of the Acts 47th Victoria, Cap. 7, and 50th Victoria, Cap. 9, for the Preservation of Sheep, are published in consolidated form for the information of the public:

1.—It shall be lawful for the duly qualified Electors resident within an area or District within this Colony to present to the Governor in Council a Petition or Requisition in the form prescribed in the Schedule to this Act, or as near thereto as may be, setting forth the limits or boundaries within which such area or District is comprised, and the names of the towns, harbors or settlements included therein, and praying for a Proclamation hrohibiting the keeping of Dogs within such area or District.

2.—Such Petition or Requisition shall be sent to the nearest resident Stipendiary Magistrate, and shall be by him (after examination and certificate as hereinafter provided) furnished to the Governor in Council.

3.—Upon receipt of any such Petition or Requisition containing the signatures of not less than one-third of the Electors resident within any such area or District, certified as aforesaid, the Governor in Council shall issue a Proclamation or Public Notice prohibiting the keeping of Dogs within such area or District.

4.—From and after the day prescribed in and by such Proclamation or Notice, it shall not be lawful for any person resident within such area or District to keep, or to have in his possession, or under his control, any Dog within the area or District to which such Proclamation or Notice shall relate, under a penalty not exceeding Fifty Dollars, or imprisonment for a term not exceeding Three Months. This prohibition shall not apply to any person or persons travelling or passing through such area or Districts and having a licensed Dog or Dogs in his or their possession, charge or control, and not at large.

5.—It shall be the duty of all Police Constables to kill all Dogs found by them in any area or District in which the keeping of Dogs is prohibited under this Act, except Shepherd Dogs or Collies, and those excepted under the next preceding section, and all such dogs not so excepted may be killed by any person whomsoever. And it shall be lawful for any person to destroy any Dog kept in contravention of the provisions of this Act.

***All penalties under this Act may be sued for and recovered in a summary manner before a Stipendiary Magistrate or Justice of the Peace, and all fines shall be paid to the person who shall give information of the offence and prosecute the offender to conviction.

SCHEDULE.—Form of Petition or Requisition.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR IN COUNCIL:—

The Petition of the undersigned humbly sheweth,—

That your Petitioners are duly qualified Electors residing in an area or section of the Electoral District of , comprised and bounded as follows:

That the said area or section contains the following towns (or harbors or settlements, as the case may be).

That your Petitioners are desirous, and humbly pray Your Excellency in Council, that a Proclamation or Notice be issued under the provisions of an Act passed in the Forty-seventh year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Cap. 7, entitled "An Act to provide for the better Preservation of Sheep, and for other purposes," prohibiting the keeping of Dogs within the above described area or section of the said District, and your Petitioners will ever pray.

Dated at , the day of , 190 .

J. G. CONROY,
Stipendiary Magistrate for Newfoundland.

Police Office, St. John's, December, 1904.

Customs Circular

No. 15.

WHEN TOURISTS, ANGLERS and SPORTSMEN arriving in this Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Angler's Outfits, Trouting Gear, Fire-arms and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions:—

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Trouting Poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes, and tent equipage. A receipt (No. 1) according to the form attached shall be given for the deposit and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt as well as in the marginal cheques. Receipt No. 2 if taken at an outport office shall be mailed at once directed to the Assistant Collector, St. John's, if taken in St. John's the Receipt No. 2 shall be sent to the Landing Surveyor.

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the receipt. The Examining Officer shall initial on the receipt the result of his examination and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits or provisions of any kind will be admitted free and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
Assistant Collector.

CUSTOM HOUSE,
St. John's, Newfoundland, 22nd June, 1903.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

THE . . .
NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY.

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

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LITTLE RIVER, CODROY.

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Post Office Department

Parcels may be Forwarded by Post at Rates Given Below.

In the case of Parcels, for outside the Colony, the senders will ask for Declaration Form, upon which the Contents and Value must be Stated

	For Newfoundland and Labrador.	For United Kingdom.	For United States.	For Dominion of Canada.
1 pound	8 cents	24 cents	12 cents	15 cents.
2 pounds	11 "	24 "	24 "	30 "
3 "	14 "	24 "	36 "	45 "
4 "	17 "	48 "	48 "	60 "
5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	75 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	$1.05 "
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	
9 "	32 "	72 "	$1.08	Cannot exceed seven pounds weight.
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.20	
11 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	
	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York; Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by "Bruce" train.

General Post Office.

RATES OF COMMISSION ON MONEY ORDERS.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding $10 ..... 5 cts.	Over $50, but not exceeding $60 ..... 30 cts.
Over $10, but not exceeding $20 ..... 10 cts.	Over $60, but not exceeding $70 ..... 35 cts.
Over $20, but not exceeding $30 ..... 15 cts.	Over $70, but not exceeding $80 ..... 40 cts.
Over $30, but not exceeding $40 ..... 20 cts.	Over $80, but not exceeding $90 ..... 45 cts.
Over $40, but not exceeding $50 ..... 25 cts.	Over $90, but not exceeding $100 ..... 50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order to any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, $100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, March, 1905.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

GENERAL POST OFFICE.

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IT is observed that BUNDLES OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS, addressed to Canada and the United States, are frequently mailed without the necessary postage affixed; and, therefore, cannot be forwarded.

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H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

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Fortune
Gambo
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Glenwood
Grand Bank
Grand Lake
Grand River
Greenspond
Hant's Harbor
Harbor Breton
Harbor Grace
Harbor Main
Herring Neck
Holyrood
Howards
Humber Mouth (Riverhead, Bay of Islands)
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King's Point (S. W. Arm, Green Bay)
Lamaline
Lewisport
Little Bay
Little River
Long Harbor
Lower Island Cove
Manuels
Millertown Junction
Musgrave Harbor
New Perlican
Newtown
Nipper's Harbor
Norris' Arm
N. W. Arm (Green Bay)
Old Perlican
Pilley's Island
Port-au-Port (Gravels)
Port-aux-Basques (Channel)
Port Blandford
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St. George's
St. Jacques
St. John's
St. Lawrence
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Scilly Cove
Seldom-Come-By
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General Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, March, 1905.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

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THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY

VOL. IV.—No. 4. MARCH, 1905. 40 CTS. PER YEAR.



HIS EXCELLENCY, SIR WM. MACGREGOR.



LADY MACGREGOR.

THE following extract from *Whittaker's Annual*, for 1904, will give our readers an idea of the Governor's work as an Empire Builder before he was transferred to Newfoundland:—

"SIR WILLIAM MACGREGOR, K.C.M.G., 1889; C.B., 1897; M.D. Abdn., 1874; D.Sc., Camb.; LL.D. Edin. and Abdn.; Fellow of the Royal Geographical Societies of England, and Scotland, and Berlin; and of the Royal Ethnological Society of Italy; Watson gold medalist., 1872; formerly res. surgeon, res physician, Glasgow Royal Infirmary; res. physician, Royal Lunatic Asylum, Aberdeen; asst. govt. medical officer, Seychelles, 1873; superintendent lunatic asylum and resident surgeon Civil Hospital, Port Louis, Mauritius, 1874; chief medical officer, Fiji, March, 1875; also receiver-general, and member of the executive and legislative councils, January, 1877; has acted as registrar general, agent general of immigration, and commissioner of lands; engaged, 1876, in the suppression of the disturbances in the mountains of Viti Levu, for which he was voted a gratuity of £200; joint commissioner, 1877, for the settlement of debts due from natives and Europeans, and for the settlement of all pecuniary claims against the late government of Fiji; member of the Native Regulation Board, 1877; proceeded to Tonga, 1879, to report on the financial condition of that country; acting colonial secretary, November, 1883, to June, 1884, and October, 1874, to January, 1875; administrator of the government and acting high commissioner and consul general for the West Pacific, January to August, 1875; representative of Fiji at the first session of the Federal Council of Australasia, at Hobart, January, 1885; Albert medal of the 2nd class (1884), with the Clarke gold medal of the Royal Humane Society of Australasia in 1885, for saving life at sea; dep. administrator of Fiji, September, 1885, and August, 1886; administrator and declared sovereignty over British New Guinea, 1888; lieut.-governor, 1895; Founder's medal, R.G.S.E., 1896; governor Lagos, 1899-1904."

His Excellency was the first to cross the Island of West Guinea via the Stanley Range, where he discovered several new kinds of the famous Bird of Paradise, together with many other unknown specimens of animal and vegetable life. As an instance of the difficulties encountered by the expedition, one mile a day was often a high rate of progression, and it was due to His Excellency's immense strength and resource that he succeeded where so many had failed. Being a Botanist, Mineralogist and an Astronomer, it was not surprising that the scientific world reaped large stores of information from his experiences, and were pleased to honour him accordingly. From New Guinea, which he had succeeded in pacifying and reducing to order, he was translated to Lagos, West Africa, a Colony even more unhealthy. During Sir William MacGregor's terms of office the annual mortality amongst white officials was reduced enormously, and the prosperous and present happy state of the inhabitants is a striking testimony to the wisdom of his rule. That our new Governor takes as much interest in Newfoundland as in former Colonies is evidenced by the fact that he has already tabulated an immense amount of information relative to our fisheries for the last hundred years. Newfoundland has, on more than one occasion, suffered through want of information in the Colonial office. Sir William appears to have set himself the task to remove this obstacle, and to supply the Imperial Authorities with reliable data, so that they may in future negotiations, regarding the welfare of the Colony, have the most trustworthy information to hand. He has also expressed an intention of visiting all the centres of industry and factories in the Island. We understand that in the summer of this year, His Excellency is contemplating an extended visit to our dependency—Labrador.

Lady MacGregor and her talented daughters, have already earned enviable reputations. As a hostess at Government House, Lady MacGregor has charmed all those who have had the privilege of meeting her. The Misses MacGregor, who are musicians of no mean order, have since their very arrival, placed their talents at the disposal of all those who have been labouring for any philanthropic purpose, and are in high favour with all lovers of good music.

St. Andrew's Church.

By R. C. Smith.



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, ST. JOHN'S.

"Her Saints take pleasure in her stones,
Her very dust to them is dear."

THE words "Nec Tamen Consumebatur," surrounding a burning bush, form the motto and crest of the Church of Scotland. The reference is, to that scene on Horeb, where God talked with man and disclosed His plan for the deliverance of His People—Israel from Egypt. "The bush was not consumed."

It is not necessary for the purposes of this paper that we should seek to discover all the meanings of this motto, further than to say that they take us back to almost the beginning of our religious history, to that gray dawn which preceded the rising of the Sun of Righteousness; also to point out that they are not inappropriate to the story of the "Kirk" in St. John's.

In a similar manner, if we inquire what this building stands for, and what it means to those who worship within its walls, we shall find that its foundations were laid in lands far distant and times long past. The Briton proud of his citizenship and freedom, calls to mind that they have been purchased by "the breasts of civic heroes bared in freedom's holy cause." So we of the Kirk love to dwell upon "our martyrs in heroic story worth a thousand Agincourts." Nor do we stop here. Our claims are large. A recent pulpit utterance in St. Andrew's, in connection with this matter, was to this effect: "We find the roots of the present deeply embedded in the soil of the past. I respect the man who claim antiquity for his Church, I claim it for mine own." Before Knox and other mediæval reformers were, back to the time when the Son of Man walked this earth, and said "Upon this Rock I build my Church," back to the eternal purposes of the Divine will, do we look for the Church's foundations.

The Kirk is not alone indebted to the names emblazoned on her own honour roll for her making. Down through the ages, have the great and good of both sexes helped to mould and form her. Chrysostym, St. Columba, St. Augustine, St. Patrick, Wyckliffe, Thomas à Kempis, Latimer, Ridley, Wesley, Whitfield, and Newman, as well as Knox, Rutherford, McCheyne, Guthrie, Chalmers, and Henry Drummond have all been laid under tribute to make her what she is.

If ability permitted, it would not be possible within the compass of an article of this kind to tell the story of the Kirk even in part, or to name the factors which under Divine Guidance have been used to form her. But the influence of environment cannot be passed over.

The Scotch are a virile race. The conditions of their country have made them so. The scramble for life has made the Scotchman agressive, has developed that sense of individual and national independence, which the predominant partner of the political union cannot overawe or eradicate. Again, a community of interest has been established in some measure by the same circumstances. This kinship termed clannishness has been fostered by the struggle with reluctant nature from within, and hostile man from without—chiefly from over the border.

In addition to those factors, indeed growing out of them, we have the superior system of Scottish education, which makes it possible for a "lad of pairts" to obtain the highest collegiate honours indeed as many of her distinguished sons have done. It has developed in the humblest, the metaphysical and dialectical faculties accounting for that spirit of criticism and contradiction so repugnant to those who do not understand the genius of the race.

These features are marked characteristics in the ecclesiastical life of the Scottish people. In vindicating independence in Government, freedom of interpretation and liberty of conscience, the Kirk has been baptised with fire. Those days now happily past which saw her sons and daughters seal the covenant with their blood, have left a testimony whereby future generations have fortified their faith. Later came the great question of patronage, culminating in 1843 in the spectacle of nearly five hundred of her ministers giving up their parishes and manses for conscience sake, and instituting the Free Church of Scotland. To-day we have another great ecclesiastical question agitating Scotland as she has seldom been stirred before, involving mil-

lions of money, and subtle distinctions of doctrine which the learned English minds of the Lords of Appeal have failed to discern.

The effects of the disruption and indeed of all the trouble which have agitated the Scottish Church have been shown in renewed spiritual activity. Through all her testing times the Kirk has ever held aloft her high standards. In the effort to raise the blue banner still higher her children have differed and are differing, but the rallying cry now and ever will be, "For Christ and His Covenant."

It was of this genesis the men and women were, who had come from Scotland to this

> "Place far abroad,
> Where sailors gang to fish for cod."

They had already learnt that man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever. They desired to do so as their custom and want had been, and so introduced Presbyterianism into St. John's.

On December 3rd, 1843, St. Andrew's Church of the Established Church of Scotland was opened. It occupied the site of the present edifice. Its first minister was the Rev. Donald Allan Fraser, M.A. (To his son, John McL. Fraser, we are indebted for the picture of the Church published in this issue.) Mr. Fraser is described as a man of commanding presence, cultured mind and deep spirituality. His preaching was often really eloquent, racy of his Highland birth and mysticism. He died in 1845, after a pastorate of two years, deeply regretted. Amongst those who succeeded Mr. Fraser, we call to mind Revs. Donald MacRae and J. D. Patterson, who have left loving memories lingering in many hearts. The latter died some years ago in Australia. The former is now a Professor at Kingston, Ontario. He revisited St. John's two years ago.

The disruption agitation which swept over Scotland in 1843 at length reached Newfoundland. The little Presbyterian community here divided. The Free Church of Scotland was opened on Duckworth Street, where Dr. Fraser's residence now stands. Rev. Adam Muir was its first minister, and was followed by Rev. Dr. Harvey in 1852. Dr. Harvey ministered to this Congregation until its re union with the mother Church in 1876.

During 1876 events took place which brought about the reunion of the separated congregations. On January 30th St. Andrew's Church on the hill was destroyed by fire, and on October 15th, of the same year, Free St. Andrew's met a similar fate. Both congregations homeless, the guidance could not be ignored, union was consummated in 1877.

Previous to the union St. Andrew's worshipped in the Old Temperance Hall, and Eree St. Andrew's in the Court House. The amalgamated bodies worshipped in the Athenæum until the new Church was completed. The United Church was now affiliated with the Presbyterian Church in Canada, but she still preserves the features and complexion of her Scottish origin.

The corner stone of the first United Church was laid on June 18th, 1878, by the Rev. Dr. Muir. The site being at the junction of Duckworth Street and Cathedral Hill. It was opened for worship on Nov. 20th, 1879, by Rev. L. G. MacNeil, who had been called as minister to the new congregation. Rev. Job Shenton conducted the evening diet of worship.

Under Mr. MacNeil's ministry, which lasted until 1887, the congregation prospered. The union was complete. No sign of cleavage on the old lines has ever appeared. The minister was an earnest, powerful and logical preacher—a man of much force of character. Accepting a call from St. Andrew's, St. John, N. B., he was, after a most successful pastorate, succeeded by Rev. W. Graham in January, 1887.

In 1892, during the years of Mr. Graham's ministry, the great fire took place. Again the Presbyterians beheld their Temple in ashes. Again preparations were made to rebuild their Zion. The congregation meanwhile found accommodation in the West End Presbyterian Hall, Hamilton Street, and later in the Church Hall. Queen's Road.

A majority vote of the congregation decided that the new structure should occupy its present commanding site. At the time a considerable and influential minority were of opinion that the position was not sufficiently easy of access. It is now conceded that time has proven their opinion to have been correct. Exchange of site with that of the Presbyterian College would have been advantageous to both institutions.

The Church is built from plans by Messrs. Wills & Sons, by S. M. Brookfield, of Halifax. The corner stone of the new building was laid August 24th, 1894, by Sir Terence O'Brien, K.C.M.G., and was dedicated to the worship of God on August 2nd, 1896, by Rev. L. G. MacNeil, its former pastor.

At the morning dedicatory services the Rev. L. G. MacNeil preached from Exodus, 3rd chap. and 3rd verse, "And Moses said I will now turn aside and see this great sight why the bush is not burnt."

The dominant tone of the services and attention of the people was one of praise and gratitude to the Almighty that once more within His house their feet were found. The Old Hundred had a new depth of meaning as it poured over the hearts of the people calling on them to praise, laud and bless His name always, for it is seemly so to do. The evening service by the same preacher was from Luke's Gospel, "Lord increase our Faith."

This same year Mr. Graham resigned the charge, accepting a call to Kingston, Jamaica. He was a warm-hearted Scotchman, a good preacher, and had a firm place in the affections of many. He was succeeded by Mr. Robertson, the present Incumbent.

The Church, occupying a commanding site, is of the Gothic style of architecture. It is built of Accrington brick trimmed with Scotch freestone. The tower and spire completed last year are in keeping with the general design, and are very handsome.

The main porch is composed of the same stones as were used in the porch of the Duckworth Street Church and is surmounted with the identical burning bush which was not *consumed* in the fire that destroyed that building in 1892.

The cost of this property, including Manse and Hall, is in the neighbourhood of $85,000. Like many buildings erected since the fire of 1892 repairs have been required out of all proportion to the demands of ordinary wear and tear of time and use. To the energy and zeal of the Hon. James Baird the congregation and community are indebted for the completion last year of the handsome tower and spire. This work has been to him a labour of love. It is proposed to hold a special meeting of the congregation in the coming April when the cost of the completed building will be submitted and adjusted.

Although not a large congregation, the influence of Saint Andrew's in the community is great. Her ministers from the first have been broad-minded, cultured and earnest men. They have entered into the life of the people, and from pulpit, platform and press have contributed to the uplift of and the prosperity of the commonwealth. They have commanded and received the respect of all classes at all times. One of them—Rev. Dr. Harvey—by his wealth of literary endowment and untiring zeal in the Colony's service, has done much for her development and material prosperity.

So the Auld Kirk stands, thrice burnt but never consumed. More and more may she fulfil the purpose of her Divine origin and Supreme Head. May the great outstanding facts of human need and sin and God's remedy continue to be the burden of her message. May she help to usher in the time when jangling creeds shall no more perplex when the mists of misunderstanding shall have rolled away leaving nothing but the clear "lift abune" through which comes the Father's smile on those who would serve Him.



RT. HON. SIR ROBERT BOND, K.C.M.G., P.C., LL.D.

"We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake: the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold."

— *Wordsworth.*

"Some say that the age of chivalry is past. The age of chivalry is never past as long as there is wrong left unredressed on earth, and a man or woman left to say, 'I will redress that wrong or spend my life in the attempt.'"—*Kingsley.*

"I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life."

— *Shakspeare.*

THESE quotations seem to afford a good setting for a brief account of the career of the Rt Hon. Sir R. Bond, whose name is to-day a household word in every village and hamlet of Newfoundland, and whose services to his country have been many and great. It has been said that "every man is the result of three factors—his ancestors, his surroundings, and his individuality"; in attempting to give an account of the subject of our sketch, therefore, we must begin with his ancestors. He comes of excellent British stock, of sturdy West Country type, "of earth's first blood," and is a good illustration of the saying, "Blood tells." Born in the Capital of Terra Nova, in 1857, two years after the Introduction of Responsible Government by Governor Darling, he may be said to have been given to Newfoundland contemporaneously with the great boon of complete Self-Government. In 1846, St. John's petitioned the Imperial Government for this, and having waited nine long years, the new Charter came; and thus the spirit of freedom was in the air during the Premier's early years, a spirit which he imbibed to the fullest extent and has stood for all through his public life. His early years in the home of his father, a prominent St. John's merchant, could not fail to bring him into sympathetic touch with the business life of the country, and create and foster an interest in its success which has characterized his whole career. In addition to such educational advantages as were afforded in the land of his birth, he enjoyed the privilege of training at Queen's College, Taunton, England; where, besides a valuable scholastic course, he obtained a knowledge of English life, became imbued with English principles, and obtained a culture and thorough gentlemanliness of manner and bearing which cannot fail to impress all with whom he comes in contact. Having completed his college term, he entered upon the study of law which, however, owing to indications of failing health, he was advised to discontinue.

His first venture upon the troubled waters of political life was in 1882 when, at the age of twenty-five, he was elected as one of the Representatives for Trinity, and, upon the opening of the Legislature, was appointed Speaker of the House of Assembly. In the General Elections of 1885, his Party was defeated, but Fortune Bay stood by Mr. Bond, and he represented that constituency until the General Elections of 1889, when his Party was victorious at the Polls, and he was again elected Member for Trinity and entered the Cabinet with the Portfolio of Colonial Secretary. This office he held—barring a short interval in 1894—until the General Elections of 1897 when his Government was defeated. The District of Twillingate placed Mr. Bond at the head of the Poll, however, and his Party appointed him Leader of the Opposition. It was in that position that he so heroically opposed the now notorious Railway Contract of 1898, and subsequently carried the war into the constituencies. At the opening of the Legislature in 1900, upon a Want of Confidence vote, the Government was defeated, and His Excellency the Governor called upon Mr. Bond to form a Ministry. This he did, and having passed the Supply Bill, etc., the Legislature was prorogued and, in an appeal to the country, the Government was sustained by 32 out of a total of 36 Members. In 1904 the country again gave its endorsation to his Policy by returning 30 out of the 36 as his supporters. Thus in twenty-three years of political sunshine and shadow, Sir Robert has never known defeat at the Polls, has spent almost two-thirds of his political life as Colonial Secretary, and in his two appeals to the Electorate, as Premier, he has been returned by unprecedented majorities.

His services away from home, as the Colony's Representative, can only be touched upon in passing. In 1890 he was one of a Delegation sent to London in defence of the rights of the Colony against the encroachments of the French. From thence he went to Washington, with the concurrence of Lord Knutsford, to negotiate what is known as the Bond-Blaine Treaty, which owing to unwarrantable interference on the part of Canada was blocked.

In 1894, after the closing of our Banks, he was one member of a Deputation to visit Ottawa in the interest of the Colony; and when Canada failed to meet that Deputation in a generous spirit, in the darkest moment of our country's history, Mr. Bond was the man who volunteered to go on what appeared to many, if not to all, a hopeless mission: and though followed from place to place by damaging messages to the press from his country's deadly enemies, who tried to make success impossible, he succeeded in obtaining the requisite funds and saved the credit of the Colony. By pledging his personal property as security, he secured a further loan to relieve the pressure on the Government Savings Bank, and returned home the saviour of his country. From his grateful fellow-countrymen he received such a welcome as his great services merited.

Nor has his Sovereign been slow in recognizing his worth to the Empire. Upon the visit of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to Newfoundland, he was honoured with the badge of K. C. M. G.; and in 1902, when representing the Colony at the Coronation of His Majesty King Edward VII., His Majesty presented him with the Coronation Medal and made him a Member of the Privy Council. Edinburgh also honoured him with the Freedom of the City, and its University conferred upon him the Honorary Degree of LL.D.

Such manifestation of confidence at home and recognition of merit abroad few indeed have enjoyed. If we may venture to offer an explanation, it is this:—Sir Robert possesses ability of a high order, and all is placed unreservedly at the disposal of his country. He toils for her welfare with a zeal and an enthusiasm that will brook neither weariness nor discouragement. Like a knight of old, he stands to defend her against all her foes. He sees wrongs inflicted upon her by her enemies and says, "I will redress those wrongs or spend my life in the attempt." He thinks and toils most arduously for Newfoundland because he loves her most intensely. With Shakspeare he can say, "I do love My country's good with a respect more tender, More holy and profound, than mine own life."

Not the First Native Premier.

A GENTLEMAN in Toronto has called our attention to an error which inadvertenly crept into the October number of the QUARTERLY. There the writer referred to Sir R. Bond as the first native Premier. This, of course, was incorrect, as during the fifty years of Responsible Government Newfoundlanders have, at different times, occupied that honourable position. Indeed, if we mistake not, Sir H. W. Hoyles who became Premier in 1861 was a native of the Colony.

The Catholic Church and the British Empire.

(Concluded.)—By Rev. M. J. Ryan, Ph. D.

NOW, the Protestants of Ireland insisted on the breaking of the Treaty of Limerick; the penal laws which they passed would have been even baser and viler than they were but for the veto of the Imperial Government; and it was only by the Imperial Government exerting its utmost influence that the repeal of the penal laws was at last carried through the Irish Parliament. Everywhere else but in Ireland, the British word is regarded as an oath. Go where you will, to Egypt, to India, literally "from China to Peru," the native has unfaltering faith in the British word. In South America, the most solemn asseveration is "*Parola Inglese*"—on the word of an Englishman. As I have heard a Frenchman say, "The English word carries to the end of the world." Nowhere have such tributes been paid to the English faith as in the United States. No man, I suppose, living under the English flag, could read without pride the poem in which an American poet celebrated the journey of a British trapper through Minnesota in 1862 when the Sioux were "up and on the shoot," and when "there warn't a livin' Yankee" would have "crossed them plains alone for a waggon load of gold." A British fur-trader on his way to Fort Garry came to St. Paul, and everybody warned him. "He only laffed and said he knowed the Injuns all his life, and he was goin' to mozey through and take along his wife. And she, you bet, was plucky, and said she'd go along."

And, right a-top that creekin' cart
Upon the highest rack,
That trader nailed a bloomin' rag,
An English Union Jack.

So there he'd gone and done it,
Ez stubbern ez a mule
And knowin' fellers said we'd seen
The last of that d— fool.

They wuzn't long upon the trail
Before a band of Reds
Got on their tracks, an' foller'd up,
A-goin' to shave their heads.

But when they seen that little flag
A-stickin' on that cart,
They jes' said, "Hudson Bay! Go on,
Good trader with good heart."

And when they struck the river
And took to their canoe,
'Twas that thar bit of culler
That seen them safely through.

Fer there that cussed little rag
Went floatin' through the State,
A flappin' in the face of death
And smilin' right at fate.

That wuz the way them tarnal fools
Crossed them thar' blazin' plains,
An' floated down the windin' Red
Through waves with bloody stains.

What give that flag it's virtoo?
What's thar in red and blue,
To make a man and woman dar'
What others daren't do?

Jes' this—an' Injuns know'd it—
That whar them cullers flew,
The men that lived beneath them,
Wuz mostly straight an' true;

That when they made a bargain,
'Twuz jes' as strong and tight
As if 'twere drawn on sheep-skin
An' signed in black and white.

That's how them Hudson traders done
Fer mor'n two hundred year;
That's why that trader feller crossed
Them plains without a fear.

* * * * *

But when the men beneath that flag
Tries any monkey ways,
Then, good-bye, old-time friendship,
For Injuns goin' ter raise.

"Monkey ways" were tried in Ireland with results that every one can see, and that we all deplore. Plighted faith was broken, however the blame be distributed, and the Catholics were the sufferers. But I will only say that in my humble opinion, when any Irish Protestant having turned Nationalist, denounces the penal laws as the work of "England" that is, coming from such a one, the height of human impudence. England has to bear her share of the blame for consenting to that breach of faith; the men who insisted on that breach were more guilty still, and their descendants, instead of throwing the sin off their fathers upon less culpable people, ought to be doing penance in sack-cloth and ashes.

In 1776 the Presbyterians and Whig Episcopalians of Ireland were on the side of the American Revolution, while the Catholics where on the side of the Crown. Nothing is more noticeable in the correspondence of the Americans of that day than their appeals to the Protestants on the ground that the Papists were against them. That is a fact which it is all the more your duty to remember within the British Empire because it is so often brought up against the Irish in the United States. The rebellion of '98 was got up by the Ulster Presbyterians, and opposed by the Catholic Priests. In 1793, when it was found necessary to broaden the basis of government, Lord Clare proposed raising the Presbyterians to an equality with the Episcopalians and forming a solid Protestant party, and defying the Catholics. Pitt declared that the Catholics were more entitled than anyone else to concessions, and began to grant to them, together with the Presbyterians, some liberties. The Presbyterians were not grateful for partial concessions which left them on a level with the Catholics. There was a disappointed place-hunter, who had proposed to Pitt an expedition to plunder Spanish America. The gold Chalices and Crucifixes, alone, he said, would pay the expense. Finding himself treated with silent contempt this man, of whom O'Connell said that he ought to have been hanged by the Irish people if the government had neglected its duty, and whose career exemplifies the saying that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel," founded the Society of United Irishmen in order to make the Catholics the tools of the Presbyterians and and both, the tools of his own revenge. Into what a frightful abyss of misery the unhappy people were drawn in spite of the Catholic Church and the Catholic gentry, this is no place to tell. It is better that it should be remembered by those who inflicted the atrocities than by those who endured them. It is sufficient to say that the Protestant government of Ireland were only restrained by the Imperial government, from the last extremities and that when a member of the Imperial government defended them in the House of Commons against an attack, Pitt was so indignant that he got up and marched out of the House.

In 1800, the Catholic Bishops were all on the side of the Union, and brought many of their people over to the same side, for as one of them wrote, the government under which they

lived was worse than that of the Mamelukes. The Bishops saw clearly that the Union was the indispensable preliminary to reform. It is the Union that has made possible Catholic emancipation, the disestablishment of the Protestant Church, the enfranchisement of the masses, the concession of local government, the transfer of the land from the smallest class to the largest. Catholic emancipation would never have been conceded by the Irish Protestants; they would have defied the people to rebel, knowing that the Imperial Government would *have* to suppress the rebellion for them. It is to the free entry to the British market that Ireland owes to the fact of an annual excess of exports over imports. All this is no argument in favour of a centralized union, because centralization is contrary to freedom though union is not. O'Connell, even during the Repeal agitation, wrote that he would prefer a federal arrangement, and he privately urged the Whig leaders to proffer some policy that he could accept instead of the one he had taken up.

In 1830 many opponents of Catholic emancipation actually voted for O'Connell's party out of revenge against their own. In 1848, a Protestant landlord, who had opposed the repeal (even during the famine) of that old Corn Law which (in Ireland at least) enriched his own class at the expense of the community, placed himself at the head of a rising. In 1869, the Orangemen threatened to kick the Crown into the Boyne if their Church were disestablished; and Episcopalians, out of revenge reorganized the Home Rule movement (dead for twenty years) and gave it a leader. This was to take away the Catholic vote from the Liberal Party, and to teach the English people that justice in Ireland would make more enemies than friends. At the general election of 1874, in spite of the utmost exertions of the Catholic Priesthood, the Liberals were defeated in most districts. When this work was done, most of the Protestants deserted Home Rule and went back to Toryism. It was a Protestant leader who brought the Home Rule Party into alliance with the American Clan-na-Gael. I cannot profess any admiration for those Catholics whose "passionate unreason" has always made them, in spite of the Church, the dupes and tools of their enemies.

The Catholic Church has assuredly no sympathy with the principle of nationality. It is in her eyes immoral and in it she recognises her worst enemy. She is essentially an international Church. She believes that all the disciples of Christ throughout the world should be bound up in one communion with a central government sufficiently strong to control the disintegrating force of national antipathies, and to sustain the independence of her local branches against alike the civil magistrate and the mob. She knows that Donatism, Nestorianism, Monophytism, the Schism of the East, and Protestantism all made way by appealing to nationality and to a so-called patriotism. She fears that Nationality in Ireland might be directed against Rome. She has not forgotten that Henry VIII. was able, after his breach with Rome, to obtain the title of King of Ireland, that the Irish Chieftains acknowledged him as Head of the Church, and that he was able to boast that if the Pope succeeded in combining France and Spain against him, the Irish would stand by him. And yet the Irish are said to be naturally disloyal! Even in civil affairs the Church regards the principle of nationality as wrong. The inhabitants of Switzerland are Germans, French, and Italians. But they owe allegiance to the Swiss State and to no other state, actual or capable of being created. The inhabitants of Austria are Germans, Slavs, and Italians; but they are bound in conscience to the Austrian Crown, and *Italia irridenta* is an immoral cry. But though the Church does not embrace the principle of nationality, the Irish bishops feel that *Justice* entitles their people to a large measure of local self-government, and that their training in county government has made them fitter than they were in 1886. Nor is the principle of nationality any part of Liberalism; for it has shown itself compatible with injustice and tyranny in Hungary and in the Transvaal, and with slavery in the Transvaal and in the nation which Jeff Davis made. Assuredly I am not implying, what I do not think, that the Irish Nationalists are disposed to oppress any one, but only that the principle of nationality is not a security against tyranny.

Now, it would be very absurd to blame the Catholic Church for the doings of extreme men, like Mr. Davitt, who has been stirring up the Nonconformists against the Education Act on the ground that it puts education in the hands of priests, while he has been writing to American papers that he opposes it because it takes education out of the hands of priests, and, who has been pointing out to the Nonconformists that they could deprive the Catholic religion of all representation in the House of Commons by repealing the Union. Is it not very ridiculous that the Catholic Church should be blamed for the actions or intentions of a man who has denounced the Episcopate and the Vatican so fiercely for their opposition to Socialism that on one occasion the priests of the United States warned him to leave this country or they would denounce him from every altar. Nothing is commoner among the Clan-na-Gael than the saying: "But for the Clericals we could get up a rebellion."

On the other hand, it were well if Catholics would always remember that there is a certain amount of prejudice; that they are gravely responsible before God if they create prejudice against the Catholic religion and avert men's hearts from it by identifying it with anything that wears the appearance of disloyalty to an Empire in which almost every grievance has been removed, in which there is a fair chance of removing those that remain, and in which the worst-governed province is as well governed as the best-governed province of any other power. And having given this advice to my fellow-Catholics, I will now venture to ask those of my Protestant fellow-countrymen who may be good enough to read this, whether they do not think that the Catholics are quite as loyal to the British Empire as Protestants would be to a Catholic Empire? Personally, I think they are more so, for Catholicism has a *principle* of obedience and pure Protestantism has not.

Forever and Forever.

By Daniel Carroll.

A SUN-KISSED wave stole up the beach one day,
The while his Mother Ocean gently slept;
Along the pebbled strand in laughter swept
And kissed a rose-lipped shell, and stole away.

Long years have passed and many a storm has flung
The wrecks of gallant ships that beach upon;
But ever in the shell's deep heart rings on
The music which that laughing wave had sung.

And thus it is, sometimes from life's dull sea,
A joy-lit wave shall swell our souls to claim,
And teach our hearts the music of a name
That fills our lives thro' all the years to be.

Poultry Farming, and How to Make it Pay.

By E. A. Elgee, P.S., A.D.C.

VERY many people keep poultry, but few understand them. They probably imagine it pays them, but they will have no figures of expenditure and receipts to prove it. They may be keeping a dozen good laying hens and a dozen bad ones and quite forget that the latter cost just as much to keep as the former, and that, if they had been killed at first for table purposes, their profits would have been much larger. "Trap-nests" to find out the regular layers are all important to chicken farmers. Egg production has now become a science, and England, who is the largest importer of eggs of any country, has begun to realize that there are profits to be made in this connection, provided that proper attention is given to such details of management as are contained in this article. Now, if a profit can be made in the Mother Country by poultry farmers, how much more ought one to be obtained by those in Newfoundland, where the price of eggs is far higher and foodstuff cheaper, if anything? In St. John's, in the non-laying months, fresh laid eggs vary from 50 to 60 cents per dozen, and in the summer months from 20 to 30 cents. In England, in country districts, they seldom fetch more than 40 cents in the winter and 15 cents in summer. It has been estimated that in 1903 the value of eggs and poultry produced in Great Britain has increased during the last fifteen years in value by £2,000,000, sterling. This means that poultry are now receiving that scientific treatment which has always been accorded to other farm stock, and it is from the experiences of business men engaged in the trade that the following notes are gathered.

There are endless causes of disease amongst poultry, chief among them being Damp, Draughty Houses, Filth and Careless Breeding. The two last mentioned are the most dangerous of all and the most easily remedied. Isolate at once those who show signs of sickness, or if they are not valuable birds kill them. It will be cheaper in the end. *Appoplexy* can rarely be cured. The best remedy observed is as follows:—Open the large vein under the wing and hold the bird's head under a cold water tap for a minute or two; then, if it shows signs of recovery, feed it sparingly for a few days on soft, light food—no hard grain—and a dose of five grains of Bromide of Potassium each day. *Bronchitis* is the result of exposure to cold, wet weather and draughts. Isolate all such subjects in a warm, dry, draughtless house and dose them with one drop of tincture of Aconite three times a day. *Gapes* is very similar to Bronchitis and hard to distinguish. Try first Bronchitis treatment and if not successful, then feed them *by hand* with a warm mash, not sloppy, but a crumbly mixture composed of three parts scalded bran, one part cooked lean meat, and one part each of boiled linseed meal with plenty of green food and grit of some kind. In obstinate cases fumigate the patients with a little Eucalyptus oil on a hot shovel; this will make them cough, but will do them a great deal of good. In the case of *Colds* or, indeed, illness of any kind isolate the bird at once. A good preventitive of colds is to put a small piece of camphor in each drinking trough, only on no account must the water be allowed to dry up or the campher will evaporate and your labour be wasted; and to add a little ground ginger to the soft food. *Constipation* can be cured by a dose of from ten to thirty grains of Epsom salts in warm water on an empty stomach and a green food diet. *Cramp*, like apoplexy, comes from over-feeding or from too much fatty matter. To cure, soak the legs in hot mustard water and, when quite warm, rub dry, and then anoint them first with turpentine and afterwards with vaseline. When the bird seems to be always trying to swallow something, one must treat for *Crop Disease*—a teaspoonful of Magnesia in hot water in first instance and, afterwards, a diet of boiled bran and boiled linseed meal fed by hand, with plenty of green food.

Diarrhœa can usually be stopped by giving one meal of well-boiled rice, strained very dry, over which a little powdered chalk has been sprinkled. Dropsy, which arises from damp, frost bite, etc., rarely occurs when the birds have plenty of exercise and have to hunt for their food. A dose of castor oil and food composed of green stuff and lean meat will cure.

Feather Eating is the result of confinement and insufficient green food. *Frost Bite* makes the combs black. Light airy, warm and dry quarters with plenty of green food is the remedy. Their combs may be dressed with the following ointment:—Vaseline 3, Glycerine 2, and Turpentine ½ table-spoonful.

Scaly Leg is very infectious and easily cured by rubbing the legs with kerosene, and when the oil has soaked in, with strong sulphur ointment. Isolate the birds.

To prevent all the above mentioned diseases, observe the following rules. Give your poultry light, airy quarters and scratching sheds. Vary their food. Use plenty of green food, oyster shell and grit. Regularly sweep out and lime-wash occasionally their houses and see that their nests are kept clean.

HOUSING OF POULTRY.

Over-crowding is the greatest drawback to the production of eggs. It has been proved that a farmer may keep about thirty hens about the homestead profitably; but if he increases the number, without change of method, to one hundred his returns will be proportionately lessened and the birds will suffer from disease. From experiments it has been found that flocks of twenty-five hens, when kept separated, give a higher average of eggs than when they are massed together in larger numbers. The explanation is, that in the latter case they do not get sufficient fresh air at roost. It may be mentioned that in England moist poultry manure is worth about $10 per ton, and that twenty-four hens, under ordinary conditions, will yield a ton of this during the year. To secure this amount it is essential that the manure shall be well distributed over the land. The plan of *portable houses*, which are easily made, has been found most conducive to this end, and in addition they can be built to accommodate flocks of twenty-five. The best models are on wheels, and can be disconnected so as to rest firmly in the ground when in position. Perches should all be on the same level, not more than two feet from the ground and facing the windows. Nest boxes should be on the dark side of the house. One nest box is necessary for every three hens, and a scratching shed sheltered from bad weather, as in North America, by oiled muslin curtains which can be hung up against the roof when not in use and suspended in front during snow storms. Peat moss litter is an excellent covering for the ground as it increases their warmth.

THE BEST LAYING BREEDS.

All breeds of hens lay well in spring and summer, but the object of the poultry farmer is to get a good winter supply of eggs when the prices are double those obtainable in the summer. Large householders in St. John's would be probably willing to pay twenty cents per dozen in the summer months and forty-five cents during five non-laying months for a regular supply. Compare these prices with the fifteen cents and forty cents obtainable in England and you can judge for yourselves the prospects of a successful keeper. Now as to the Breed! Non-sitting hens, such as the Leghorns, are the most prolific in the course of the year, but the general purpose or sitting breeds are the best Winter Layers. Amongst the most popular of these breeds may be mentioned the Plymouth Rock, Wyandots, Orpington, Faverolle and Langshan, and, when kept under favourable conditions, fowls of any one of these breeds can be depended upon for a regular supply of winter eggs.

The "*Strain*" of a fowl is of as much importance as the breed. The great American Egg Farmers have actually built up strains of hens to lay 200 and even 250 eggs per annum in a very few years. The methods employed are as follows: A record of the egg-laying capacity of each fowl of the flock is kept by means of a "trap-nest." The best layers are then selected to mate with cockerels which have been raised in the previous year from

pedigree layers. This is common sense—the breeding of producers together to secure producers. The laws of inheritance and transmission are the same with birds as with cattle, sheep, and horses. Pullets to replace part of the old stock should be raised so as to be ready to lay at the opening of the winter. The different breeds vary in this respect. Leghorns and Minorcas start laying at about five months, whilst pullets of the larger breeds do not begin until they are seven or eight months. Pullets that commence laying in June or July and moult in October (i.e. those hatched in January or February) are spoiled for winter laying, whilst if they are hatched too late and if they do not belong to an early maturing breed they cannot be induced to lay in winter and will only start with the approach of Spring. The most productive period of a hen's life is between the age of six and eighteen months and it is a general axiom amongst modern poultry keepers to get rid of laying hens at one and a half years and to replace them by six months old pullets. This may be modified to the extent of clearing them off at two and a half years. The net earnings of laying hens in England and *at English Prices* are calculated as follows: 1st year, $1.50; 2nd year 90 cents, and in the third year the profits would be very small as the bulk of the eggs would be laid in the spring and summer.

The Housing of the Hens during the Winter Months is of the utmost importance. The roosting house should be well built, with a solid foundation, dry floor, roofs and walks proof against damp and current of cold air. It should be well lighted and ventilated and to each bird the space of about ten cubic feet ought to be allowed. In the day time they should have a scratching shed as described above, so that they can get daily exercise, and the floor should be well littered with chaff or mill-dust, etc., in which should be buried or raked a large proportion of the unground corn which is fed to the hens every day. A busy hen is healthy and a good layer.

WINTER FEEDING OF LAYING HENS.

No matter how long the inherent instinct to lay may be, and it is not very strong in the depth of winter, the hen cannot produce eggs if she is not supplied with suitable food, and the question is what foods or combination of foods can be advantageously and economically fed to promote winter laying? It is certain that the profits will be light if the feeding for winter eggs consists of corn or meals made from corn alone for they are not sufficiently nitrogenous, and do not supply the proper materials for forming an egg *unless* they are used in combination with foods such as milk, ground bone, clover and other vegetables. It is believed that the reason why hens lay so well in spring and summer is not because the weather is mild, but because they generally have a free run and access to foods such as grains, clover, weeds, worms and insects. However the results of experiments seem to prove that the following is the best *Regime* to promote winter laying. In the morning about nine o'clock, when the fowls have come from the roosting house to the adjoining scratching shed, they are fed with a few handfuls of cracked Indian Corn scattered in the litter and they busy themselves seeking for this until about eleven o'clock, when they are fed a full feed of mash—as much as they will eat up from troughs in half an hour. Make the mash in this way: 30 lbs. of finely cut clover hay is steamed and mixed with 20 lbs. of barley meal, 20 lbs. of indian meal, 20 lbs. of bran, 10 lbs. of cut green bone, and enough skim milk to form the whole into a stiff mash. This is mixed a few hours before it is required for use and is fed warm at the time mentioned. At mid-day a small quantity of wheat is fed in the litter of the scratching shed—not enough to make a meal, but sufficient to keep the birds busily employed until evening, when they are fed with whole grain about an hour before roosting time. It is adviseable to feed a variety of grains, not mixed together but one on each evening; wheat, indian corn, oats, barley and sunflower seeds have been found to be good foods for promoting winter laying. The object of varying their diet is to keep the body in good health and in good condition for the formation of the eggs that the hens are expected to lay.

The following notes may be interesting to those who would wish to preserve or "pickle" their eggs for use in the season when they would fetch the greatest price. Waterglass, which is a solution of silicate of soda, is perhaps the best and it can be obtained in a concentrated form. Eggs for preservation should be treated as soon as possible after they are laid but not until they have been cooled. An egg has a greater food value when twenty-four hours old than when it is a week old. Eggs from hens with full liberty and fed chiefly upon grain have been found to keep better than others. Again infertile eggs keep better than those containing a living germ. Preserved eggs should be kept in a cellar, preferably, where the temperature is not more than forty-five degrees (Fahrenheit) or less than thirty-three degrees. The best months for preserving are March, April, May and June. "Summer Eggs" do not keep so well. A bad egg can easily be told by holding it between a strong light and the eye. All dark eggs, or those showing spots or black shadows, are bad.

ARTIFICIAL HATCHING OF CHICKENS.

In America and England huge plants are to be found, where 30,000 to 40,000 birds are hatched out. And on account of the greater variations in temperature of the former country, it will be best to follow the methods employed there. Incubator houses are partly under ground, and so a cellar would be the best place in Newfoundland: but it must be well ventilated and sweet. Now as to the incubators. Much controversy has arisen as to the relative merits of tank and hot air machines, and it is interesting to know that, from most exhaustive trials of both, there has been found little difference in their respective merits. In this Colony the tank incubator would probably be the best, as it has the advantage of being able to meet great variations in temperature. Two lessons learnt from the above trials are, (1) Better results are obtained when the incubator is not packed with eggs to its full capacity; (2) The better the ventilation the better the results. The tank machines used were Hearson's Champion and Tamlin's Non-Pareil, and there is very little to chose between them.

POULTRY FATTENING.

Before closing this article, mention should be made of a very paying industry in connection with poultry keeping, viz.: poultry cramming. The three systems most known are roughly (1) to keep birds without exercise and to allow them to feed on fattening food; (2) to cram them by hand with pellets of mash moistened in skim milk, and (3) to cram them by means of a cramming machine which, with the aid of an india rubber tube, injects into the crop of the bird a mash similar to that employed in No. 2, but in a semi-liquid form. The subjoined table will show the effect of the different methods. It should be mentioned that the "cramming" was only employed the last ten days, and with Lot No. 3.

Lot No.	No. of Turkey Cockerels	Weight on Nov. 20.	Weight on Dec. 5.	Weight on Dec. 15.	Total Increase in 21 days.	Average Increase in 21 days.
		lbs.	lbs. oz.	lbs. oz.	lbs. oz.	lbs. oz.
1	10	170	189 8	198 0	28 0	2 12
2	10	171	191 0	205 0	34 0	3 6
3	10	170	190 0	212 8	42 8	4 4

From the above it will be seen what an advantage the machine has over other methods. It can be employed with hens (however old) even to more advantage than with turkeys, and, in addition, is not expensive. Any body interested to see the machine at work and to obtain any information, with regard to price, etc., should apply to the writer of this paper.

BLOW, blow, March winds, blow!
Blow us April, if you please,
Blow away the cold white snow,
Blow the leaves out on the trees.
Blow the ice from off the brooks,
Set their merry waters free;
Blow dead leaves from woodsy nooks
Show the violets to me.
Do all this,—'twill be but play:
Then—please blow yourself away.



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HOLYROOD.

Newfoundland Name-Lore.

By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D.

XII.

COMING Southward from C. Freels we encounter two important names which, no doubt have a history, but I have no information concerning them. These are *Green's Pond* and *Pool Island* and Harbor. The former name is of great antiquity. We find it first appearing (as far as my knowledge goes) on the map of Hermann Moll (1735). It was a place of importance, having a court of justice as far back as 1784. Pool's Island and Harbor may very probably have received its name from some of the West Country planters or merchants from Poole, the well-known seaport of Dorsetshire, from which place came many of our old-time merchants, such as the Spurriers, Slades, and others.

Coming Southward from Green's Pond we find, in Bonavista Bay, a harbour and island named *Trinity*, but as this is but a little known place, I will pass it by at present so as not to cause confusion with the well-known capital of the Grand Bay of Trinity. The Island of *Cottel's*, now called St. Brendan's, has already been alluded to and fully discussed in Article No. II. of this series. At the bottom of Bonavista Bay, there are two long indrafts or "Sounds." The more southerly one is named

"CLODE SOUND,"

the meaning of which name I do not know up to the present time. The more northerly is called "Freshwater Bay," a trite name. But there flows into this sound, the

GAMBO RIVER,

out of Gambo Pond. In Article VIII., while tracing the origin of the name "Notre Dame Bay," I stated my belief that it is a corruption of the old name "Baia de las Gumas"—the Bay of the Does, or female deer, a name which appears on our oldest maps. I think it quite probable that this name of *Gambo* is but a corrupt form of this name.

Coming towards the southern shore of Bonavista Bay, we meet with some names of historic significance. I am indebted to Mr. M. A. Devine, Editor of the *Trade Review*, for much valuable information concerning *King's Cove* and its neighborhood.

PLATE COVE

is most probably named from the formation of the land around the harbour. It slopes up gradually all round, something after the shape of a dish or soup-plate. It is this same idea which suggested to the French the name of *Tasse de L'Argent*, (cup, or bowl, or dish, of silver) in Placentia Bay. The same idea suggested the name of the Punch-bowl or the "Devil's Punch-bowl," a name common in Ireland and elsewhere. It may be also remarked that the French name for flat or level is *platte*. Thus the "*flat islands*" in Placentia Bay are marked on French maps as "Les Iles Plattes."

To the North East of Plate Cove lies

OPEN HALL.

This place was formerly called *Open Hole*, but it has been changed to its present name, partly for euphony, and partly to commemorate the lavish hospitality of the Shears's and the Long's of sixty years ago, who were the fishermen-princes of the place. The descendants of these worthy old planters who occupy the place to-day have lost nothing of the geniality and hospitality of their ancestors.

Rounding "Western Head" we come to the well known harbour of

KEELS.

We find this name on very old maps. On some (e.g. Michael Lok, 1582) it is given in Latin as *Carenas*, afterwards corrupted into C. (Cape) *Arenas*. On Cook's map, 1775, it seems to occupy the place of King's Cove, which latter name is not given. Keels is supposed to be called from the pieces of timber found there in the early days, which are supposed to have been parts of the keels of Norwegian barks lost in the neighborhood long before the days of Columbus or Cabot. Bishop Mullock in his "Lectures on Newfoundland" (p. 6.) says: "* * * It is very improbable that so many accounts of voyages would be preserved, the names of the discoverers and navigators: the birth of some of the children recorded: the wreck of one of their ships on *Keelerness*, Kell, Cape, or Ship Cove, and the locality marked out, now Keels in Bonavista Bay . . . if it all were the work of imagination." Since this was written (1860) the authenticity of the Norse voyages has been placed beyond doubt by the discovery of the Sagas, and briefs from the Vatican Library. The identification, however, of Keels in Bonavista Bay has not been so clearly proved. The origin of the name Kialarness (keel nose, or promontory) is thus given in the Saga of Eric Ruad (the red). "The next summer, (being A.D. 1004) "Thorvald with a portion of his company, in the great ship, "coasted along the eastern shore, and passed round the land "to the northward. They were then driven by a storm against "a neck of land, and the ship was stranded; the keel was "damaged. Remaining here for some time, they repaired their "ship. Then Thorvald said to his companions: Now let us "fix up the keel on this neck of land, and let us call the place "Kialarness."

About four and a half miles south of Keels, and half mile north of King's Cove there is a small cove or gulch named

"OAK-STICK GULCH."

It is so named from a large oak balk, firmly fixed in a fissure of the cliff just above high-water-mark. This stick has certainly been there for over 150 years. It is said by the old folk to be part of the cargo of a vessel lost there in what is known as "Pymer's Gale," the date of which is not certain. The stick is quite sound to-day. Mr. Devine has a paper cutter made from the wood of it. The balk is so firmly imbedded in the cliff that it is impossible to remove it. We now come to King's Cove.

KING'S COVE.

The inhabitants of this town are strong advocates of its great antiquity and historic importance. They firmly believe that it was the first landing place of Cabot, who called it "King's Cove or Royal Port" in honor of his generous (?) patron, the Tudor Monarch, Henry VII., who rewarded him by the donation of "10*l.* to hym that found the new isle." It is the only safe harbour between Bonavista Cape and Plate Cove, and "if Cabot steered into Bonavista Bay at all, and kept the shore in view to port," he must have fetched up at King's Cove. At all events King's Cove is known to be one of the earliest settled parts of the Island. James McBraier, Esq., founder of the Benevolent Irish Society, did business there in 1800.

† M. F. HOWLEY.

The Educational Outlook in Newfoundland.

By Rev. L. Curtis, M.A., D.D.

DR. WILLIAM JAMES, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard University, has said that he looks forward with no little confidence to the day when the United States of America will lead the education of the world. He bases this expectation largely upon their exceptionally fine common school system, the independence of their colleges and universities, and the happy relationship which each class of schools sustains to the others. Dr. James is no mere dreamer; he is a philosopher and a logician, and his words should not be regarded as ordinary American spread-eagleism. He argues that as their present educational conditions are probably the best in the world, the fruits of those conditions should be correspondingly satisfactory. If his premise be correct, we cannot object to his conclusion. Indeed, in all such reasoning, the cue to our expectations of the future should be the conditions of the present, unless some modifying circumstance is anticipated.

In considering therefore the educational outlook in Newfoundland we must start with things as they are. The question then is, what of our present educational condition? Is it in all respects satisfactory? And may we reasonably claim that advancing along the same lines a great future awaits us? Terence used to say, "So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way." One can only reason from his own point of outlook and reach his own conclusions. And to begin with, it is worthy of notice that not a single condition upon which Dr. James based his expectations of a great future for American education, obtains in this Colony. We have not what is known as common schools; we have not what may be regarded as independent higher educational institutions. We have the denominational system of education and, presumably, to stay. For weal or woe we have reached a time in the history of the world when King Demos rules. Even the Czar of all the Russias is obliged to bow to the will of the people, or take the consequences; and the remembrance of the fate of his father will probably have its due effect. And so far as outward and visible signs may be taken as evidence, King Demos has willed that the demoninational system of education shall obtain in this Colony. No Government could survive that would attempt to make a change without a mandate from the people; and there is at present absolutely no indication that any such mandate will be given. Our outlook for the future of education in this Colony, therefore, must be from the denominational standpoint.

In view of this fact, it is cause for genuine satisfaction that a word of commendation can be spoken concerning the work that is being done by not a few of the schools of the Colony. Indeed, one of the most remarkable features of the history of the Colony during the past ten years is the progress of education. The English examiners for the Council of Higher Education, in 1901, bore voluntary testimony to this fact in the following words:—"We have again conducted examinations for the New-" foundland Council of Higher Education, and whether it is the " influence of these examinations or not, we certainly do find " the standard of Education in that Colony has enormously im-" proved since we first conducted them there seven years ago." There is no reason whatever to doubt that this statement is correct and that much of the progress made is due to the operations of the C. H. E. Nor have we any reason to suppose that the improvement will not continue. Indeed the records of the C. H. E. indicate a very decided advance in numbers almost every year. In 1900 there was a total of 686 passes; in 1901, 708; in 1902, 829; in 1903, 804; and in 1904, 866; and the improvement in the quality of the work has doubtless kept pace with the increase in the number of passes. From facts and figures available from the records of the C. H. E. alone, therefore, it can be seen that the outlook educationally is bright with promise.

And then it must be remembered that a new and important feature has recently been introduced into our school work; I refer to Manual Training. There are, it seems to me, splendid possibilities for the boys of the future in this new departure. To the casual observer, the value of Manual Training is usually estimated by the safety, ease and efficiency with which boys are trained to handle tools. And were there nothing more than this in that training, it certainly would be of great value as a supplement to the store of knowledge obtained from books. But this is, in reality, not the most important advantage. To the psychologist, the principal value of Manual Training is found in the increase of intellectual power obtained by a development of a part of the brain, which but for this would remain uncultivated. So that when the system of Manual Training becomes general—which let us hope is not far distant—the boys of Newfoundland will enjoy the advantages of an intellectual equipment hitherto unknown in the Colony.

But when everything possible has been said in favor of the work that is being and will be accomplished, it is impossible not to entertain the opinion that the educational outlook would be more hopeful had we a different system. The fact is we have in Newfoundland denominationalism run to weeds. Take as an illustration the grant for Manual Training. The total vote of $3,000 is sub-divided on the *per caput* basis, as follows: Roman Catholic, $1,038.07; Church of England, $997.35; Methodist, $838.61; Salvation Army, $90.08; Presbyterian, $20.45; Congregational, $13.03; others, $2.41; and so with regard to every grant, large or small, made for any department of educational work. And the tendency is to increase the number. Until 1901, the Salvation Army grant was used by Protestant schools in operation in their localities; but since that time, they operate separate schools. And if other religious teachers should drift to our shores, such as Dunkards, Mennonites or Shakers, and prevail upon enough of our weak-minded people to join them, we should forthwith have still further divisions of these grants.

Now from the stand-point of educational efficiency can anything be more absurd? And yet, this is the foundation upon which Newfoundland is trying to erect an educational structure in the twentieth century! The weakness resulting from these manifold divisions is felt to some extent throughout the entire system; though in places where Superior Schools are possible it is not so manifest as elsewhere. It is in places where schools of the lowest grade exist that it is most keenly felt to-day, though we are nearing a time when its effects will be manifest also at the highest end of the ladder. In small places where two or three schools operate at a poor dying rate for two or three months each, instead of one efficient school for the whole year, the evil of the system speaks for itself; and yet, although there are scores of such places in the Colony, the provision of the Act for Amalgamated Schools is almost entirely ignored. Needless to say, hundreds of the children of those settlements are doomed to comparative ignorance.

At the upper end of the ladder, the weakness will be increasingly felt in the lack of an institution for advanced work. We have to-day three Colleges doing effective class work to the standard of university matriculation. This seems to be the extent for which available funds enable them to provide suitable staff and equipment; and, indeed, for this work, additional income would be very welcome.

Now it cannot be denied that were provision made for a year or two of university work, not a few who seek that training in other lands would obtain it at home, and others who at present see nothing beyond the A.A. of the C. H. E. or University Matriculation, and leave school, would gladly continue their studies. But what are the prospects for this in existing circumstances? Is it conceivable that the Legislature will make large grants for university training on denominational lines while every class of existing institutions, from the colleges to the lowest schools, is in need of additional funds, and clamoring for them? To my mind it is absolutely inconceivable. It is extremely doubtful indeed whether, even with all denominations uniting upon the subject and agreeing to support one such institution, it would be wise for the Legislature to assume any considerable part of the financial obligations, while the need of improved general education is so pressing. The percentage of university students in the most favoured countries is very small; and it is a safe and wise, as well as generally accepted, principle that large public expenditure should benefit the many rather than the few. As a rule institutions of higher learning are provided and largely sustained by men of wealth. But whatever hope there may be for such an institution if all unite, there would seem to be none, at present certainly, apart from united effort. Whether therefore our educational outlook be considered from the standpoint of advanced education or elementary schools, some modification of our present system seems necessary if the pressing needs of Newfoundland boys and girls are to be met.

In Memoriam.

[OUR many countrymen abroad will have heard with regret of the death of MRS. ROGERSON, lovingly and familiarly known under the *nom de plume* of "Isabella." The deceased lady was of the good old Whiteford family, sister of the late James and William Whiteford, and shared with them the esteem and regard of Newfoundlanders of all classes and creeds. The deceased lady was gifted with more than ordinary ability as a "singer of sweet strains," and her pen and voice were ever at the service of Newfoundland, and everything calculated to raise or advance her interests. In seasons of joy, as at the glad Christmas times, or in times of sorrow or death, the pent-up feelings of the people found vent in the songs of Isabella. Many a sorrowing home was brightened by her musical messages of cheer and hope, and faith in the Great Creator. Her kindness and sympathy could always be relied on by the local journals, and the QUARTERLY, on several occasions, had the pleasure of delivering her messages to its readers. It is meet now that we, joining in sympathy with the many who mourn her, give voice to her Requiem in the accompanying verses,—a pleasing tribute to the dead poetess from the pen of one of the most gifted of our younger writers.]

By Daniel Carroll.

IT moves along the city street,
A cortege sad, and in its train
The leaders of the land;
There, men of toil with toilers meet,
And in hushed accents, once again,
With many a tribute fair. they tell
How long they knew her, and how well,
This gifted child of Newfoundland,
The poetess, Isabel.

* * * * * *

"What form is this which cleaves the clear,
Blue Heaven, and comes on joyous wings?
What other form unto him clings?"
An angel asks his angel peer.
And clear as peal from silver bell,
Across the ether space it rings,
An answer to those questionings:
"From Earthly woes escaped I come;
I bear a sweet, strong singer Home—
The poetess Isabel."

St. John's, Feb. 6, 1905.

The Dead Singers.

By Newfoundlander (in U. S. A.)

"Christ save us all from a death like this."
—The Wreck of the *Hesperus*.

FOUR young men—cousins—had gone shooting sea-birds, in Conception Bay, many years ago. 'Twas a lovely calm morning when they started, but suddenly a blizzard sprang up. Skipper George Barbury, the father of two of the boys and uncle of the others, tells how his eldest son, after battling in vain with the tempest, "gave hisself up to his God an' laid "down and put his tired arms round his brother, an' so . . . "there was four dead men in their boat waitin' on the Beach o' "Broad Cove, tull some one 'ould come an' take their poor "bodies an' strip away the ice from 'em an' put 'em in the "ground, that comes more natural, in a manner, sir, . . . "People that lived on Bell Isle h'ard singin' goin' by in the "dark, like chantin' we have in the Church. They said 'twas "beautiful, comin' up an' dyun aw'y, an' so goin' wi' the wind. "It's very like, sir, as Paul an' Silas sang in prison, so they "sang in storm."

—Skipper George's Story.

Bell Isle in rugged beauty,
Sat mirror'd on the breast
Of the waters of Conception;
And old ocean lay at rest.
Its sun-lit surface pictured
Snowy shores that fringed the Bay,
'Twas a perfect winter picture
On that perfect winter's day.

II.

But it darkened to the Nor'r'd,
And the feathery snow-flakes spread;
The storm-king rode the waters,
Moaned the icy air in dread.
Of a sudden, burst the blizzard
And the day grew black as nighr,
The cliffs flung back the surges,
And defied their angry might.

III.

Between the boist'rous storm blasts,
Rise voices clear but dim;
Comes floating on the tempest,
The sweet old evening hymn,
"Abide with me
Fast falls the even tine,
The darkness deepens
Lord, with me abide."
The plaintive chaunt is drown'd
By the roaring, seething sea,
But anon the strains float faintly
"Oh, Lord, abide with me."

IV.

The morrow's sunrise pictured
Yet another perfect day,—
Mute in death on the icy beach
The frozen singers lay.
Heaven's glory for them had dawn'd.
The Lord had heard their cry,
Beyond the deep'ning darkness
They abide with Him on High.

* * * * * *

When again the angry tempests
Lash to wrath the cruel sea,
Be merciful, O Christ, to all,
Who on the wint'ry water's be;
Through gloom encircling lead them,
And,—Lord,—abide with me.

Life at an Outport---Impressions.

By Rev. A. W. Lewis, B.A., B.D.

"IMPRESSIONS" is the word for a new-comer. Only last summer the writer came from the land of the "Maple Leaf"; and he knows his inability to learn so soon all the undercurrents of "life at an outport"; and he does not wish to mark out those already traced. Besides, he has been so thoroughly satisfied with life at Harbor Grace that he has not visited any other outport beyond the limit of a "spin" on air. He has not even been tempted to visit the Metropolis of our Island Home. So he has taken the liberty of slightly altering the subject suggested by the NFLD. QUARTERLY. It must be merely *Impressions*, and a few of them.

One afternoon affords sufficient impressions for a biograph and a volume. From the first view of Harbor Grace, seen from above Riverhead, to the "Gordon Lodge," scene follows scene



REV. A. W. LEWIS, B.A., B.D.

too rapidly to inspire speech. One sits entranced, wishing first to "develop" the views before he "prints" them for another eye.

A beautiful harbor! At its entrance, six miles out, Harbor Grace Island and Salvage Rock stand centinels. To Conception Bay their attitude is firm,—Thus far let thy jurisdiction come. Fringing this lovely sheet of water are the homes of 6,000 human beings, besides others. The train glides up the grade, near Christ's Church, close behind the "Kirk," and halts above St. Paul's,

"Beloved of pious worshippers,
The pride of all the town."

To the left, a few points east, stands the new Methodist Church, beautiful in its bridal dress. And next to that rise the tall spires of the Cathedral, whose bell calls to "Vespers." Back of the Railway Station, and still higher, are the Athletic Grounds, commanding an excellent view of the Town and Southside, the Harbor and the Bay, and the purple hills of farthest Avalon. From this standpoint life at this outport in summer is ideal.

As the stranger drives along the streets, he is charmed by the quaintness of certain portions. The fences, woven of rods; the goats, with their yokes; the dogs, with their checks; and the far-famed ponies, with their carts,—all are characteristic of an outport. In winter, "slides" and sliders illustrate locomotion by dog-power. The "wheelman," who in summer had skimmed the smooth and level streets, now plods his weary way, like a clogged eagle.

The summer visitor from the oppressive air of an American city revels here in the sweet, invigorating breath of undiluted Neptune. Pallid cheeks take on the flush of health. Languid muscles become tense with the joy of life. And over-taxed nerves rest, like an accusing conscience that has found peace. As the electric light illumines our homes, so health and happiness illumine life.

Tourists need not expect here the marvels of the Humber; but the less ambitious may revel in the open spaces with the rod and reel. If they do not basket many speckled beauties, they may rejoice in the exercise and sport, the air and the scenery. One afternoon last summer the writer landed with his "fly" three handsome trout, the largest about three pounds. Ah, there are hills too, long and steep! They are grand to view, wearisome to mount, and perilous to descend on a "wheel." Last summer a Medical Doctor was taken in charge by his "cycle" and hurriedly dismissed, headlong, with costs. The chain of a Government official took the right crank and the official the wrong dismount. But the hills must be taken with the trout. The writer on one occasion spoke unadvisedly of the fish he had caught. He was promptly corrected by a rising youth that peered into the basket, "Dem's not fish; dem's trout." In winter boys and girls slide about the streets on skates; the older folk without them.

It is the people that makes the place. The hospitality of the Harbor Gracians is known abroad, and doubtless that of other outports. The writer has proved it to be unbounded. The friends "take one in" with a cordiality that knows no limits; and the beggars try to "take one in" with equal zeal. The latter friendship is rapidly nearing the vanishing point; the former grows with growing comforts. Town life is greatly benefited by educative and refining Societies. In these one meets hundreds, to their mutual benefit. Harbor Grace has a comfortable, well-lighted, and well-stocked Reading Room. Every morning the electric wires bring their messages to us from the ends of the earth. And we feel like asking, Is Harbor Grace an Outport?

St. Andrew's Manse, Harbor Grace, February, 1905.

Nightmare.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

ONE wretched night the poppied anodynes,
I used to deaden memory, failed to keep
My soul within that barren land where sleep
Brings forth no dreams; and, far beyond its lines,
Through groves where many a poisoned vision twines,
I was set wandering;—towards me saw I sweep
Her I had loved: she did not smile or weep,
But passed as one who no man's face divines.
Then I was 'ware that it must still be thus
In day's white land, or on the night's sad shore;
In market-place, or dream-paths tortuous;
She'll greet me still with the same scorn she bore.
And I awoke with limbs all tremulous,
And lips that cried, *God, let me dream no more!*

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M. J. Summers, 1st Treasurer. | Jas. J. Bates, President. | P. J. Hanley, 2nd Treasurer.

G. J. Coughlan, Secretary. | Rev. W. J. H. Kitchen, Ph.D., Spiritual Director. | N. J. Murphy, Grand Marshal.

Officers of the St. John's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.

On the opposite page we give the picture of the Officers of the St. John's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society for 1905, which is a copy of a photograph taken to accompany congratulatory addresses to Sister Societies in Canada. The following are the notes on the different Officers:

James J. Bates, President, was elected to office in 1895, and have been elected to office for ten years in succession. He occupies the responsible position of storekeeper with the firm of Messrs. Baird, Gordon & Co., and he is highly esteemed by the members of the Society and the general public of St. John's.

William J. Ellis, M.C., M.H.A., Vice-President, was elected to office for seven years in succession. He was elected a City Councillor at the Municipal Election, and at the last General Election was returned to the House of Assembly by a large majority for the District of Ferryland. Mr. Ellis has proved himself one of the most energetic of our City Councillors, and the people of Ferryland District will find him to be an energetic and painstaking representative. He is very popular in the Society, and is a total abstainer since early boyhood.

Edward J. Landy, 1st Assistant Vice-President, has been elected to office for several years, and is most popular with the younger members of the Society. He occupies a position as salesman in the employ of the Royal Stores, Limited.

William F. Kelly, 2nd Assistant Vice-President, has held the office for two years, and occupies the high position of Chairman of T. A. Club. He is a very energetic worker and most popular with the members that visit the Club rooms.

Michael J. Summers, Treasurer, has been elected to office for a number of years and is looked upon as an ideal Treasurer. He is well and widely known as a business man of good standing, and has been closely identified with local charities as Treasurer of St. Vincent de Paul Society.

Philip J. Hanley, 2nd Treasurer, has occupied that position for a number of years, and is one of the most popular members in the Society. He is always foremost in every social event. Mr. Hanley is a hustler at the painting business, and commands a fair share of patronage both in St. John's and in many of the outports.

George J. Coughlan, Secretary, has been elected ten years in succession to that office. He is a favourite with all the members, as is evidenced by the large vote put up for him on the last election. He also occupied the position of Secretary of the Cadet Corps Committee since its inception. He is Secretary and Accountant in the Constabulary and Fire Department Office.

Nicholas J. Murphy, the respected Grand Marshal, has held the office for a number of years. He is a most energetic officer and takes a great interest in all matters appertaining to the welfare of the Society.

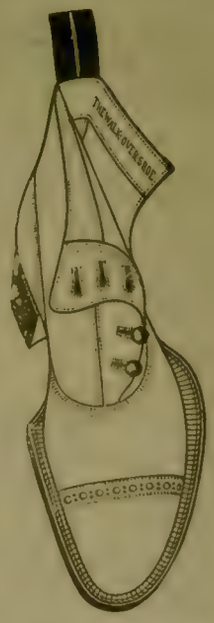
Rev. W. J. H. Kitchen, Ph. D., was appointed Spiritual Director about two years ago. He is very highly respected and take a deep interest in the welfare of its members. He has given a series of Lectures and is a great advocate of Total Abstinence.



From the Reid-Newfoundland Co's.] [*Collection of Photos.*

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NO. LOCATION OF BOXES.

12—Temperance Street, foot Signal Hill Road.
13—Factory Lane.
14—Water Street, foot Cochrane Street.
15—Duckworth Street, corner King's Road.
16—Cochrane Street, corner Gower Street.
17—Colonial Street, corner Bond Street.
18—Water Street, East.
112—Inside Hospital, Forest Road, special box.
113—Penitentiary, corner Quidi Vidi Road.
114—Military Road, corner King's Bridge Road.
115—Circular Road, corner Bannerman Road.
116—King's Bridge Rd., near Railway Crossing.
117—Opposite Government House Gate.
118—Rennie's Mill Road.

CENTRAL DISTRICT.

21—Head Garrison Hill.
22—Water Street, foot Prescott Street.
23—Water Street, foot McBride's Hill.
24—Gower Street, corner Prescott Street.
25—Court House Hill.
26—Duckworth Street, corner New Gower Street.
27—Cathedral Square, foot Garrison Hill.
28—Long's Hill, and corner Livingstone Street.
221—Military Road, Rawlins' Cross.
223—Hayward Avenue, corner William Street.
224—Maxse Street.
225—Gate Roman Catholic Orphanage, Belvedere.
226—Carter's Hill and Cookstown Road.
227—Lime Street and Wickford Court.
228—Freshwater Road and Cookstown Road.
23—Scott Street, corner Cook Street.
232—Inside Savings' Bank, special box.
233—Flemming Street.
234—Queen's Road, corner Allen's Square.
235—Centre Carter's Hill.

WESTERN DISTRICT.

31—Water Street, foot Adelaide Street.
32—New Gower Street, corner Queen Street.
34—Waldegrave and George Street.
35—Water Street, foot Springdale Street.
36—Water Street, foot Patrick Street.
37—Head Pleasant Street.
38—Brazil's Square, corner Casey Street.
39—Inside Boot & Shoe Factory, special box.
312—Horwood Factory.
313—LeMarchant Rd., head Springdale St.
331—LeMarchant Rd., head Barter's Hill.
332—Pleasant Street.
334—Patrick Street, corner Hamilton Street.
335—Inside Poor Asylum, special box.
336—Torpey's, Cross Roads, Riverhead.
337—Hamilton Avenue, corner Sudbury Street.
338—Flower Hill, corner Duggan Street.
42—Southside, near Long Bridge.
43—Central Southside.
44—Dry Dock.
45—Southside, West.
46—Road near Lower Dundee Premises.

On the discovery of a fire [illegible] break the glass like the 227, open the door of the large box, and give the alarm by pulling the [illegible] then let go and start for the working of the machinery in the box. If you do not hear it, pull again. After giving the alarm, remain at the box, so as to direct the Fire Brigade where to go.

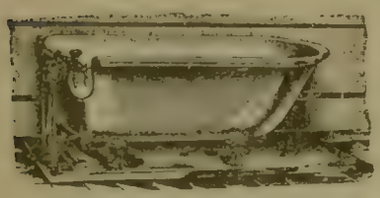
CAUTION. Persons wilfully giving false alarms, or damaging the Fire Alarm apparatus, will be rigorously prosecuted.

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The "Dead Christ."

By E. M. White.

READING an article in the *Irish Penny Journal*, of date 19th December, 1840, dealing with the life and work of the artist Hogan, my thoughts very naturally ran in the direction of the statue of the Dead Christ, beneath the Altar of our Roman Catholic Cathedral. And not a few of our people may be interested in this remarkable Irishman, whose chisel and genius gave us this almost incomparable piece of statuary and whose character as a sculptor caused him to be honored by the highest tribunal in the City of Arts, with a tribute of approbation never before bestowed on a native of the British Isles, in unanimously electing him—without solication or anticipation on his part—a member of the oldest Academy of the Fine Arts in Europe, that which enrolled among its members the divine Raphael, and all the illustrious artists of the age of Leo, and which holds its meetings upon their graves—the Academy of the Virtuosi del Pantheon.

Hogan was born at Talloa, in the County of Waterford, in the year 1800. He received but an ordinary school education, though a scion of a noble and blue-blooded race, and in the year 1812 was placed by his father under an attorney in Cork, named Michael Foote. After two years of this, which has been called the "unhappy period of his existence," the soul that revolted against Law was given to the Arts, and an Artist he became.

Entering as an apprentice in the office of Sir Thomas Deane, of Cork, where he was employed in the capacity of draughtsman and carver of models with a view of becoming an architect, his first production was a carving in wood of a female skeleton the size of life, on which a Dr. Woodroffe was able to lecture his pupils, as if it were, what it actually seemed, a real skeleton in form and color. Under Woodroffe's tuition our subject studied the anatomic art for several years.

In 1816 a society for promoting the Fine Arts was formed in Cork, and to which through the solicitation of influential Irishmen in 1818, the Prince Regent was induced to present a selection of the finest casts from the antique statues which had been presented him as a gift by the Roman Pontiff; the value of which this "inartistic" Prince but little appreciated.

The presence of these newly acquired treasures of ancient art, which consisted of one hundred and fifteen subjects, selected by Canova, and cast under his direction, kindled a flame in Hogan's mind never to be extinguished; and to this study he devoted the fervor of heart and soul till 1823, when that critical writer of the period on works of art—William Paulett Carey (afterwards Sir William)—on a visit to the gallery of the Cork Society, "accidentally saw a small figure or *torso* carved in pine timber, which had fallen down under one of the benches." "On taking it up," continues Mr. Carey's interesting narrative, "he was struck with the good taste of the design and correctness of the execution."

On inquiry he learned of it being the work of Hogan, done in the leisure hours of his apprenticeship by a strict application to carving and modeling from the Papal casts. Hogan was immediately paid a visit by the stranger, in a small apartment in the Academy, who was surprised to find the self-taught artist in the midst of the Triumph of Silenus consisting of fifteen figures about fourteen inches high, cut in bas-relief from pine timber; also various studies of hands and feet; a head of an apostle; Michael Angelo's mask, and several other designs which, though cut with delicacy and beauty, still were not inseparable from the defects of an early age of untaught study.

Becoming thus acquainted with Hogan's abilities, Mr., now Sir Wm. Carey, wrote a series of letters to the *Cork Advertiser*, addressed to the gentry and capitalists of the city, entreating them to raise a fund by subscription to defray the expenses of sending our young artist to Italy, and supporting him for three or four years in studying at Rome. Through Sir William's enthusiastic representations a sum sufficient for the nonce was subscribed and Mr. Hogan set out for the "Eternal City," where he found himself an entire stranger, with little knowledge of the world, without acquaintance or patron (which in those days was almost indispensable) and incapable of speaking the language at the commencement of his studies at Rome.

In the first year of his studies, and at a meeting of eminent artists, the celebrated British sculptor Gibson, essayed the opinion,—"that it was impossible to imagine an attitude or expression in the human figure which had not been already appropriated by the great sculptors of antiquity." Hogan listened intently, thought differently and ventured to express his dissent, when Gibson astonished at our young neophyte's presumption, somewhat pettishly replied, "Let us see *you* produce such an original work!" This public taunt stung the young sculptor, who lost no time to rescue his name from the imputation of vanity and rashness. He toiled night and day at his work, his Irish was up, the result of his labors being a Drunken Faun—a work which the great Thorwaldsen pronounced "a miracle of art," and which, if Hogan never produced another, would have been alone sufficient to immortalize his name.

A number of other notable and famous works were produced by him, but in this sketch, what we are particularly interested in, is the "Dead Christ": * * * the exquisite statue of the Dead Christ now placed beneath the altar of the Roman Catholic Church in Clarendon Street, Dublin.

This work was originally ordered for a chapel in Cork by the Rev. Fr. O'Keefe, but that gentleman, on its arrival in Dublin, not being able to raise the funds required for its payment, permitted Mr. Hogan to dispose of it to the priest of Clarendon Street, who paid for it the sum originally stipulated, namely, four hundred and fifty pounds, and we may scarcely add, that this statue is one of the most interesting objects of art adorning the City of Dublin.

"Mr. Hogan," the narrative continues, "subsequently executed "a duplicate of this statue with some changes in the design, for "the City of Cork, but we regret to have to add that he has "been, as yet, but very inadequately rewarded for his labors on "this work; a sum of two hundred and thirty-seven pounds "(£237) being still due him, and the amount which he has "actually received, two hundred pounds (£200), being barely "the cost of the marble and rough workmanship."

From the foregoing my readers would infer that this has reference to the exquisite piece of statuary under the Altar of our grand Cathedral, but I understand such is not so. This statue rests in the old South Church, Cork, and I may add, in parenthesis, that there has been three such works executed by him, our replica being the best, most prized and perfect specimen.

I have no doubt but more interesting information connected with *ours* than I can furnish, is extant, and probably if this meets the eye of the happy possessor of such particulars, an appreciative number of readers will be enlightened in a subsequent issue of the NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY.

Harry Bessemer's Investment.

A Novelette of Newfoundland Life.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

PART I.

"I AM SORRY, Mr. Bessemer, I cannot spare you a waltz," she was saying, perhaps with a slight chill in her voice, or perhaps Bessemer only imagined it to be so. "But I can give you this square-dance further on," and she traced his initials on the diminutive programme, which was the fashion that season, with some deliberation; and the next moment bowed cordially to a rather German looking young man, who was approaching.

Bessemer turned away, trying to feel, as he looked, unconcerned; but Elvire Exonton's indifferent manner was beginning to tell upon him. It was not that he was vain or self-conscious, or that he wished to pay her any particular attention. He, in common with most men, he might have supposed, would be attracted and inspired by her beauty; but the very case with which he had stepped into his present position made it a little puzzling. He had paid little definite court to any of the ladies in his set; though some of them, it may be, had paid court to him. His mind had been occupied with other matters, matters which threatened to become all-absorbing, unless some other interests came up to balance them.

Harry Bessemer was something over five and twenty, and at first sight appeared to have achieved little enough. After a youth spent in Newfoundland, and the usual three years at Cambridge, he had returned to accept the apparently trivial and unimportant post of confidential clerk to the Minister of Forestry. But it must be remembered that the Minister of Forestry was the one strong man in the Benton Cabinet, now entering upon the second year of its second term; and it must also be remembered that Bessemer was the power behind the Minister of Forestry. From his youth Bessemer had felt the hum of mighty workings within his soul. He believed that Newfoundland with her unique geographical position; with her immense resources and vast coastline, deeply indented with mighty bays, was destined to play a great part in the history of the Empire and of the World. And he believed that he was fitted to bring the Island to this position in the forefront.

He was a wealthy young man for such a comparatively poor country. An uncle in England had left him a very considerable fortune, and this was handsomely augmented by what his father had been able to bequeath to his only son. With his powers and his splendid imagination, he would realize little difficulty in stepping as high as he wished to. These aspirations of his he never talked about, but they were generally credited to him. by those in town, by that species of telepathy which is general enough in a small and compact community. But before he could lead he must learn, hence his present position.

He danced out his quadrille with Elvire; and he, and perhaps she, enjoyed it moderately well, seeing it was not a waltz. It was hers to be enthusiastic over everything she took up. Her Norman mother had given her that consummate grace, which our girls rarely possess to the full. She was of blonde, perfectly Anglo-Saxon beauty, with all the glow of color which is the glory of our countrywomen; all that energy and independence, which in spite of obstacles, in spite of drawbacks, of the indifference of short-sighted imperial politicians, of the cramping effect of foreign treaties, have held us together and are fast welding us into a nation.

Half an hour afterwards Bessemer had bidden adieu to Mrs. Lindholm, his hostess, and was on his way home. Very naturally he walked, smoking a mild cigar. His home was in a suburb distant from that in which Mrs. Lindholm's house was by some two miles. It was in January, and the air was cool, hardly cold; and it was very calm. It was hardly midnight, and the northern lights spread out over his head like a great fan, having its apex at the North Star. They shifted and coruscated sometimes with a peculiar shuffling noise, along the sky. The moon looked calmly out between the spaces as it descended into the depths, and a few golden stars twinkled through the silver bars of the mighty screen of light.

As he walked along the deserted country road, he smiled whimsically to himself as he thought of Elvire, and wondered if she disliked him. Though she gave little encouragement to any of her admirers, of whom, however, he could hardly be counted one; still there was an added coldness, though very slight, in her manner towards him, which struck him the more because of the complacency with which most girls regarded the slight attentions he sometimes paid them. There seemed in a word to be some intangible mutual repulsion. And Hallowell, when she returned from school, had said that Elvire and he would be a perfect match! The idea!

But if it must be owned, his thoughts went less on matters of sentiment than on Colonial affairs. He felt that now was a crisis in Newfoundland affairs. For a considerable time past German capital, backed it was whispered in very high Berlin circles, had been seeking to insinuate itself into the industries of a country which had unmeasured resources but scanty capital; and how to keep it out without retarding the development of the Colony, was a problem. British capital, except in the hands of one or two prominent speculators, was slow in availing itself of the new opening in this rugged Island of the New World, perhaps because it was fully occupied elsewhere; American capitalists owned quite as big a stake in the land as Bessemer thought compatible with its best interests; and there were few other sources in sight. Hallowell, the deputy Colonial Secretary, whose position made him cognizant of every stir in the world's money markets, had told him that there was a movement among German money-lenders which as far as he could judge appeared to have Newfoundland as its objective point. Enquiry in the Departments of Railways and Mines had yielded him no information. The transfer of a short branch line to Bayde-Verde, to a company whose directors were all Canadians; the shipment of more than usually large amount of iron ore to Philadelphia had certainly no apparent tendency that way; and if any more was being made within the purview of his own department, he would certainly have heard of it. He was puzzled. Germany in her great struggle for commercial supremacy would leave no effort untried to gain her ends.

Though he was not late at the office the next morning, he found his chief had arrived before him. The Hon. Alexander McLean, Colonial Minister of Forestry, was a big Newfoundlander of Scottish descent. Tall and broad shouldered, sprightly and active despite his sixty years, a merchant prince, he was easily the most influential man on the Executive Council. He was a man of not many words, but always spoke to the point.

"Look here, man," said he, as soon as Bessemer had removed his overcoat and had sat down, "it seems to me that Germany is going to have her way with us after all; you know Exonton." Bessemer nodded, "well, he has been speculating in South American Railways, of which he knows as much as I do about Sanscrit, and has come to grief badly. Not only must his mercantile premises go, which is bad enough, but his great lumber interests must be abandoned. And who is to take them up? You are aware of his peculiar social ideas, about the division of profits and so on, have alienated the entire mercantile community, not one of them would stir a finger to help the lame duck. I myself"—this with a deprecating gesture—"might feel like doing so only that it would be misconstrued by our friends the political enemy, and might even lead to the downfall of the cabinet. And this, in my honest opinion would be an enormous loss to the country. A change of Government would be little short of disastrous at the present moment, and I must needs stifle my private inclinations for the good of the community."

The length of his speech was the best proof to Bessemer of the importance of the interests at stake, and he felt correspondingly impressed.

"What then is to be done?" he asked. "I suppose we ought in the first place to find out the extent of the trouble. It appears to me that the most straightforward way would be the best in the present case. Mr. Exonton has, I believe, confidence enough in me to tell me frankly the extent of the damage—that is, if he knows. With so many irons in the fire, it must be a little difficult for him to know which are hot. But if you wish, Mr. McLean, I will walk down to see him; when we know how things stand, we may devise means to prevent this causing harm to the country. By the way, I suppose the Department can do nothing?"

"Hardly, I fear," answered the Minister. "The cheese-parers are too much in evidence. They would not tolerate the acquirements of a national Forest Reserve!—Send Devanna in," he added, as Bessemer was leaving the room. Bessemer spoke to the assistant clerk who immediately went into the Minister's private office; and proceded on his way to Water Street.

It was still early when he entered the offices of Alfred Exonton & Son; and Mr. Robert Exonton the "Son" in the firm name, —Alfred Exonton the founder being dead some years,—had not yet come down. The rooms were spacious and well lighted. A number of well dressed clerks were already at work at their desks. The great windows at the back of the office looked out upon the wharves, where at this season there was little doing; the broad harbor, rapidly narrowing as it extended west, thinly sprinkled with vessels and schooners; the moored sealing steamers; and above them the grand white-covered mass of Southside Hill. It is a sight the Terra Novian loves.

Mr. O'Rielly, the head book-keeper, upon hearing that his business lay with the principal, asked Bessemer to be seated. But he had not long to wait. Mr. Exonton appeared almost immediately and was about to pass at once into his private office. He wished Bessemer good morning as he passed, however, and at a word from Mr. O'Rielly, asked him to follow; and, telling Mr. O'Rielly that he would be engaged for some little time, closed the door.

Perhaps he had some inkling of the reason of Bessemer's visit, for he asked him if he had come from the Departmental office. Mr. Exonton was a well preserved and active man, though he must have been nearly sixty, and he had had his share of troubles. His wife and two sons of great promise had died some years ago, and Elvire was all he had left of his immediate family. He was tall and inclined to be stout, though the latter tendency had been kept down by his strenuous and active life. To-day his usually florid face looked a little pale and worn. It was not difficult to guess that sleep had been far away during the previous night.

To the merchant's query, Bessemer answered simply that he had come down from the office, where he had been in consultation with the Minister.

"Then," pursued Mr. Exonton—almost eagerly, as if he would have been half afraid to have himself to tell Bessemer the truth—"you know what has happened."

"Yes," answered Bessemer, gravely. "Is it then as grave as we have heard? Is it overwhelming?—I know," he pursued, "that this may seem an impertinent question, but you at least will understand that it is a matter of public policy."

Exonton bowed slightly, "Quite so; but I do not think whatever you have heard can over-estimate the gravity of the loss. And I, who should have been the last to be led away, have betrayed all my people into the hands of the Philistines. And yet it seemed to be in such a good cause. You may not know that the fishery at our place on Labrador, Lattice Harbor, has been an utter failure the last three years. Now—you see I am speaking frankly, as the matter is one which concerns, or may concern the whole community—very much of the firm's available capital has been employed in opening up Exonton, in the interior; and from this, there has as yet been little net profit. I went on, hoping that things would brighten; but this fall was worse than ever; and then, in a desperate attempt to save the situation, I 'plunged' in South American railway stocks. The unusual epidemic of Revolutions there just now, have ruined my hopes, and I am left practically penniless. The firm will have to put up its shutters. My girl has a few hundred a year left her by her mother," Mr. Exonton showed a slight sign of emotion here, and a tear glistened in his eye—"which happily is settled upon her and is chiefly in Government Debentures, but that is all."

"And can you think of anything to be done? Mr. McLean sends assurance of his sympathy, but you can quite understand that his hands are tied."

"I fear it is a case where little can be done," answered Exonton sadly. "If we assign, the Exonton property will be sold up by the trustees, and the opposition will see through any scheme of the Government's to buy it, and you know what that would mean in the present nicely balanced state of parties. Idle capital is an unknown thing in the Newfoundland market just now, and outside helpers in the United States, Canada, or England are very few; all feeling that they have enough money invested in the Colony at present." "I have thought it all out," he continued, wearily. "To borrow money would put us at once under the thumb of the party or Bank that would advance the money. I am not such a fool even yet as to suppose that they would allow us to carry on in the present manner. I know my socialistic theories and practices are the laughing stock of Water Street. No, there is only one thing to do. Rancke & Hummel of Hamburg and Berlin, have signified within the past week that the offer made last summer for the timber areas at Exonton is still open. I must sell out to them. By that means I can save the remnant of what my foolishness has destroyed," and the unfortunate merchant hid his face in his hands.

Bessemer was thinking deeply. "How much would be necessary to put things straight?" he enquired suddenly.

Mr. Exonton looked up. "Seventy thousand dollars," he replied, "but it might just as well be seventy millions."

"Mr. Exonton," said Bessemer steadily, "I think I could raise that sum. You know I am not without resources."

Mr. Exonton looked aghast. "My dear young sir, you are mad. I cannot allow the thought of such a thing. It would be too much for anybody to do. What interest have you in my affairs that could lead you to think of such a thing?"

"I am also a native," he answered, quietly, "and do not wish to see strangers of foreign speech inheriting our birthright. It is for the country's sake I make this offer; not, if you will permit me to say so, that I can condone what you have admitted to be folly; but because, as things are, you are the one who most of all men in this country, stand for the benefit of the masses and of the whole people. It is for this reason alone that I step in here. I am fully aware, but for this one slip, that all your firm's troubles have arisen from the failure of the Labrador fishery on your room year after year. I have no need, I am sure, to stipulate that all the sum advanced by me shall go into the lumber and general trade. That is a postulate. The result can never be in doubt, I take it. In two years the mills will be paying handsomely. So you see there is no risk. I shall bring my solicitor and the notary at once and we can arrange matters." Exonton wrung his hand in silent, but thankful emotion. Bessemer stepped to the telephone. In a little while the two gentleman named appeared, and the transfer was made which saved the venerable house of Alfred Exonton & Son from bankruptcy and the island from the invasion of foreign commercial interests. The men of business were too cautious to express any surprise at this turn of affairs, no matter what they may have thought; and indeed their experience was that Bessemer, young as he was, was well able to take care of himself, in pecuniary as well as other matters.—*(Concluded in our next.)*

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The Breton Fisher's Prayer.

By Dr. Richard Burke Howley.

"On leaving harbour, the instant his boat is afloat, the pious Breton fisherman is used to exclaim with head bared: *Gardez moi Bon Dieu parceque la mer est grande et ma barque est petite.*"—Henri Perreyve.

Yo ho!—Heave away! and the fisher's bark
Moves out o'er the dawn o'er the waters dark.
Oh the bonnie boat, through the gladsome day,
Like the grey gull flits 'mid the sparkling spray,
But she folds her wings at the eve's decline,
To nestle all night on the seething brine.
O Lord who rulest the sea and air,
Turn not away from the fisher's prayer,
"De Profundis Clamavi!" Hear my call!
For thy sea is grand and my bark is small.

And now we are far on the heaving deep,
Where the Lord keeps watch tho' He seem to sleep,
And His dreaming's told in the solemn sight
Of the dark sea depths that are steeped in light.
Ah, the fisher feels 'mid his perils there,
All the Maker's might and the Saviour's care,
And, thrown on his God he must trust Him all,
For the sea is great and the bark is small!
On, on, she flies, for 'tis vain to strive,
Whither so ever the storm may drive
Till the Master speak, when a calm shall fall
On the sea so grand and the bark so small.

On the broad billows of life we're cast,
Sport of the furious flood and blast,
Helpless and heedless we come and go,
Floating o'er many a wreck laid low,
We hurry along to the dismal caves,
Where the sad sea sleeps by a shore of graves.
Yet—Safe with Him on the stormy way
Whom the waves uphold and the winds obey,
Nor depths shall daunt us, nor heights appal,
Tho' the seas run wild and our bark be small!

Recipe for a Composition Cake.

By a Member of the Littledale Literary Club.

Mix one pound of appropriate words into choice language. Stir thoroughly until you form (a) a subject, (b) a predicate, to every three ounces of words. Avoid too much stirring, as you are likely to separate the clauses, etc., from the principal qualified word. Lightly sift in some Capital letters, and about three dozen of the best punctuation marks, at suitable intervals: first put in the commas, next the colons and semi-colons, and lastly the full-stops.

Beat in slowly some choice quotations, to aid in making the cake high flown; these will also help to make it rise.

Mix this substance with Arnold's best black ink—stir throughout with a falcon pen—and bake on a sheet of smooth ivory paper.

Bake for one hour and a half, in a nice oak desk. Lay a sheet of white blotting paper on the top, to test if it is well baked.

When cool place it for inspection on Sister's desk. After weighing it, and seeing the quality of material composing it, she will mark it in portions with her pencil, and call her pupils, so that they may have the benefit of it. When the cake has been thoroughly criticized by the girls, they scatter the contents of it, all over the school, and the cake is voted a great success.

This recipe if faithfully carried out will prove splendid, as those who tried it, have never known it to fail.

February, 1905.

N. B.—The above is an *uncorrected* Exercise of one of the Pupils of St. Bride's Academy, Littledale.

The Fisherman.

By Chas. E. Hunt.

He clasps his wife in a fond embrace as he wishes her good-bye;
And a kiss to each of his children gives, but a tear is in his eye,
For he's leaving a home that is dear to him and is going far away,
To fish for cod near the rocky shore
Of weather-beaten Labrador,
For many a long, long day.

His ship is ready to leave the port and is manned by a hardy crew,
Who will fight the roaring winds and tides as they've long been used to do;
A sailor's life is a life of toil, but little does he dread;
The winter will soon be here again,
And it's out afar on the angry main,
That he earns his daily bread.

The good ship sails from the harbor snug and the dear ones left behind;
Far out of sight they soon will be, but never out of mind;
The sweetheart longs for her sailor boy; the mother for her son;
The children for their father yearn
And pray to God for a safe return,
When the summer's work is done.

Through many a storm the good ship goes and many an anxious night
Is spent on deck by the gallant crew when the storm is at its height;
Then many a noble deed is done and when it's done, that's all;
He does not look for a medal bright
Nor seek some gifted pen to write
What he did at duty's call.

The summer is drawing t'wards its close and short the days become;
The skipper knows that the fish below will fetch a goodly sum;
And on bended knee he thanks the God who has heard his anxious prayer;
For the wolf oft knocks at the fisher's door,
When the catch is bad and the price is poor;
But now he need not fear.

Now as the good ship enters port he stands on deck once more;
And the children glad, with dancing eyes, wave to him from the shore;
How gay his laugh and how bright his face as they slowly walk the lane!
Safe with those that he loves at last;
Trouble and care to the winds are cast,
When father's home again!

Song: Keep Her to the Wind.

By Daniel Carroll.

Up the shore the fishing fleet
Bravely stems the fresh'ning gale,
And I watch one craft that beats
In advance of every sail.
From her proud and stately prow
Gallantly the foam she flings;
Towards the land she's speeding now;
Cheerily her helmsman sings:

"Though we're on the losing tack
Let no thread of canvas slack,
Lest squalls catch our sails aback,
Keep her to the wind."

Let us then on life's broad sea,
When the winds adverse shall blow;
If we're "drifting by the lee;"
Leeward ever seem to go.
Waver not thou timid soul,
Trim her for another tack;
Tho' the storm grows deeper black,
Next time we may reach the goal.

Tho' we're on the losing tack,
Let no thread of canvas slack;
Lest squalls catch our sails aback,
Keep her to the wind.

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☞ All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.

Newfoundland Penitentiary, March, 1905.

Customs Circular

No. 15.

WHEN TOURISTS, ANGLERS and SPORTSMEN arriving in this Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Angler's Outfits, Trouting Gear, Fire-arms and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions:—

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Trouting Poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes, and tent equipage. A receipt (No. 1) according to the form attached shall be given for the deposit and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt as well as in the marginal cheques. Receipt No. 2 if taken at an outport office shall be mailed at once directed to the Assistant Collector, St. John's, if taken in St. John's the Receipt No. 2 shall be sent to the Landing Surveyor.

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the receipt. The Examining Officer shall initial on the receipt the result of his examination and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits or provisions of any kind will be admitted free and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
Assistant Collector.

CUSTOM HOUSE,
St. John's, Newfoundland, 22nd June, 1903.

The Public are reminded that the

Game Laws of Newfoundland,

Provide that:

No person ..... shall pursue with intent to kill any Caribou from the 1st day of February to the 31st day of July, or from the 1st day of October to the 20th October in any year. And no person shall..... kill or take more than two Stag and one Doe Caribou in any one year.

No person is allowed to hunt or kill Caribou within five miles of either side of the railway track from Grand Lake to Goose Brook, these limits being defined by gazetted Proclamation.

No non-resident may hunt or kill Deer without previously having purchased and procured a License therefor. All guides must be licensed. Issued free to residents; to non-residents costing fifty dollars.

No person may kill, or pursue with intent to kill any Caribou with dogs, or with hatchet ..... or any weapon other than fire-arms loaded with ball or bullet, or while crossing any pond, stream or water-course.

Tinning or canning of Caribou meat is absolutely prohibited.

No person may purchase, or receive in barter or exchange any flesh of Caribou between January 1st and July 31st, in any year.

Penalties for violation of these laws, a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars, or in default imprisonment not exceeding two months.

No person shall hunt, or kill Partridges during the present year, or before 1st October, 1905. After that period not before 1st October or later than 12th January. Penalty not exceeding one hundred dollars or imprisonment.

Any person who shall hunt Beaver, or export Beaver skins till October 1st, 1907, shall be liable to cofiscation of skins, and fine or imprisonment.

And no person shall hunt Foxes from March 15th to October 15th in any year, under the same penalties.

ELI DAWE,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
March, 1905.

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Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

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THE . . . NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY.

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. V.—No. 1. JULY, 1905. 40 CTS. PER YEAR.





NEWFOUNDLAND
"THE SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE."





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Outport Orders Sol

Post Office Department

Parcels may be Forwarded by Post at Rates Given Below.

In the case of Parcels, for outside the Colony, the senders will ask for Declaration Form, upon which the Contents and Value must be Stated

	For Newfoundland and Labrador.	For United Kingdom.	For United States.	For Dominion of Canada.
1 pound	8 cents	24 cents	12 cents	15 cents.
2 pounds	11 "	24 "	24 "	30 "
3 "	14 "	24 "	36 "	45 "
4 "	17 "	48 "	48 "	60 "
5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	75 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	$1.05 "
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	
9 "	32 "	72 "	$1.08	Cannot exceed seven pounds weight.
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.20	
11 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	
	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York; Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by "Bruce" train.

General Post Office.

RATES OF COMMISSION ON MONEY ORDERS.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding $10 ..... 5 cts.	Over $50, but not exceeding $60.....30 cts.
Over $10, but not exceeding $20.....10 cts.	Over $60, but not exceeding $70.....35 cts.
Over $20, but not exceeding $30.....15 cts.	Over $70, but not exceeding $80.....40 cts.
Over $30, but not exceeding $40.....20 cts.	Over $80, but not exceeding $90.....45 cts.
Over $40, but not exceeding $50.....25 cts.	Over $90, but not exceeding $100.....50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order to any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, $100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, June, 1905.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

GENERAL POST OFFICE.

Postage on Local Newspapers.

IT is observed that BUNDLES OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS, addressed to Canada and the United States, are frequently mailed without the necessary postage affixed; and, therefore, cannot be forwarded.

The postage required on LOCAL NEWSPAPERS addressed to Foreign Countries is 1 cent to each two ounces. Two of our local newspapers, with the necessary wrapper, exceeds the two ounces, and should be prepaid TWO CENTS.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office. Postal Telegraphs.

TELEGRAMS for the undermentioned places in Newfoundland are now accepted for transmission at all Postal Telegraph Offices in the Colony and in St. John's at the Telegraph window in the Lobby of the General Post Office and at Office in new Court House, Water Street, at the rate of Twenty Cents for Ten words or less, and Two Cents for each additional word. The address and signature, however, is transmitted free:—

Avondale	Catalina	Harbor Grace	Manuels	St. John's
Baie Verte (Little Bay N.)	Change Islands	Harbor Main	Millertown Junction	St. Lawrence
Baine Harbor	Clarenville	Herring Neck	Musgrave Harbor	Sandy Point
Bay-de-Verde	Come-By-Chance	Holyrood	New Perlican	Scilly Cove
Bay L'Argent	Conception Harbor	Howards	Newtown	Seldom-Come-By
Bay Roberts	Fogo	Humber Mouth (Riverhead, Bay of Islands)	Nipper's Harbor	Sound Island
Beaverton	Fortune	King's Cove	Norris' Arm	S. W. Arm (Green Bay)
Belleoram	Gambo	King's Point (S. W. Arm, Green Bay)	N. W. Arm (Green Bay)	Terenceville (head of Fortune Bay)
Birchy Cove (Bay of Islds.)	Gander Bay	Lamaline	Old Perlican	Tilt Cove
Bonavista	Glenwood	Lewisport	Pilley's Island	Trinity
Bonne Bay	Grand Bank	Little Bay	Port-au-Port (Gravels)	Twillingate
Botwoodville	Grand Lake	Little River	Port-aux-Basques(Channel)	Wesleyville
Britannia Cove	Grand River	Long Harbor	Port Blandford	Western Bay
Brigus Junction	Greenspond	Lower Island Cove	Stephenville Crossing	Whitbourne
Burin	Hant's Harbor		St. George's	
Carbonear	Harbor Breton		St. Jacques	

Postal Telegraph Message Forms may be obtained at any Post Office in the Colony, and from Mail Clerks on Trains and Steamers. If the sender desires, the message may be left with the Postmaster, to be forwarded **by mail Free of Postage** to nearest Postal Telegraph Office.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, June, 1905.







HON. JAMES BAIRD, President. **Established 1875** *C. R. THOMSON, Manager.*

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Baine, Johnston & Co., AGENTS.

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is frequently harder than getting rich. Many a man loses in three months the accumulations of thirty years. That is why you should take out an Insurance Policy which will give immediate protection and ease your mind at once of all worry about those who are dependent upon you. Send at once for particulars of the Unconditional Accumulative Policy issued by the **Confederation Life** Association, Toronto. It is the best policy contract issued in Newfoundland to-day.

CHAS. O'NEILL CONROY,

GENERAL AGENT FOR NFLD,

Law Chambers, St. John's, N. F.

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Pictorial Post Cards of every object of interest in City and Outports, complete set of 30 for 50 cts., or 20 cts. dozen Cards.

Newfoundland at the beginning of the 20th Century.—A treaties of History and Development, beautifully written, bound and illustrated, $3.00.

Newfoundland Men, or Who's Who in Newfoundland, with portraits, by the Editor of The Daily News, 60 cts.

History of Newfoundland. Geography of Newfoundland. Guide Book of Newfoundland, etc.

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ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY

VOL. V.—No. 1. JULY, 1905. 40 CTS. PER YEAR.

Newfoundland: A Sportsman's Paradise.

By W. J. Carroll.

"He must go, go, go away from here,
On the other side the world he's over-due;
'Send your road is clear before you,
When the old spring fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you."

A LATE official estimate, approximates the amount of money spent annually for travelling expenses by the ever-increasing stream of American tourists at one hundred million dollars. They spend another hundred million dollars in purchases of every sort, and the freight and duty on these purchases amount to a fabulous sum. A large percentage of this sum goes to Europe and Eastern countries, and is spent by ladies and invalids. Hunters and anglers in Norway, England, Scotland and Russia account for another portion, while thousands, who "must go away from here" "when the old spring fret comes o'er them," hie themselves off to the backwoods of Canada, the hills of New Hampshire, the Adirondack, the Rocky Mountains, and the woods of Maine. Of late years the vanguard of this globe-trotting army have over marched the Continent and turned their steps towards Newfoundland. We, with our insular limitations, are apt to exaggerate our own advantages, when we are not belittling them. We do both alternately, except when we take some snarling old misanthrope as a prophet, and his diatribes against the country as gospel, and divide into rival camps, when the converts with newly acquired zeal, reassert for fact, the *jocose dictum* of a prominent local politician, that "the interior of this country is not a howling wilderness.—because there's nothing in it to howl."

Our American visitors, as a class, have been such genuine sportsmen, that they not only enjoyed the sport themselves, but during the last few years, have given their experiences in the leading American magazines and journals, with such enthusiasm, backed with such detailed fishing and shooting data, that now nearly every Shooting and Fishing Club in the States sends a representative member or two yearly. We will have more visitors this year than ever, and it will be the fault of our own neglect and shortsightedness if this stream of visitors does not increase hundredfold within the next decade. It was estimated that there were between eight and twelve million dollars spent in Maine last year by tourists. There have been lately dozens of articles witten by visitors of repute in the British and American sporting journals that prove that our shooting and fishing facilities are peerless in the world to-day, and as far as Maine is concerned for deer, salmon, grilse, sea and brook trout, it is not in the same class at all as Newfoundland.

When Mr. Moulton, member for Burgeo, asserted there were over a quarter of a million caribou in the Island, and that they were increasing annually at the rate of ten thousand, no one gainsaid him. He talked like a man who knew what he was talking about. These herds of deer properly preserved, will make the Island, the recreation ground of thousands of visitors for the next century. In confirmation of everything said about our caribou may be cited the written words of such men as F. C. Selous, J. Guille Millais, Admiral Kennedy, Sir Terence O'Brien, Sir Cavendish Boyle, and hosts of American sportsmen. As for our salmon, grilse and sea trout, the evidence of outsiders is such, that it would be incredible if the witnesses were not men whose veracity is beyond all question. One American gentleman who has fished all Canada and from Maine to California, in an American magazine for this month, says, talking about brook trout and brown trout: "They are more common than perch and sun fish in the States. Catching them will soon surfeit the angler. . . . Such catches are *counted by the dozen*,—one lot of seventy-two dozen being brought aboard the train. . . . There are 687 lakes on the island and 50,000 known ones without names. The Island has 4,000 miles of sea coast, including the bays. . . . From one to six streams of clear green water run into each of these bays. . . . Every stream that reaches salt water is a salmon (or trout) stream. . . . Others have not even a tradition of a fish net, or rod or hook, and there are lakes never mapped where one may camp and add to the fare, wild geese, ducks, willow grouse, ptarmigan, plover and curlew." . . . and so on. The salmon and sea trout returns for the last two or three years are enough to bring anglers from the ends of the earth.

A little intelligent care now in preserving our rivers, will keep the Island, the greatest game fish country in the world, bar none, till some cataclysm changes its formation, and the countless lakes, ponds, gullies, rivers and streams cease to be. Clouds of witnesses attest that our game fish facilities are not equalled in the world. I have been informed by a credible authority that a certain British General, who is a witness for the "other side" and one of the sportsmen who came for years, though he only had indifferent sport, caught, two years ago for his own rod, on the Upper Humber, the insignificant bag of *300 salmon*. Just imagine the furor in Great Britain if such a catch were taken in a British river.

For camping, canoeing and yachting, our woods, lakes, rivers and bays, offer every inducement to the sportsman, whether he be seeking sport, photos, specimens, health, rest or recreation.

The time has now come when we should make an intelligent effort, to turn these grand assets to good account. If Maine earns ten million dollars yearly, in the next decade we should earn as much. We have everything that Maine has to offer visitors, and more. We only lack good hotels and boarding houses. But these will follow. If our own people don't cater in this respect, there are others who will see the possibilities, and erect summer hotels in favoured regions along the railway.

Our business men should advertise their wares in such a manner that tourists would be prevailed on to purchase all their supplies in the Island, thus avoiding the vexations of mislaying packages, paying freight, duty, and other expenses incidental to such transport. If travellers were convinced that they could get their outfit here as cheap as in New York, less the trouble and expense of carrying them along, many more would be induced to visit us.

Our fish and deer will have to be protected and preserved. We will need a Game Commissioner, whose heart is in the work, who will organize a corps of intelligent sworn guides, into a body of game wardens, who will effectually police the whole country. He will see that the guides do not extort, as some are reported to have done last season, and thus disgust visitors who are ready and willing to pay liberally. The rivers must be protected from poachers, and saved from pollution. It is said that some of our best rivers are now being polluted by sawdust. A careful inspection should be instituted and this prevented. I heard indirectly, but cannot vouch for its accuracy, that one river on Avalon was netted last season by an ex-warden and another, and that he got nine barrels of salmon for his share. Every guide should be sworn and licensed and should be amenable to the law and should lose his license for any breach to which he was party, of the game regulations in his section. It should be made worth his while to enforce the law, and he should be educated up to the point that it would be his interest, as well as that of the public, to enforce the law strictly. All the wardens' shooting and fishing reports should be tabulated by the Commissioner and distributed among the shooting and fishing clubs and sporting journals in Britain and America, and thus advertise our wares to the thousands who are on the move each eason seeking sport, change and rest. We should start in right now and make every effort to preserve our game. If the authorities only realize the magnitude of the fish and game resources, and their future possibilities, much time would not be lost before an effort would be made to keep Newfoundland in the future, what all visitors testify it now is,

A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.

The Investiture of Our First Archbishop.

SINGULARLY memorable in the history of this country was Friday, June 23rd, in this year, the Vigil of Saint John the Baptist, patronal feast of our city and of all Newfoundland, for on that day, to quote from the Pastoral Letter of the occasion, the Church in Newfoundland reached the climax of her hierarchical maturity, and has taken her place among the churches of Christendom in all the fullness and dignity of ecclesiastical development, in the investiture of our first Archbishop with the Archiepiscopal Pallium in his Metropolitan Cathedral Church of St. John's.

The import of this event, as well as the history of the development of the Catholic Church in Newfoundland, has been dwelt on in the Pastoral, from which we have been quoting. It is our intention merely to describe the ceremony.

At half-past eight o'clock on Friday morning the joy-bells rang out from the Cathedral towers. We may say of them that they, like Canterbury bells,

> "The City's voices be
> Ringing from the steeple, singing on the lea."

Their melodious peals are as the familiar voices of friends in our city of St. John's; and joyously did the gentle morning breeze, a very *lenis crepitans auster*, bear their glad message over the city and the neighbouring country and out upon the deep.

At a quarter to nine the procession issued from the Palace, passing down the lawn and across the great Cathedral close to the central door.

First the Processional Cross between acolytes, then the choir boys, the clergy and the ecclesiastical dignitaries, and finally the Archbishop, accompanied by two Deacons of Honour and preceded by a Subdeacon bearing the Pallium on silver salver covered with a white veil.

At the entrance to the Cathedral the procession was met by the Administrator, attended by two chaplains, by acolytes and a thurifer.

The Archbishop having been incensed by the Administrator, the Procession passed up the central aisle of the Cathedral, the choir chanting

Ecce Sacerdos Magnus

as the Archbishop entered.

Arrived at the Sanctuary, the Archbishop ascended the throne, and "low" Mass was celebrated by the Lord Bishop of Saint George's, Junior Suffregan of the Province. The Pallium which had been laid on the throne credence was taken to the altar at the *post-communion* by the Master of Ceremonies.

Immediately after Mass the Pastoral Letter was read by a Lector from the pulpit, then the Senior Suffregan, the Lord Bishop of Harbour Grace, the Officient proceeded, in cope and mitre, to a faldstool prepared on the predella of the altar. Simultaneously the Archbishop descended from the throne, and accompanied by his Deacons assistant knelt, *detecto capite*, before the altar.

The Master of Ceremonies taking the Pallium from the altar presented it to the Bishop Officient, who, sitting on the faldstool, placed it on the shoulders of the Archbishop, saying (in Latin)

> "To the honour of Almighty God, and of the Blessed Mary ever Virgin,
> "and of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, of our Lord Pius X.
> "Pope, and of the Holy Roman Church, and also of the Church of
> "St. John's committed to thee, we hand thee the Pallium, taken from
> "the body of Blessed Peter, in which is the plentitude of Office Ponti-
> "fical, with the appellation of Archbishop, to use it within thy Church
> "on certain days which are named in the grant of privileges by the
> "Apostolic See. In the name of the + Father, and of the + Son,
> "and of the Holy + Ghost. Amen."



HIS GRACE THE MOST REV. M. F. HOWLEY, D.D.

Then the Archbishop wearing his pallium arose from his knees, the Archieposcopal Cross was brought forward and held by a clerk kneeling, with its figure turned towards the Archbishop, and the first Blessing in Archiepiscopal rite was given by the first Archbishop in Newfoundland.

Thereupon the *Te Deum* was intoned, and as the dear old walls of our Cathedral re-echoed the solemn words of Ambrose and Augustine, they seemed to acquire yet a nearer meaning for us.

Te per Orbem Terrarum,
Sancta Confitetur Ecclesia.



Photo. by James Vey.] [*Jonas C. Barter, Architect.*

INTERIOR OF CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, ST. JOHN'S.

Newfoundland as a Summer Resort.*

We have been privileged to peruse a letter received by Judge Prowse from J. Guille Millais, naturalist, artist and hunter, whose reputation among English speaking people is little inferior to that of his famous father—Sir John Millais, Bart, President of the Royal Academy. In referring to the "Guide Book," among other complimentary things, occurs this paragraph, which epitomizes volumes of praise:

"I think it is a splendid little book, just the very thing that was wanted, and bearing the great advantage of accuracy about the country without undue puffing; the whole tone is excellent. * * * Your little chapter *re* History of Newfoundland is a model of what such an introduction should be. * * * It is quite a little encyclopædia * * * ."

The Judge has always been an enthusiastic champion of the Island. Through his History the reading public has "re-discovered" Newfoundland. His articles in the Encyclopædia Brittanica, and the leading English literary and sporting magazines have done wonders in dispelling the mists of misrepresentations that seem, through some fatality, to enshroud our Island. A keen sportsman, as well as a piquant writer, in the present volume, he has excelled himself. Personally, and with his own good right hand, he has done yeoman service in killing off the class who looked upon the Island as a private preserve, who came annually and killed enough deer and salmon to pay for their outfit, and then went away and decried the country, its resources, climate, and sporting facilities. But in this little volume he has not only held up his end, but he has marshalled such a strong force, all as enthusiastic as himself, that he becomes simply invincible. Here is an array of contributors—each a leader in his line—setting forth facts about the Island that are irresistible and incontrovertible:—His Excellency Sir W. McGregor (Governor), Admiral Sir W. R. Kennedy, K.C.B., J. Guille Millais, H. Hesketch Pritchard, F. C. Selous, Sir Bryan Leighton, Dr. Grenfell, Auditor General Berteau, J. P. Howley, F.G.S., Hon. H. J. B. Woods (Postmaster General), and so on. These write on sport—caribou, salmon, sea trout, &c. The rest of the book is devoted to everything appertaining to the Island. In fact it includes anything about which either a resident or non-resident is likely to be inquisitive, or want information. We should have a Tourist's Association here, whose duty it should be to place a copy of this book in the reference library of every sporting journal in England and America, as well as in the reading rooms of every angling, shooting, yachting, canoeing and social club in all large cities in these countries. Failing such an association, clearly the duty devolves on the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, to use this splendid statement of Newfoundland's possibilities and place it in the ken of the thousands in the outside world, who are seeking information of the very things we possess in abundance, and of which this little book is such an illuminating index.

*The Newfoundland Guide Book, 1905, by D. W. Prowse, K.C., LL.D., &c. London: Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd. One shilling net. At all local booksellers.



FRED KIRBY—A YOUNG HERO.

On the 21st April, 1905, His Excellency the Governor and suite went to Burin and presented the Royal Humane Society's Medal to Fred Kirby, aged 6, for saving from drowning, the life of a boy much older than himself. At the time of the rescue he was about 5, and is the youngest to receive this honor.



MOON-LIGHT—BAY OF ISLANDS.

A WORD TO PROSPECTIVE VISITORS—The quickest, cheapest and most comfortable route, from New York or Halifax, is by the Red Cross Line—s.s. *Rosalind* and s.s. *Silvia*. These are luxuriously fitted and staunch steel boats, and the trip on them is immensely enjoyable. The fare is very modest, and the table appointments and attendants are efficient and up-to-date. Tickets and all information can be had in New York from Bowring & Co., 17 State Street; in Halifax, G. S. Campbell & Co.

An ideal trip from St. John's, is either North in the s s *Portia* or South and West in the s.s. *Prospero*. The sailing is calm and enjoyable; the scenery beautiful; the trip chock full of variety, touching into numerous quaint little towns on either route. The return fare West is $22.50, and North $17.50 It occupies about ten days, and gives the visitor a chance to see either way, more than half the bays, towns and villages in the Island. The tickets *include meals* and all attendance. Fuller information, as to either of these trips may be had on application to Hon. Edgar Bowring, or Hon. John Harvey, who are rated as among the leaders of our younger and more progressive business men in Newfoundland. They, or their firms, Bowring Bros., Ltd., or Harvey & Co., will furnish reliable information as to passage, etc., to any intending visitor.



SUNSET—BAY OF ISLANDS.

The Foreign Policy of the Radicals.

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, Ph. D.

THE spirited and vigorous policy of gallant little Newfoundland, which has obtained so much admiration even in the country against which it is directed, stands in brilliant and striking contrast with the state of inertia to which the financially and commercially most powerful land in the world has been reduced by the factiousness of its Opposition. The United States has established preferential trade with Cuba, an island which it could not have annexed without British support; and when the question of preferential trade hung in the balance between the two parties, the scale was turned in favour of preferential trade by the cry that, without this, British trade was driving out American trade. The British commercial classes could do nothing but make the Foreign Office register a protest, a protest which the Foreign Office knew beforehand would be disregarded. Mr. Carnegie tried to prevent preferential trade in the United States lest it should provoke the British people to establish also preferential trade. But the American statesmen calculated more accurately than Carnegie the effects of faction in the United Kingdom. Mr. Morley declares that he is afraid of trouble with the United States. The Americans would be angry if the British dared to imitate them. Lord Rosebery, who professes to stand for the Empire, and who has been both Foreign Minister and Prime Minister, says also that he is afraid of the Americans. Still more recently, Germany has succeeded in establishing a system of preferential trade throughout Central Europe, that is aimed directly at British trade; but the capacity for resentment, and even the instinct of self preservation is paralyzed by the Opposition. It is needless to say that the Americans are not such fools as to try to dictate a British tariff.

The reading of Mr. Morley's speech caused me to turn to some of his writings to see whether his deliberate opinions agreed with his talk on the hustings; and here is what I find he says of the disputes about the boundary between British America and the United States in the forties, and of Palmerston's stand against foreign aggression:—"Disputes about an American *(sic)* frontier were bringing us within an ace of war with the United States. When Peel and Aberdeen got the quarrel into more promising shape, Palmerston characteristically taunted them with capitulation." Now, what are the facts? The fact is that it was Palmerston's attitude in opposition that enabled the Foreign Minister to bring the Americans to terms. On this point there can be no question, because both the American Minister (such was the title then) in London, and the British Ambassador in Washington, and many Americans with good opportunities of knowing, inform us that the settlement proposed was accepted by the Senate simply because they saw that a change of government was about to take place in the United Kingdom, that Palmerston was coming back to power, and that Palmerston would not concede more, and probably would not concede as much if the offered concession was once rejected. Palmerston's attitude, therefore, was exactly what secured the settlement of the question. It ought to be added that this happy result was also due in a large measure to O'Connell, who publicly declared that if Great Britain would give Ireland Home-Rule, Ireland would be only too happy to back up Great Britain in "taming the pride of the American Eagle."

It may be said that Morley and Rosebery are not really afraid of the United States, but only affect to be so. But then there must be some class to whom they are appealing that are already afraid, or whom they wish to educate into a state of cowardice. Many queer things are said on the hustings in Ireland, but one thing can never be talked there, and *that* is the language of fear. The fact is that there is a class in Great Britain who at heart are more American and Republican than British and Monarchical. These men encouraged the American Revolution and by their assistance enabled it to succeed; and they will side, every time, with the United States against their own country, especially when their own country is represented by their political opponents. They now want to Americanize the schools. This class comprises probably the majority of the Unitarians, of the Baptists, and of some other Seventeenth-Century Nonconformists. (The Methodists, on the other hand, have never allowed any dispute with the Anglican Church to lead them into disloyalty to the State which is allied with that Church).

I turn to another part of Mr. Morley's writings. What is to be thought of a statesman who, in the prime of life, exhibits for our *admiration* an old man in his dotage, "babbling of green fields" in the following fashion, against the maintenance of the Navy at the two-power standard?" "I am not only an English but a European statesman. My name stands in Europe for peace. What would be said (in Europe) of my active participation in a policy that will be taken as plunging England into a whirlpool of militarism?" Such is the language, such are the sentiments which Mr. Morley considers proper and admirable under the circumstances. For the poor old man, at his age, no one will feel anything but a respectful pity, together with a sense of mourning over what was once so great. But what is to be thought of the biographer who in the prime of his intellect agrees in holding that a statesman, in fixing the defences of the country, should be thinking of his own reputation among foreigners?

It is eminently to be desired that the British Opposition should be speedily saddled with the responsibilities of Government, and satiated with the power and emoluments of office. The longer they remain out, the more unscrupulous they will become. Never was the "grand old name" of Liberal so "soiled with all ignoble use," and so "defiled by every charlatan." The true Liberals are Balfour, Wyndham, and their supporters. The Opposition, when they get into office, will have to choose between the Labour Party and the German and Jew financiers and "sweaters" of London. They will have to choose between the Catholics of Ireland and the Rev. Mr. Clifford's party. What they will do, no one can tell, because they cannot tell, themselves. But one thing we can tell, and it is this:—"*If* they can get the support of the Duke of Devonshire and his following, they will betray both Labour Party, Nationalists, and "Political Dissenters." That which shall be will be, and we shall see that which there will be to be seen. Meantime, it is a satisfaction to feel that the King, supported by the Nation, will be able to guide the foreign policy. Otherwise there would be much cause for anxiety over the effect of a change. For how does it happen that the Pro-Boer party, who had no sympathy for the oppressed British Colonists in the Transvaal, should be so consumed with sympathy for the blacks of the Congo that they are anxious to drive the Government into intervention, even though they are thereby driving the Belgians into the arms of the Pan-German party? And how does it happen that the very party who raise this clamour about the doubtful "atrocities of the Congo" should be the foremost in denying or excusing the undoubted atrocities of the Russian autocracy. Belgium is a free country; Russia is the home of arbitrary government. Is it then because Belgium is weak, and Russia is strong? Perhaps all that need be said of the arguments of this faction and of the audiences that swallow their arguments may be summed up in the remark of the old Roman—that the lips and the lettuce agree when an ass is eating thistles.

Cochrane Street Methodist Church.

Rev. H. P. Cowperthwaite, M.A., D.D., Pastor.

By M. A. P.

STANDING at the head of Cochrane Street in this city, with slender spire rising in graceful lines above the surrounding buildings, is the handsome edifice known as the Cochrane Street Methodist Church. We take pleasure in presenting in THE QUARTERLY an engraving of this sanctuary, and of the esteemed Pastor thereof,—Rev. Dr. Cowperthwaite. The mother church of Methodism in this city has found it necessary, because of growth, to send off-shoots in times past east and west, so as to provide for the large numbers attending her communion. In 1873, George Street Church came into being, followed in 1882 by Cochrane Street Church, and at a later date by Alexander Street Church—and still it is found impossible, even in the larger, newer Gower Street Church, to accommodate all who desire to attend there.



COCHRANE STREET METHODIST CHURCH.

The Cochrane Street Church, about which we shall speak more particularly in this article, was built from the plans of Mr. Gibb, Architect, at one time resident in this city. The contract was given to the late Mr. John Score, and the cost was $25,000. On the 7th September, 1880, Mrs. Job Shenton, with appropriate ceremonies, laid the corner stone, and on the 14th May, 1882, the building was dedicated to the service of Almighty God by Rev. Charles Ladner, President of the Conference. The event was of more than ordinary importance, and was attended by evidences of the Christian charity that existed at that time, and which still exists between the pastors and members of the Non-Conformist Churches. The Rev. D. Beaton (Congregationalist) preached at the afternoon service, while the Rev. L. G. MacNeil (Presbyterian) gave a fervid discourse in the evening. We are glad to say that Cochrane Street Church has, since that day, on many occasions welcomed the above preachers and their successors in the pastorate of these churches, and has listened with pleasure and profit to the scholarly, earnest and practical discourses which have fallen from their lips.

Cochrane Street Church has been privileged in having in the Pastorate, divines, eloquent and practical in discourse and wise in administration. The Rev. George J. Bond, B.A., was the first pastor, and was followed by Revs. George Vater, Joseph Parkins, F. R. Duffill, John Pratt, George Paine, James Pincock, F. W. W. Des Barres, B.A., and H. P. Cowperthwaite, D.D., the present occupant of the position.

Distinctive in talent, different in method and varied in age as the above ministers were, they each recognized the fact that Cochrane Street was essentially a "young people's church." What a privilege to minister to those who are upon the threshold of life! The sapling may be straightened and trained at will, but the full-grown tree defies your efforts, and your trouble is for naught. What an influence has been exerted upon the young men and women who for nigh a quarter of a century have passed in and out of Cochrane Street Church portals! Some are to-day labouring as Ministers of the Gospel in this and other lands, while we claim as ours the first lady missionary to the foreign field, in the person of Mrs. A. Pinsent who leaves for Japan in August next. And has not the young manhood and womanhood of Cochrane Street had its influence upon the pastors? We dare venture the opinion that it has. Who is there that can come into touch with the vigour and spontaneity of youth and not feel the induction of vitality and virility? Certainly, not a pastor in sympathy with his flock. Why, even the present staid and reverend doctor of divinity, whom we rejoice to acknowledge as pastor, feels the exhilaration and is renewing his youth!

Because Cochrane Street is the Church of the young people, the Sunday School is one of the most important of the organizations in connection therewith. Forty officers and teachers and over four hundred scholars are under the direct superintendence of the Hon. H. J. B. Woods, who, although a Sunday School Superintendent for a quarter of a century, is also a good example of the effect of association with the young, in that he does not seem to get older, but rather younger, as the years roll by.

The Epworth League, with Mr. W. J. Milley as President, is also a young people's organization in connection with Cochrane St. Church. It provides the machinery and the opportunity for the carrying out of practical work by the young people of the church along the lines of Christian Endeavour, relief of distress, visitation of the sick, and literary culture. Other departments there are in connection with this church, dealing with matters spiritual and matters physical, for we believe in looking after the body as well as the soul.

We cannot pass, however, without reference to the musical services for which this church is noted. This work centres in Mr. Arthur Mews, who, in August of this year, will have completed twenty-five years of service as an Organist, having first played in the old Gower Street Church in August 1880. The

choir at present consists of twenty-five picked voices—ladies and gentlemen—and is noted not only for its fine singing, but also for the *esprit de corps* which exists amongst the members, from the basso profundo—Mr. S. H. Parsons, who is another "young man"—down to the rosy-cheeked youngest soprano. The Anniversary Services of the Sunday School are marked by special singing by the scholars, which we think cannot be excelled anywhere.

The church interior is adapted to meet the demands which the congregation make upon it. The auditorium, capable of seating from 900 to 1,000 people, is most comfortable and home-like. The finish is in pitch-pine, which has become of a dark rich colour with the lapse of time. The pulpit and communion are of walnut, while the walls, painted a light green, form a pleasant and restful contrast. The school rooms are under the church proper, and are divided into main room, primary rooms, class rooms and library.

The presiding genius of this church is the Rev. Doctor Cowperthwaite, a man widely known and highly esteemed, not only in Newfoundland, but also in the neighbouring Continent.



REV. H. P COWPERTHWAITE, M.A., D.D.

DR. COWPERTHWAITE was born at Sheffield, N. B., on November 30th, 1838, was ordained at Halifax in 1867, and graduated at Mount Allison College, taking the degree of A.B. in 1867, A.M. in 1870, and D.D. in 1903. The Doctor was stationed on the following Circuits before coming to Newfoundland: In New Brunswick, at Sussex Vale, Fairville, and at Queen Square, St. John; in Nova Scotia, at Pugwash, Windsor, and Horton; in Prince Edward Island, at Tryon, Cornwall, and Charlottetown, arriving in Newfoundland July 15th, 1890. His first charge was Gower Street—the mother church—where he was a successful pastor for three years; then George Street, and Carbonear. After spending three years on this last named Circuit, Gower Street unanimously invited him for a second term. He remained there for four years, then coming to Cochrane Street where he is just completing his second year.

The Church has highly honoured the reverend gentleman, he having been elected President of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference in 1889, and President of the Newfoundland Conference in 1896.

Dr. Cowperthwaite was married in July, 1867 to Miss Annie S. Buchanan, daughter of W. M. Buchanan, Esq., of Glasgow, Scotland, sometime Lecturer in Chemistry and Geology in connection with the University of Glasgow.

Dr. and Mrs. Cowperthwaite have three children—Dr. Walter, of Sydney, C. B., Dr. Hunter, of this city, and Mrs. March, wife of W. S. March, Esq., Ph. D., also of St. John's.

Rev. Dr. Cowperthwaite is a man of large experience, broad views and deep sympathies; a man who keeps abreast of the thought and the movement of the age; liberal enough to give a chance to the new idea, but sufficiently conservative to keep it from ousting the old idea till it had proved its right to do so. Can you wonder at the attractiveness of the preaching of such a man; at the eloquence born of close kinship and sympathy with mankind; at the pointed and practical thought coming out of an experience of over half a century? What a privilege for the young people of Cochrane Street Church to have such a one to inspire them with faith and hope! Aye, and for the old people, too, who appreciate the good Doctor to the full, and wish him many years of happy service in proclaiming the glad tidings of the old Gospel.

A Faithful Friend.

By W. P. Wornell, Brigus.

WHEN times of grief and sorrow come,
And life seems wrapped in fruitless aims;
Who has not found a joy untold,
To have a friend to share his pains?

When 'midst the highways of our life
The great mad world looms in our view,
And cheering words and looks we need—
Do not we need a friend that's true?

As on this earth we often meet
With disappointment and despair;
And troubles thickly round us rise;
How good to have a friend who's dear?

As one lone being on an isle
Finds no one to caress or cheer,
So does a friendless youth in life
Miss that which others hold so dear.

Oh! who can value half the worth
Of one, to whom our deepest thought
We can relate, and feel secure,
Because his heart with love is wrought?

Be it our aim to find a friend,
That in a time of trouble stands
Ready with fond word to heal
The aching heart, with prompt amends.

When home surroundings are no more
But city's din is in our ears,
And home's fond hearts are far away,
And strangers chance to heighten cares.

Then some one's love we crave, to fill
The vacant spot our hearts attain
Some loving faces us to greet,
To cheer and raise our hopes again.

Oh! can this earth a picture show
That's sadder than a friendless life?
Or can an artist paint the joy
Of one who's found a loving wife?

Oh! how we feel our pulses thrill;
When some one whom we love has given
A token of their love returned,
Of hopes fulfilled, of barriers riven.

May friends be true in word and deed,
And seek to act as good, as true,
As doth become a constant friend,
For then no fault there'ill be to rue.

My First Salmon.

By Dan. Carroll.

FAR up the river the cascades leap,
The shallow rapids in tumult sweep,
The deep brown tints where the waters sleep
Are lit by the glint and gleeming
Of sun-flecked foam that weaves in glee;
But this shadow holdeth a charm for me,
So I'll stay to find of what mystery
The still deep pool is dreaming.

The flies with an artful hand I've hung;
The line is long and the cast is flung,
And drawn close up where the rattle plays,
With expectant hand and steady:
Graceful it sweeps o'er the waters clear,
When presto!—a thrill akin to fear—
A roll—a plunge—a strike! a cheer;
Then the captor's instincts my spirit sways,
And my staunch canoe stands ready.

The rod is raised and the reel awakes;
Oh ye who've fished over teeming lakes,
Who know how the "Silver Doctor" takes,
Know, too, of the joy that thrilled me
As melts the line from the reel away:
Will he never pause, will he never stay?
Is the pent-up thought that fills me.

Oh the screaming reel and the wild career
Of that racing fish, and the straining
For victory;
The repeatedly
Recovered line, and the gaining
Of advantage grand,
As we near the strand,
Where the glitt'ring sand is drifted;
Till it seemed to me,
In my ecstacy
E'en the green-brown rocks they lifted
Their sparkling heads o'er the waters clear,
And the deeper currents swelling,
The song of the crystal spray to hear,
For I ween that the river far and near
The tale of the chase was telling.

* * * * * *

That full fulfilment of promised joy.
I travelled a thousand miles to know;
Now oft comes a whisper, "Rise and go
There are greater gods than Mammon."
And I dream of that river far away,
Lit by a halo of silv'ry spray,
Where I caught a wonderous fish one day,
My first, my brave first salmon.

Over the city's ceaseless roar,—
The scream of traffic's relentless war;—
The noise of the million restless feet
On the hot parched pavement falling;—
There comes a song to me evermore,
From the wooded banks of a stream afar.
"Come from the dust of the city street,
Here is the sportsman's true retreat.
Come where the lakes are beauteous, come!
This land of mine is the hunter's home
Where antlered monarchs in freedom roam
Thro' vistas of scenes enthralling."
Ever o'er Gotham's ceaseless beat
Of monster works, and the furnace heat;
"Finances frenzy"; the "set's" deceit;
To the heart of my longings in accents sweet,
The voice of the Humber is calling.



HUMBER RIVER.

An Interesting Jetter from an Old Newfoundlander.

WE have much pleasure in reproducing the following letter from a subscriber in Australia. Although he is 91 years old, his handwriting, his own assertion to the contrary notwithstanding, is as firm as that of many a man not half his years. The Mr. Grieve he speaks of was uncle of Mr. Walter Baine Grieve, of this city. Some of our older readers may remember the writer, so we give his letter in full, and incidently illustrate the saying, that the QUARTERLY, like its namesake the Newfoundlander, is found in all parts of the world.

"MOOLARA," South Yarra, Melbourne, Feb. 1st, 1905.

Mr. John J. Evans, 34 Prescott Street, St. John's, Nfld.:

Dear Sir,—Thanks for THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY, which duly came to hand. The contents send me back to my early days in dear old Terra Nova, the land of my birth, 6th March, 1814, when my grandfather, Sheriff Bland, was then High Sheriff of the Island. And among other interesting names and places, I see the photo. of my good old friend Mr. Walter Grieve, who must now be somewhere near my own age, and glad am I to see he looks so hale and hearty. Many other names I see must be sons of those I knew so well. Should you see Mr. Grieve tell him I am still in the land of the living; but my dear wife, whom he will likewise remember, passed away about eight years ago. He will remember our marriage, as he was my *best man* at it. The Rev. Francis Vey was Curate of the church here, of which I am senior warden, but is now over in Aukland, New Zealand. He writes me he is very happy and comfortably placed there. Old age is making my hand shake, but general health good. Excuse this yarn, I only intended it to enclose subscription for two years of "The Newfoundland Quarterly." Yours very truly.

J. B. HUTTON.

MEMO.—I find the Post Office here cannot give an order *direct*, but that the London office will send the order on, and that you will find it at the Post Office in your own city. Our money is still £ s. d., so the order is for 5s. stg. They tell me this is the first P. O. Order ever issued here for your part of the world, and could give *me* no document to enclose.

J. B. H.

Dressy Ladies

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Corner Adelaide & New Gower Streets.

CONSTABULARY FIRE DEPARTMENT.---FIRE ALARM TELEGRAPH.

EASTERN DISTRICT.

NO. LOCATION OF BOXES.

12—Temperance Street, foot Signal-hill Road.
13—Factory Lane.
14—Water Street, foot Cochrane Street.
15—Duckworth Street, corner King's Road.
16—Cochrane Street, corner Gower Street.
17—Colonial Street, corner Bond Street.
18—Water Street, East.
112—Inside Hospital, Forest Road, special box.
113—Penitentiary, corner Quidi Vidi Road.
114—Military Road, corner King's Bridge Road
115—Circular Road, corner Bannerman Road.
116—King's Bridge Rd., near Railway Crossing
117—Opposite Government House Gate.
118—Rennie's Mill Road.

CENTRAL DISTRICT.

21—Head Garrison Hill.
22—Water Street, foot Prescott Street.
23—Water Street, foot McBride's Hill.
24—Gower Street, corner Prescott Street.
25—Court House Hill.
26—Duckworth Street, corner New Gower Street.
27—Cathedral Square, foot Garrison Hill.
28—Long's Hill, and corner Livingstone Street.
221—Military Road, Rawlins' Cross.
223—Hayward Avenue, corner William Street.
224—Maxse Street.
225—Gate Roman Catholic Orphanage, Belvedere.
226—Carter's Hill and Cookstown Road.
227—Lime Street and Wickford Court.
228—Freshwater Road and Cookstown Road.
231—Scott Street, corner Cook Street.
232—Inside Savings' Bank, special box.
233—Flemming Street.
234—Queen's Road, corner Allen's Square.
235—Centre Carter's Hill.

WESTERN DISTRICT.

31—Water Street, foot Adelaide Street.
32—New Gower Street, corner Queen Street.
34—Waldegrave and George Street.
35—Water Street, foot Springdale Street.
36—Water Street, foot Patrick Street.
37—Head Pleasant Street.
38—Brazil's Square, corner Casey Street.
39—Inside Boot & Shoe Factory, special box.
312—Horwood Factory.
313—LeMarchant Rd., head Springdale St.
331—LeMarchant Rd., head Barter's Hill.
332—Pleasant Street.
334—Patrick Street, corner Hamilton Street.
335—Inside Poor Asylum, special box.
336—Torpey's, Cross Roads, Riverhead.
337—Hamilton Avenue, corner Sudbury Street.
338—Flower Hill, corner Duggan Street.
42—Southside, near Long Bridge.
43—Central, Southside.
44—Dry Dock.
45—Southside, West.
46—Road near Lower Dundee Premises.

On the discovery of a fire, go to the nearest box, break the glass, take the key, open the door of the large box, and give the alarm by pulling **the Hook all the way down once,** then let go and listen for the working of the machinery in the box. If you do not hear it, pull again. After giving the alarm, remain at the box, so as to direct the Fire Brigade where to go.

CAUTION.---Persons willfully giving false alarms, or damaging the Fire Alarm apparatus, will be rigorously prosecuted.

"FIRE OUT SIGNAL."---Two strokes on the large Bell, repeated three times, thus: II---II---II.

JOHN R. McCOWEN, Inspector-General.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

WHEREAS considerable difficulty has been experienced in Departments of His Majesty's Government in England in connection with the attestation of signatures to documents executed in this Colony and required for use by Foreign Governments, by reason of a lack of knowledge of the genuineness of the signatures to the same;

Those of the Public, therefore, who may have occasion to send certificates, or powers of attorney, or judicial acts to any of the Departments of His Majesty's Government in England for legal use in England or in any Foreign Country, are hereby notified that in future they will require to have such documents authenticated in this Colony by His Excellency the Governor or the Officer for the time being administering the Government.

R. BOND,
Colonial Secretary.

Colonial Secretary's Office,
May 11th, 1905.

NEWFOUNDLAND PENITENTIARY.

BROOM DEPARTMENT.

Brooms, Hearth Brushes, Whisks.

A Large Stock of BROOMS, HEARTH BRUSHES and WHISKS always on hand; and having reliable Agents in Chicago and other principal centres for the purchase of Corn and other material, we are in a position to supply the Trade with exactly the article required, and we feel assured our Styles and Quality surpass any that can be imported. Give us a trial order, and if careful attention and right goods at right prices will suit, we are confident of being favoured with a share of your patronage.

☞ All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.

Newfoundland Penitentiary, June, 1905.



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CAPT. CLARK.

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Rates—To New York, Single....$34.00; Return....$60.00; Steerage....$13.00; Return....$25.00
" " Halifax, " .... 18.00; " .... 34.00; " .... 6.00; " 12.00

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E. H. & G. DAVEY, Managers.

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Everything you need for— Camping and Picnic Season.

200 cases Tinned Meats (Armour's & Libby's)
Fruit in Tins, Fruit in Glass.
Pickles, Sauces, Syrups, Cordials.
Irish Hams & Bacon, Irish Pig's Heads, Fidelity Hams & Bacon.

J. D. RYAN,
281 Water Street.

Notice to Mariners.

NEWFOUNDLAND.
No. 2 of 1905.

IRON ISLAND,

Off entrance to Burin, Placentia Bay.

Latitude... 47° 02' 40" North
Longitude.. 55° 06' 50" West.

(Vide Notice to Mariners No. 8, '04.)

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a square pyramidal wood Tower, with flat roofed keeper's dwelling attached to Northern side all painted White, has been erected on Iron Island, from which, on and after the 22nd May, inst., a BELL, struck by machinery, will be sounded during thick or foggy weather, giving ONE STROKE EVERY TEN SECONDS.

ELI DAWE,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries, St. John's, Newfoundland, May 1st, 1905.

Notice to Mariners.

NEWFOUNDLAND.
No. 3 of 1905.

SQUAREY ISLAND,

on the Port hand entrance to Bonavista Harbor.

Latitude... 48° 39' 00" North
Longitude.. 53° 07' 40" West.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a square pyramidal wood Tower, with octagonal drum and lantern, all painted white, has been erected on Squarey Island from which a Fixed Red 6th order Dioptric Light will be exhibited on and after the first day of July (instant).

The light is elevated 57 feet above sea level and should be seen in all directions seaward from a distance of nine miles.

Height from sea level to base of tower 39 feet 6 inches.

Height from base of tower to ventilator on top of lantern 21 feet 9 inches.

The Keeper does not reside at the station.

Owing to the uncertainty of landing on the Island, the light will be continuous and not constantly watched.

ELI DAWE,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries St. John's, Newfoundland, July, 1905.

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151 Duckworth Street, 112 Military Road.

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The Best is
The Best and Cheapest.

G. Browning & Son's

Biscuits and Crackers

Are acknowledged
to be the Best

Sold by all Shop Keepers.

Fifty Varieties.

Supreme Court of Newfoundland.

List of Deputy Sheriffs.

SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

Residence.	Districts.	Names.
Ferryland	Ferryland	George Geary.
Mobile	"	John T. Fitzgerald.
Fermeuse	"	William Trainer.
St. Mary's	Placentia and St. Mary's.	
Salmonier	" "	Francis R. Curtis.
Placentia	" "	A. Collins.
Presque	" "	
Oderin	" "	Peter Manning.
Flat Island	Burin	Howard Parsons.
Burin	" "	Stephen White.
St. Lawrence	" "	Cyrus Beck, sr.
Lawn	" "	
Lamaline	" "	William G. Pittman.
Grand Bank	" "	Eli Harris.
St. Jacques	Fortune Bay	
Belleoram	"	William Grandy.
Pushthrough	"	Joseph Camp.
Harbor Breton	"	Benjamin Chapman.
Burgeo	Burgeo and La Poile	Albert Kelland.
Ramea	" "	Matthew Nash.
Rose Blanche	" "	Prosper A. Garcien.
Channel	" "	James H. Wilcox.
Codroy	St. George	Henry Gallop.
Grand River	"	Thomas B. Doyle.
Robinson's Head	"	Abraham Tilley.
St. George—Sandy Pt.	"	M. E. Messervey.
Wood's Island	"	Simeon Jennex.
Bay of Islands	"	Daniel J. Gilker.
Bonne Bay	St. Barbe	Geo. Halfyard.

NORTHERN DISTRICT.

Residence.	Districts.	Names.
St. Anthony	St. Barbe	James Johnson.
Conche	"	
La Scie	"	Wm. A. Toms.
Tilt Cove	Twillingate	Constable T. Walsh.
Little Bay	"	Thos. E. Wells.
Little Bay Islands	"	Peter Campbell.
Pilley's Island	"	Thomas Roberts.
Leading Tickles	"	William Lanning.
New Bay	"	Peter Moores.
Botwoodville	"	J. T. Bendle.
Exploits	"	George S. Lilly.
Lewisport	"	Alfred G. Young.
Twillingate	"	William Baird.
Moreton's Harbor	"	
Fogo	Fogo	Ambrose Fitzgerald.
Barr'd Island	"	George Foster.
Seldom-Come-By	"	Philip Perry.
Change Islands	"	John Porter.
Gander Bay	"	Robert Pike.
Musgrave Harbor	"	Adam Bradley.
Pinchard's Island	Bonavista	Jacob Hefferton.
Wesleyville	"	Wm. Sainsbury. / Peter Roberts.
Pool's Island	"	
Greenspond	"	Thomas Wornell.
Glovertown	"	Charles Kean.
Gambo	"	
Brooklyn	"	
Salvage	"	John Burden.
Alexander Bay	"	
King's Cove	"	
Bonavista	Bonavista	Noah Verge.
Catalina	Trinity	Isaac Manuel.
Trinity	"	John C. James.
Bonaventure	"	Noah Miller.
Northern Bight	"	Edmond Benson.
Britannia Cove	"	R. Currie.
Shoal Harbor	"	Caleb Tuck.
Clarenville	"	George Janes.
Foster's Point	"	George Leawood.
Bay Bull's Arm	"	
Whitbourne	"	Eliel Noseworthy.
New Harbor	"	George Bussey.
Heart's Content	"	Charles Rendell.
Hant's Harbor	"	A. Targett.
Old Perlican	Bay-de-Verde	Moses Bursey.
Bay-de-Verde	"	Reuben Curtis.
Lower Island Cove	"	Eli Garland.
Western Bay	"	Ewen Kennedy.
Carbonear	Carbonear	Ernest Forward.
Harbor Grace	Harbor Grace	John Trapnell.
Spaniard's Bay	"	Jesie Gosse.
Bay Roberts	"	A. Hierlihy.
Brigus	Port-de-Grave	Benjamin Butler.
Conception Harbor	Harbor Main	William Cole.
Harbor Main	"	James Murphy.
Holyrood	"	William Maher.
Middle Bight	"	William Butler.
Bell Isl'd—Lance Cove.	St. John's East	John H. Ley.
Bell Island—Beach	"	John H. Bennett.
Portugal Cove	"	Edward Harding.

June, 1905.

JAMES CARTER, Sheriff, Newfoundland.
W. J. CARROLL, Sub-Sheriff, "

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The Woodland Caribou.

By W. A. B. Sclater.



SHOT NEAR THE RAILWAY TRACK.

THE "Woodland Caribou" is the only representative of the Great Reindeer family "Cervus Tarandus" found in Newfoundland. Others of the family are Mountain Caribou, Queen Charlotte's Islands; Greenland Caribou, and a smaller one called the Barren Lands Caribou, found on the shores of Hudson's Bay and Northern Labrador.

Our Woodland Caribou is by far the finest of the family, as well as the largest, and is really confined to the *Island*. None of the others approach him in beauty of form, nor do any of them carry such beautiful antlers (many having been taken with from forty to fifty points). There are two migrations each year, one from the south towards the north-west parts of the Island, where in May and June they bring forth their young. The old bucks of the herd then take to the higher ground, and the does to the river banks and small marshes in the woods, where they bring up their young and hide from the bucks, who, it is well known, would kill or maim the fawns through jealousy. Many are destroyed at this time by wolf and lynx. The second migration begins as soon as the weather becomes stormy, and the frosts set in, about the end of October, towards the south-east. Not all, however, come south, as many are found on the barren hills of the north and west all winter. About the end of August and early in September, the does begin to leave the river banks and gather in herds on the higher grounds, and big marshes, where they meet the stags coming up from the north. On the first of October the rutting season begins, and lasts about twenty-five days. After that, if the weather is fine and soft, they move back to their old feeding grounds, and remain till the frosts and snow drive them south. They swim lakes, rivers, and even arms of the sea in their migration.

The males shed their antlers every year, but the females do not, and as a proof that it is so, many does are found in early spring with antlers not coverd with velvet, while others are found in summer with the velvet still on. The horn covering, or velvet as it is called, is formed of minute points of the veins or blood vessels which nourished the antler when growing. The antler at this time is very soft and easily broken, and for this reason the stags keep to the barrens and high lands. After the first of September the bucks begin to *clean their horns* and get the velvet off them. The horn-covering or velvet having been got rid of, a quantity of blood remains on the horn, which gives it the red color so much coveted by sportsmen.

On one occasion I saw a stag cleaning his horns on an old stump in a marsh, near a shallow pond, into which he waded several times, going back each time to the stump for another rub. A long strip of velvet appeared to give him some trouble to get rid of, as he had to make several trips to the old stump before he did so. Was he using the pond as a dressing glass? After the velvet has been all removed the antlers are hard and strong (and they need be), for now the fighting goes on in very earnest, and many a broken antler, and torn hide have I seen by the last of October.

They generally fight with the front feet, rising on their hind legs and striking out with the fore. The outcome of the fight

is pretty hard on the beaten one, as every doe in his herd will join those following his rival. At this time the stags are easily called within range by making a noise rather like the grunting of a pig.

On the Gaff Topsail grounds a few years ago one of the guides with a party of sportsmen put the skin and antlers of a stag over his head, walking out into the marsh gave the usual call. Well! the old gent responded; and had no help been at hand, the old guide would have had a bad half hour; as it was he did not get over the fright for the day. They are easily approached from the leeward side, but with the slightest whiff from windward, they are off back over the track they came by, a practice often taken advantage of by old hunters.

The number of Caribou on the Island has, I think, been greatly over-estimated. I have heard (interested) people say that one million would be near the mark, others again one quarter of that number; but if you leave out the inhabited district, and also that much frequented by people, as well as the great lakes and rivers, and allow three to the square mile, I think that fifty thousand would be nearer the mark. Some one will say that there are more than three to the mile; true, as to some miles, but there are many miles which contain not one: even in the best deer country. I have hunted the famous Gaff-Topsail grounds for days to get meat for camp, without having seen one, and I have found it just the same in other parts of the country during the summer when the deer are scattered all over the feeding grounds.

They suffer greatly from the attacks of the black fly, and also of the deer fly, which deposits its eggs in the hide along each side of the back bone and in the nostrils. Later on those eggs grow to such a size as to completely fill the nostrils, while those deposited near the back bone look like huge black-heads, and if the hide be removed (in June) they will be found to have penetrated the skin, which when dressed will be found full of holes and useless for any purpose. The hair of the Caribou is brittle; and like that of most of the deer family, hollow and very light —a small bag filled with it will keep the weight of a man afloat.

The form of the Caribou's foot is rather curious. Between the toes is a cell-like cavity, which is not seen till the hoof is split open. It is lined with hair, and old hunters call it the scent-bottle, and say that when the deer suspects the approach of an enemy, he lifts the hind foot, smells it, and is off at once. I think, however, that it has something to do with the expanding of the hoof when going over snow or soft marshes. They are easily approached from the lee side, but if they get the slightest whif of you from the windward they are off. They don't appear to trust much to their eyes, for unless moving they take no notice of man.

And now a word as to how the slaughter on the West and North Coasts is carried out. The arrangement is a kind of grub-stake affair. The hunters are fitted out by a local man with powder, shot and provisions, he paying himself out of the proceeds of the trip. The method is this: the hunters go up as far as possible into the country by boat, and camp. They then scatter all over the hills till a herd is found, when the whole party starts together, and one man takes charge. His business is to place the men, with guns, in the different leads, one man in each; and when all is ready he goes round to the windward of the herd and starts driving them towards the leads. The waiting hunter shoots the leading deer, the others turn back to another lead to be met in the same manner, and so on till the deer become so frightened that they flock together, and are often nearly all killed by the hunters who have closed in round them. The number taken would not nearly represent the number destroyed, as about sixty per cent. are does, which would in a few weeks drop their fawns, and many wounded would escape to die in agony in the bush. When the hunters are satisfied—that is when they can get no more—the carcasses are taken to the edge of the ice, to be left there till the steamer calls for them. If mild weather prevails, many are thrown away; but, if frosty, the meat comes to St. John's fresh. Considering the slaughter by market hunters and tourists, the wonder is that they are not decreasing.



Photo by S. H. Parsons.

WHEN MIGRATING THEY SWIM LAKES, RIVERS, AND EVEN ARMS OF THE SEA.

A Yankee's Impressions of Newfoundland

As a Sportsmen's Resort.

By L. F. Brown, New York.

AFTER two visits to Newfoundland and much experience, study and recollection, what most impresses me is the novelty, unexpectedness and absorbing interest of the sylvan scenery. Tundras, headlands, pinnacles, scantily forested barrens, gray moss, bake-apple



GOING UP GRAND LAKE.

berries, and a wildness and remoteness that in regions like upper Red Indian and Grand Lakes and the upper Humber Valley, grip the heart with a half sense of fear, so appalling and removed from human presence are the streams, forests, lakes and mountains. It is not that the caribou shooting is fine, that the trout-fishing is practically omnipresent in the lakes almost always in sight of the traveller or the canoeist, that the grilse and salmon and sea-trout are in every stream, up which they can go from salt water. That sport may be had in Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick in rich measure. The hypnotism of Newfoundland lies rather in her superb loneliness, her majestic repose, and the unusual landscapes.

No man who has a heart can pass through the Humber canon unmoved. Steady Brook Falls, Marble Mountain, the clear, dark river, the cliffs and colors, heights crowned with cedar and spruce, fairly burn their own personalites into the heart of the beholder. No more silent, remote, charming spots than Glover Island of Grand Lake, or Buchan Island where the last of the Red Indians left this world. The weird, strange forms of the Topsails looking down on those leagues of splintered rock; the fantastic forms into which the water has carved the ravines and recesses of Kitty's Brook, the absolute and grateful knowledge of breathing air no one ever breathed before. It is so refreshing and delightful to the man on vacation from the States, to look out on a dozen "ponds," some of them over thirty miles long, others to be seen from both sides of his tent, trail or hunting-trail, and know that practically no one has ever fished there; that no boats are on the smaller lakes, which are yet full of



SHOT AT UPPER HUMBER, BIRCHY LAKE.

trout. The wealth of angling and hunting possibilities is bewildering. And how the country mesmerizes is shown by the fact that after a fortnight in Newfoundland, the views on the return home, as seen from the windows of the train as it passes through Cape Breton, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Maine seem "stale, flat and unprofitable."

The hard, stern life of the natives, their honesty, simplicity, and healthful fortitude and happiness amid such stern experiences, their unfailing courtesy and welcome to the sportsman, and tireless care and attention when camp attendants, the comparative absence of money and the substitution of barter, the meals of canned rabbits, bake-apple sauce, marmalade and inevitable tea, the children swarming in many a tiny home, their good health, and often ragged and bearfooted exposure to wet and cold; the forest fires, hundreds of miles of fire swept



TENTING ABOVE UPPER END OF GRAND LAKE.



LOOKING FOR CARIBOU TRACKS.

country lying in sad ruin and desolation; the softer scenes such as at Bay of Islands and St. George's Pond; the chuckling, racing waters over and between rocks often so thick that the bottom of the stream seems half above it; the Gut and Protestant Chapel at Placentia, the numerous islands at Notre Dame Bay; the salmon swarming up the Falls above Willow Steady on the Humber; the sombre, blue-black Blomidon with snow on its league-long sides, even in August; and superb Serpentine; the unknown regions swarming with caribou west of Fortune Bay; the waters at Holyrood changed in hue by the myriads of caplin that have come to lay their eggs in that sandy beach, the shore piled with the dead fish in a row a foot deep, three feet wide and two miles long; the dull red of the sails everywhere as the cod-fishing smacks go in and out; the flakes, queer smells, moss on the vars and cedars, density of the jungles, thronging robins.



ON A LONG PORTAGE, UPPER GRAND LAKE.

It is an Arcadia full of wild wood-violets all through the short summer. Up Bottom Brook we saw acres of lilies of the valley, blossoming all unseen. Queerly colored orchids bloomed right beside the railroad track at Harry's Brook siding. And those unique, grateful features of Newfoundland made our hearts clasp and hold it with a love that can never cease.

Sport? We took salmon, grilse, sea-trout and brook-trout all right from one pool on Bottom Brook. From Pinch Gut stream, that flows into upper St. George's Pond, I took a twenty-three pound salmon. From the pools of what they call Force de la Plain on Harry's Brook, not over a mile from the Railroad track, I took nine salmon inan hour and half. Oliver Benoit, of Main River, acting as my guide. Sea-trout were taken at pleasure near the pier at Placentia; brook trout that were large enough to make my photographers eyes bulge and to say, "He's got another whale" were taken from Villa Marie Pond.

As I write this, the longing to return to the island is so great as to be almost painful. Every wave and stream seemed to sing a song of welcome to us; each forest around us was like a shelter and benediction. Twice in that far land the writer has drank deep of the fountains of returning health. May it be and remain majestic, grand, and shelter the ardent sportsmen for many and many a long year.

Still the memories of those two vacations throng and haunt us. Deer Lake at evening, Micquelon, the flowers among the sand at City Point. I cannot write soberly of that island.

The Investiture of the Pallium

By His Grace Archbishop Bowley, 23rd June, 1905.

GATHER within the Temple—
Come from afar and near!
Prelates, and priests and people—
As of old, "It's good to be here!"

Come in your joy and gladness—
Come in your faith and love;
For the trembling soul awaiting
Stands stamp'd from the HAND above!

This is his cherish'd birthland!
Climb'd to the "Heights" has he!
Stainless his life and garments—
Simple, yet noble! and we?—

We are his spiritual children—
We are his loving flock—
Proud of the "Keys of Peter"
Proud of the ancient "Rock!"

Proud of the man invested—
In the Church he so adorns!
Proud of the added garlands
Won in a path of thorns!

Bells in yon lofty steeple
Let the peals of your gladness glide
O'er the depths of the throbbing ocean,
To the heart of the forest wide!

For this is his cherished Birthland,
Climb'd to the "Heights" has he;
So gather we in our thousands
This beautiful sight to see!

E. C.

The Arrival of the Mail in the Olden Times.

A False Alarm.

A true story of Old St. John's.

By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D.

ON a morning early in the spring of 182–, a quiver of excitement ran through the old town of St. John's, from the "Rising Sun" to the "Traveller's Joy." The report had spread abroad that a vessel had arrived at Bay Bulls with a large Mail on board. Hence the unwonted stir and bustle.

The time of which I am speaking was long before the establishment of a Regular Mail, or Post Office. Judge Prowse indeed tells us in his History that a "Primitive Post Office" was established as far back as 1805, by Simon Solomon, the father of William Solomon, who was afterwards our first Postmaster-General. The rates for letters from Canada ranged from sevenpence to two shillings and nine-pence half-penny! But this Institution was very "primitive" indeed, and very little availed of.

It was thought much safer and more expeditious to send letters in charge of any private traveller who would be found obliging enough to take them.

The mails from Europe generally came out in care of the captains of the merchant vessels, and were consigned to the Mercantile House to which the ship itself was consigned. The Head of the House or chief agent, became, on the arrival of a vessel, Postmaster for the time being, and distributed the letters and papers to their addresses. During the winter months when the arrivals were few and far between, the receipt of mail was, as may be imagined, a matter of great interest and importance.

On the occasion to which I allude the excitement was more intense than usual. It had been a long hard winter with a continuance of storms, and there had been no arrival in port for the past three months and a half. We had now reached the beginning of April and the snow still lay in deep banks along the country paths and the harbor was blocked with drift ice, and it would have been quite impossible for any vessel to make port. Several were expected with salt and Bridport goods for the coming summer's fishery, but with this interminable ice-blockade no one expected the arrival of a vessel.

Nevertheless, as I stated above, the rumor had started; no one knew how or where, that a vessel had arrived at Bay Bulls. It was one of those strange unaccountable rumors which seem to arise by spontaneous generation. The rumor was vague and undefined at first, but as the morning hours advanced towards noon it began to take more definite shape and form.

It soon began to be bruited abroad that it was the brig *Magnolia*, thirty days out from Bridport, and consigned to Bully & Job; that she had five bags of mails, and that they were now being brought on over-land by some of the crew or some of the men of Bay Bulls. Finally it was definitely stated that the mail would arrive at 3 p.m.

In those days the only way of approach from Bay Bulls to St. John's was by the foot-path over the Long Ridge, through Shoal Bay and Petty Harbour, and thence by the path over the Southside Hill, reaching the Riverhead of St. John's a little above where the Long Bridge now stands.

As the time advanced towards three o'clock a great concourse of people was seen wending their way up the "Lower Path" towards Riverhead: some in anxiety to hear the latest news, others merely attracted by curiosity and the fineness of the weather. There had been a slight snap of frost during the night which had dried up the street, and the walking and sliding were pleasant. The crowd converged towards a well-known tavern called "The Traveller's Joy."

This tavern was kept by one John Cahill, and was situated at the extremity of the town, just where the houses began to thin out and the road to take on the appearance of a country path. It stood about opposite the gate of the present West-End (Victoria) Park. It had a very conspicuous swinging sign-board, on which, besides the names of the tavern and its keeper in brilliant lettering, there were also two poetical distichs. That facing the town ran as follows, addressed to outward bound travellers:

"Before the Traveller's Joy you pass
Step in and take a parting glass!"

while the one on the country side, intended to greet the eye of the returning wayfarer, contained the following enticing invitation:

"Now that your journey's almost over
Step in your spirits to recover!"

The genial Cahil was in his element on this sunny April afternoon. The crowd, though perhaps they could not with any show of decency put forward the plea of "bonâ fidé traveller," still they found it hard to resist the invitation couched in such enticing poetical diction, so many of them while waiting patronized the bar. As a consequence they were in very good humour, and quite an amount of impromptu amusement and fun was indulged in.

Promptly at three o'clock, five strapping young fellows were seen just emerging from the low copse of underwood that capped the brow of the Southside Hill, each carrying on his back a large bag containing the long expected mail: the letters and newspapers of the last three or four months. As the boys appeared in full view, striding along down the hill-side, a great shout of welcome rang out from the excited crowd, while the elder and more sedate ones already revelled by anticipation in the feast of literature and general news of the world which they should enjoy for the next couple of weeks in perusing the latest newspapers. There were very few magazines in those days, only the *Gentleman's Magazine*, *The Rambler*, *The Mechanics'*, *The Penny Magazine*, and a few others.

It was not long before the mail carriers had reached the foot of the hill and crossed the river on the ice, for it was not yet broken up, and they were received with unrepressed demonstrations of joy. The bags were taken from them and placed on a couple of dogslides that were in waiting and were soon on the way at full speed to Bully & Job's office which was down near the lower end of the town. The excited crowd followed after, while some took care of the couriers, bringing them into Cahil's and getting a good meal for them and probably a small libation of the beverage so highly lauded on the poetical sign-board. Some endeavoured to get by *viva voce* the news of the day from the boys, but either they were very stupid, or they were too fatigued by their journey—for they seemed to have but very vague ideas concerning the arrival of the *Magnolia*, and indeed their reports seemed almost contradictory one of another, so after a short time it was found that nothing of any interest could be got from them, and they were let alone. They quietly de-

parted and wended their course towards some of the straggling lanes at the back of the town up near the "Cribbies," or Lazy Bank and Pokham Path, and were soon lost to sight, and could not afterwards be found.

In the mean time the crowd who followed the mail had now gathered about the front entrance to Bully & Job's premises, anxiously awaiting the distribution of the contents of the mail-bags, only some twenty or more privileged ones, heads of Mercantile Houses, agents, magistrates, and other officials being allowed in to witness the solemn and momentous performance of the opening of these precious deposits. The bags were found duly sealed, so that there had been no tampering with them. But when the strings of the first bag were cut, the seal opened, and the contents dumped out on to the counter, to the amazement and stupefaction of all present instead of letters and newspapers a pile of *shavings!* appeared before them! Each one looked at the other, but no one spoke. There were no written or vocal words which could express the feelings then existing in the minds of the spectators.

The head clerk rushed frantically for the second bag, cut it open quickly—out came another select assortment of number one cooper's chips!

By this time amazement began to give way, in the lighter hearted ones to amusement, and an audible titter was beginning to make itself heard. The head-clerk on whom had devolved the duty of opening the bags, began to feel somehow as if he were being made the butt of the laughter, and began indignant'y to bundle the bags out of the room.

Some of those present however remonstrated,—

"No, no," they said, "open them all. Let us see it out."

"You'll have kindling enough for a month to come, at all events."

"Open out, open out! There may be one bag of letters yet,"—and so on.

The clerk, though feeling somewhat chagrined, began again and turned out the rest of the bags on to the floor. Some contained hay, some dry leaves, some moss, and so forth. At last on opening up the fifth bag, right at the very bottom of it, appeared a large official envelope, closed with a massive seal in red wax, bearing the Royal Arms. It was addressed

"To the worthy and intelligent
Citizens of St. John's,
Newfoundland."

By this time the spectators had all recovered their good humour, and loud laughter and jokes passed round. The discovery of the envelope, however, caused a hush of expectation: and cries of "Open, open!" were heard on all sides. With a hand slightly trembling, the clerk broke the seal. Inside the envelope was contained a large sheet of official foolscap, neatly and professionally folded.

On opening it, they saw two words only, clearly engrossed in a fine round legal hand, in the centre of the first page, namely:

"APRIL FIRST."

MORAL.—St. John's possessed practical jokers then, as well as now.



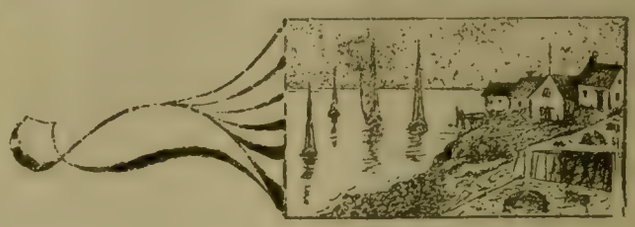
Solicitude.

By Dan. Carroll.

THE bay looks out upon the main,
Where snow-white sail and stately mast,
Fanned by the summer breeze go past,
And sighs, "Will they come back again
Those ships of mine?"

The storm is raging on the deep,
The thunder peals; the fierce winds shout:
Across the foam the bay looks out;
And murmurs plaintively, "God keep
Those ships of mine."

Bright stars look down upon the sea,
On home-bound fishing boats, and down
Upon a little fishing town;
The bay is shouting joyously,
"Right bravely ye return to me,
Oh, ships of mine!"



Memories---Grave and Gay.

By Rev. Canon Pilot, D.D., D.C.L., I.S.O.

II.

IN the Act for the Subdivision of the Education Grant for Protestant Education, no provision was made for the Examination of Teachers. In my first report (1876) to His Excellency the Governor, I "respectfully recommended the Legislature to make it imperative upon all Teachers to present themselves for Examination within a reasonable period." The Act of that year made such Examination permissive only, and operations under it began in the December following. One very important change, however, was made in that Act, viz.: the indenturing of Pupil Teachers to the Superintendent. Before this it was customary for a Pupil Teacher to be bound to serve his Nominating Board. But the conditions of the service were as much observed in the breach as in the performance of them. They were never enforced, and at least twenty-five per cent. of



REV. CANON PILOT, D.D., D.C.L., I.S.O., (AUTHOR).

Pupil Teacher (then so-called) gave no return for the money spent upon their education. At the loss of their patronage Boards raised a storm of opposition, which speedily subsided when the abuses which had obtained under the old plan were made public. I have said the Act of 1876 made Examination of Teachers permissive only. Boards continued to engage graded or ungraded Teachers. The latter were much disinclined to face the ordeal. In 1878 with a view of stimulating them to do so, I recommended the Government to attach a direct money value to each Certificate according to its grade—the money to be paid direct to Teachers from the Treasury; and in the following year, 1879, my recommendation was adopted, and the Education Act amended. This Act required all Teachers to be examined within a period of two years, and obliged Boards to employ as Teachers such persons only as had obtained a grade. Two thousand dollars were provided for payment of Bonus. Out of these circumstances arose considerable heart-burnings and trouble. I was looked upon as a being bursting with importance, positively inflated with official gas, and every scheme was devised to get quits with me. The cry was for the old palmy days, but the Government most willingly backed up the Superintendents, and the inquisition began.

I have said already that my teachers were of all classes and kinds. I call to mind four run-away man-of-wars-men not by any means bad fellows, who stuck to their guns assiduously until it was rumored that one of H.M.S. was in the neighbourhood, and then for a time they were *non sunt inventi.* Two of them had assumed borrowed names. There were three runaway sailors from ships in port, another was a Cambridge man (who had kept all but his last term) son of a dignitary of the Church in England,and whom I was instrumental in restoring to his family circle. Another was the son of a noted clergyman who entered the field of controversy with Wilberforce, the Bishop of Oxford, and yet another son of a clergyman, fellow of his College in Cambridge. I could go on with such examples of my early Teachers. Suffice to say all these with one hundred and more besides had to qualify for grade, or leave their lucrative positions.

I notified all Teachers of the change in the law, and appointed centres for the examination within a given radius. In St. John's these examinations had become familiar with Pupil Teachers for three or four years, and so far as the Capital is concerned there is nothing out of the ordinary to relate concerning them. Though it may not be out of place to say that the present Chief Clerk in the Prothonotary's office in St. John's Newfoundland was the first to receive a Certificate of qualification from any Board of Examiners.

In the outports such examinations were indeed novelties. In one of the centres in Conception Bay I secured for the purpose a suitable room, and arranged the day before the place where each of the Candidates was to sit; and with necessary stationery provided was ready for the fatal day. My every movement had been watched, canvassed and criticized. What was the meaning of all this fuss? There were a dozen to be examined, all old men, and family men as well. I had been advised to prepare for permission to "leave the room" and had arranged all that was necessary behind some easels and blackboards in one corner of it. At 9 a.m. sharp on the day appointed I was at my post. Nervously suspicious one by one the Candidates ambled in, each secreting as he did so the dudeen that had been his post prandial comfort. I saluted each with a "good morning," and indicated his seat. I was eyed as if I were some cruel ogre. One was late in arriving. He told me the Chairman of his Board, had been the cause of it, and so he had been, for after the day was over that gentleman assured me "I had the work of the world to induce —— to go into the Examination. 'Sir,' said he to the Chairman, 'if 'twasn't for the disgrace of the thing, I'd just as soon be going to be hanged. What is he going to do with us?'"

It was not long before every one set to work. On the whole my questions were simple enough. The two papers that floored them completely were the grammar and school management papers. The examination lasted but one day, but that one day's work was a great strain upon their mental and physical powers, and besides, with more than the Candidates, it was a long time between smokes.

Two of this batch obtained the coveted parchment from the Board of Examiners. With the others we dealt leniently, accepting what was satisfactory and giving them supplementary exams. as they became prepared. I brought them in couples to St. John's, where in the Central Training School they got sufficiently coached to pass. All returned to their posts; much more important in their own, and their neighbour's eyes than when they left them, and all destined to return and to keep to the well beaten rut of years gone by. One refused to come to St. John's, and he thereby became disqualified to act as Teacher. I only remember him as one who threatened my life, and who to show his disgust of me turned Methodist. He went the way of all flesh soon afterwards.

One or two memories of this centre are fresh in my mind—my diary of all these early times were burnt in the fire of 1892, merciful relief! One whom I had brought to St. John's to "qualify" brought into the room on the day of examination some written helps, contrary to the law in such case made and provided. He was caught *flagrante delicto*, and was dismissed from the room. At 10 o'clock that night his wife called to me at my house and begged me to forgive her wicked spouse. She was a strenuous body, and had come to town to look after her man. She assured me of her husband's repentance, and gave me a solemn promise such should never happen again. What was I to withstand such pleading? I relented and forgave, and six month's later gave the recalcitrant another examination which he passed. He was for many years after a useful Teacher, but I am sure he always disliked to see me, and bore a secret grudge against me.

The case of another of these worthy old fellows was a sad one. He had spent six months in St. John's, won the magic scroll that was to be the open sesame to any school in the Island; but alas! even the one he had left he never entered again, nor for the matter of that, any other school as a Teacher. Before he became a Domine he had prosecuted the Labrador fishery, and what is not unusual in such cases (I appeal to a knowing public) he fell behind with his merchant. Now, that mercator was an influential member of his School Board, and thought this a suitable opportunity to sue his quondam dealer for arrears due. The case came before the Court, the defendant pleaded the statute of limitation and gained a verdict.

This was magnified into a "dishonest transaction" unworthy of a dignified schoolmaster. He received his conge on this account, and had to seek a living outside of the educational fold. He declined all my offers of other schools. He had house, land and family in his own place, and preferred these with hardships, to pastures new and comfort.

At another centre in Trinity Bay I had a like class to examine, attended with pretty much the same kind of results. All, with one exception came to St. John's—an uncongenial atmosphere for many of them. Here they qualified, and with gladdened hearts returned to follow in their accustomed ways. It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks. But the one exception. He had seen better days, and before he took to teaching had been captain of foreign-going ships. He was of a noble, aristocratic bearing, of a genial countenance, and of gentle and gracious manners. In his younger days he had received a suitable education, not mixed up with the new-fangled notions of subject and predicate, of complements and adjuncts. He had followed the sea for nigh on fifty years. All his language was nautical. His pupils were "chaps," his classes "gangs," his dismissal—"coil up."

He seemed to scorn the simplicity of the arithmetic questions. Had these been on some subtle trigonometrical problem he would have been quite at home, and felt honoured. But a simple Bill of Parcels.—Pish! But he did make out the simple transactions proposed, and it was—

Timothy Snipcheese bought of
Jonathan Mousetrap.

His answer to the question on the Reformation of religion in England was: "'Twas the casting of Master Pope out of the ship of the Church of England."

One of the questions called for "a composition on the place in which you live." His answer was touchingly pathetic. "I live in ——. I was born in London. There is a great difference between the two places. My home was amid the busy throng. My present abode is amid high and lonely hills, which recall to my mind the words of the Poet—

'When e'er I take my walks abroad,
How many 'ills I see.'"

"In fact," he wound up, "this is not the place to make a man say with the Apostle, 'Lord, it is good for us to be here.'" He received his parchment.

I have said my notes and diaries of these early school-days were lost (providentially no doubt) in the fire of 1892, and hence all I have said is from memory. I had some racy howlers. One worthy thought that John Bright brought in the incurable disease, another that the "barrens" were too much for King John; another that Governor Glover had been a slave driver at the W. Coast of Africa; while another described the Premier of the Colony as the man that had the givings out of all the Jobs, and another with perhaps a little more truth, that the people elected the members to the House of Assembly aud they acted accordingly. But then, these are the days that are past. It is all different now—Eh?

A June Idyl.

By Eros Wayback.

THE odorous breath of June pervades the ambient air,
Here, thro' the fervid noon, I lie in her arms fair.
By the banks of a purling brook, where the mavis comes to sing
I stretch in a bosky nook, and list to the carroll of spring;

And dream of the glamorous time when all the world seemed fair;
And I in youthful prime oft sought this umbrageous lair.
For a moment free from care, afar from the haunts of men;
Alone I now repair, to muse in this verdured glen.

The brook in its sinuous course doth babbling still rehearse
Its tale of mead and gorse in rippling runic verse.
Its plaintive speech the same, meandering to the shore,
As when in the past I came, in the jubilant days of yore.

And my ear is still attune to its sibilant, murmuring bent,
E'en as in that golden June, we strayed by its banks, Annete!
Nor, yet, hath scienced lore quite banished all its fays,
For, like songs of the troubadour, still they haunt my later days.

It springs from a crystal bed, afar in the gleaming west;
And, now, by a plain doth spread its placid and glassy breast.
Again, with a rippling song it drops from a rocky height,
And around its spray is flung in a gossamer veil of light.

Anon, by the alder row, and now by yon drooping birch,
For a moment stops its flow where the mavis holds its perch.
But wends it slow or fast, by wood or dell or lea,
It sinks with a moan at last, in the grip of the ruthless sea.

To me it's a sentient thing, with its garrulous, bubbling prate,
And now seems a dirge to sing, on the verge of impending fate.
Oh, stream! how like unto thee, man's varying lifetide flows,
From birth to eternity's sea, when the waves of oblivion close!

May those of the Borderland hitherward, still draw near,
And the interspace be spanned, once passed from this terrene sphere?
For, me thought, I heard the tread, the rustling robe of a maid,
As of old she oft-times sped in laughter across yon glade!

And my breast held a pleased alarm, e'en if my thoughts mislead,
To think that a vanished form stood out from the shrouded dead!
To dream that the turf-crowned fair should stand in an erstwhiles guise,
With the sheen on her braided hair, and love in her placid eyes!

To dream that the shoonless feet again by this stream should roam,
As in that June, Annete, you tripped by its feathery foam!
To dream, as in days of yore you stood in your beauty rare,
When I sought for the flower you wore, the rose in your banded hair!

But you tread the 'golden street,' afar from the birchy bower,
Only memory now, Annete, remains,—and a faded flower!
Afar from this haunted Brook, I'll seek surcease of thought,
Its breast is a graven book with dead-past scenes re-wrought!

Once more to the cities of men, where hurries the jostling throng,
I'll flee from this memoried glen and the Brook's old troublous song!

Poultry Farming, and How to Make it Pay.

By E. A. Elgee, P.S., A.D.C.

II.

UNDER the conditions named in a previous article i.e. a good chicken house, scratching shed, which should, if possible, admit the sun, and a good egg-laying strain of fowls, it may be interesting to note the principles observed by American and Canadian farmers to obtain a good supply of eggs in the winter. It is almost altogether a question of common sense. No hard and fast laws of diet can be laid down—like human beings hens have their idiosyncracies. However, there are two things indispensable to every breed—exercise and sufficient food. A scratching shed with a bed of straw or peat moss litter some twelve inches deep supplies the first named, if the grain fed is scattered about twice a day in small quantities. A cabbage or some other green food hung up just out of reach is also to be recommended. With regard to the food indispensable, let us first consider the constituent parts of an egg itself not contained in sufficient quantities in the grain food. They are roughly—phosphates, albumen, salt. In the summer when hens are in the fields they obtain these readily. In winter confinement, therefore, one should make use of ground bone, ground meat and salt. The animal life consumed in summer by a hen escapes ones notice, but it is a very important item and accounts for their egg-laying capacity to a great extent. Fresh water and charcoal (as a corrective) are also necessaries, and without grit a hen cannot digest its food.

When fowls have yard range, one pound of green cut bone and one quart of grain fed at night should be sufficient for sixteen hens per day in winter. Vary this by feeding household scraps and a hot evening mash of meal mixed with steamed hay and clover. The green cut bone is a highly concentrated food and one ounce per diem is sufficient for each hen. The green bone should, of course, be ground up in a bone-cutting machine before use. Patent egg producers are not to be recommended.

Now turn to the hen itself. After it is two and a half years you can expect very few winter eggs. The warmer you can keep your hens without artificial heat the more eggs will be laid and the sooner will they become broody. The difficulty of getting fertilized eggs in the early spring is overcome by giving plenty of exercise and keeping the eggs, which are intended for the incubators, warm. The living germ in a winter egg is often killed by the cold. With regard to the incubator, the only thing to be noticed is that best results are obtainable when it is not filled to its utmost capacity. Success, otherwise, seems to depend on common sense and attention. The right way of feeding young chickens is a very open question, but there is one thing conclusively proved from numerous trials—the best way to bring them on quickly and to increase their bone and size is to give plenty of animal food. Green or fresh bones from the butcher, and ground up, MUST be fed with their other food—especially in the case of ducklings. The generality of poultry in Newfoundland at the present moment is of the most wretched and degenerate type—undersized and small boned. And here let everybody note that a bird weighing four pounds does not eat twice as much as one which weighs two pounds, but only a very little more, which is more than made up by the size of egg and the bird's value when ready for the table. A hen of the large breeds, when laying, requires about 4 oz. of food per diem; Leghorns, while laying, require about 3¼ oz. per diem. The same applies to the turkeys and ducks.

It will be interesting here, to mention what other countries expect of their poultry in this respect. Just compare the following authenticated weights of poultry plucked for the table:—Orpington Pullets, 21 lbs.; Farmyard Cockerels, 24 lbs.; Farmyard Pullets, 17 lbs.; Pekin Ducks, 15 lbs.; Turkey Cocks, 59 lbs.; Turkey Hens, 49 lbs. These of course have been crammed, but fancy our wretched little small-boned 1-lb. hens ever aspiring to reach to 17 lbs., and our 8-lb. turkeys to 49 lbs.!

To remedy this one must have plenty of new blood, and the right stock to distribute throughout the Island. The only way to effect it, as far as one can see, is to start a Poultry Association with a small member's subscription, with its centre in St. John's, and possibly Branches in other districts later. The object of the Association would be (1) to breed the right kind of poultry and to sell them to members at cost price—probably about half what it would cost to import; (2) to supply technical information.

Both Ireland and Denmark have benefited largely of late years from Associations. In 1895, the latter country exported $2,000,000 worth of eggs, whilst in 1903, the value had quadrupled itself to $8,000,000. In Ireland large district have become suddenly prosperous from the far reaching effects of treating the egg industry scientifically, backed up by Associations of the kind mentioned. Surely, therefore, the home market could be supplied in Newfoundland, and profitably to both producer and consumer!



SPORT IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Harry Bessemer's Investment.

A Novelette of Newfoundland Life.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

SYNOPSIS OF PART I.

HARRY BESSEMER, a Departmental Clerk, but a man of wealth, meets Elvire Exonton, who he fancies dislikes him, at a party. Next day he discovers that her father, a merchant, is on the verge of financial ruin. Solely from patriotic motives, to save the timber lands from German control, he offers to lend Exonton sufficient money to save him. At length the latter consents, and the transfer is made.

NEWFOUNDLANDERS, with all their faults, are patriotic, and it need not excite any wonderment that Bessemer was ready to risk a large part of his means in such a venture. It would therefore be idle to question if during the transaction the vision of eyes with

> Glances where such depth of purple lies
> As rests upon the deep when sunset dies
> O'er some great northern bay,

haunted him. It was certainly with no conscious thought of them that this was done. It was all for his country's interests, as he understood them. He, with Mr. O'Hara the lawyer, and Mr. Eyre, the Notary Public, was to take dinner with the merchant the next day. Meanwhile he returned to the office, and made Mr. McLean acquainted with enough of what had passed to give him a fairly clear idea of how things had gone. The Minister said little, but perhaps he thought the more on that account.

PART II.

"Well, did he propose last night?"

"Hardly," answered Elvire, smilingly. "I am not sure that his supposed passion for me is not all a delusion."

"Oh, well, what everybody says must be true: my dear Elvire, I am convinced of it. It may be that he is a little backward, on account of his present anomalous position, but with his means that need not matter."

"But, even if it should be so," answered Elvire with a slight show of asperity, "he need not appear so sure of me. But I do not believe he has any thoughts beyond the ambition of being the social and political leader of the country. I cannot imagine him loving passionately; his would be merely a marriage which would serve to strengthen his social position; and it is hardly likely that he has marked me out for the honor of being his consort."

"Be that as it may," her friend replied, "he can offer more to his wife than any other young man in the island."

"I do not think that would attract me," said Elvire, with a slight drawing up of her slender frame:—and the talk drifted to other matters, and the subject of the dinner last night did not recur.

Elvire supposed there must be something in all this that Mrs. Teddy Nicholson hinted at so persisently. Her friend could hardly appear so sure of what was quite non-existent. But perhaps the matter was not so unexplicable after all. Bella Nicholson had married somewhat beneath her. All her smartness had only enabled her to capture a young man who held a quite subaltern position in the office of the Minister of Finance and Customs. Nicholson was not really stupid, but he had not much political or social influence. His wife was not slow to see, therefore, that when Bessemer came to the front, it would be greatly to her husband's—and her—advantage, to have Bessemer allied to her dearest friend. Bella Nicholson knew something of the wheels within wheels. And she was not slow to suggest what she had now, perhaps, come to believe; namely, that Bessemer intended to ask Elvire's hand. Nor did she lose any opportunity for a disinterested urging of Bessemer's suit, at which Bessemer, had he known it, would have been greatly surprized, and not a little offended. But Elvire suspected nothing of all this intrigue on Mrs. Nicholson's part, and was inclined to believe either that Bella was mistaken, or that Bessemer was inclined towards her for mere reasons of convenience. She had lately, with a not unnatural curiosity, looked for some symptoms of partiality on Bessemer's part, but had not found any, which had piqued her a very little.

A few nights after the conversation above recorded was the long talked of Concert in aid of the Home for Indigent Gentlewomen, which was held in the College Hall. The magnificient Auditorium was packed; all the beauty and fashion were present, all the best talent of St. John's was on the platform.

Bessemer, who rarely attended Concerts, went as it were by accident to this, and arriving just before the Concert began, was a little surprised to find that Elvire was to sing. He, of course, knew that her voice was of more than ordinary excellence, though she was hardly a "popular singer;" but he had never heard her sing in public. He had thought a very little about her since the night he had been to Exonton's to dinner; and seeing her name again, in print, had revived that slight interest: and he confessed to himself a feeling of impatience which made him smile, until her number was reached.

She came gracefully forward, in a dress of *crepe de chine*, made with exquisite taste, enhancing her beauty to the utmost. Bessemer found himself regarding the bank-clerk, who, with two rather loud young ladies sat in front of him, with indignation, because he oggled her through a pair of opera-glasses which belonged to one of his companions. And then, remembering, he smiled to himself. She was nothing to him, nor he to her.

The song she sang was a simple enough thing; a little poem written by a big, tender-hearted Bohemian fellow, who had been cast ashore on the Island as the Atlantic brings sea-weeds; and who had been swept away again in much the same fashion, leaving a disconsolate maiden, and a still more disconsolate tailor. Such a piece, to such a melody as had been wedded to the words, was exactly what suited Elvire's powers. Her voice was not of extraordinary compass, nor of very great volume, but it was infinitely sweet and tender; and she had learned how to use it to the best advantage; so that when she was encored, as she was heartily, it was a pleasure to hear her repeat a verse or two of the song. And there were others besides Bessemer with whom the refrain of it

> "But the heart of Trixie Elgar
> Will never sleep again"

lingered far longer than that night.

Bessemer awoke with a start. What was there in that voice; in that fair, flushed, face; in that slender figure swaying with the emotion of the song, which stirred his nerves, and made the blood dance in his veins? What longing was that which awoke in his heart? Could it be what he had heard of, had read of, but had never known—Love? If so, it was inexpressibly painful, and ineffably delicious.

He hardly knew anything of what followed; his drive home was a procession of shadows. When he arrived there he was too excited to sleep, too dazed to read. The passion, which had been so long in coming, had come, and with stunning force. And could she care for him? We tried to think of her attitude towards him, especially the last time they had met, a few evenings before at dinner at her father's house. But she had always been the same towards him, friendly—but indifferent. He wondered had her father told her of his embarrassment, and how he had been helped out by him. He thought not. Mr. Exonton's pride would cause him to hide his misfortunes and the rather strange manner in which he had been assisted, from his daughter as well as from the rest of the world. And her manner that evening, he thought, had borne out this belief. She was certainly innocent of any sense of obligation towards him; there was no such embarrassed self-consciousness as he felt certain would have been present had she known the state of affairs: and that thought, somehow, gave him hope. It was strange that he had never thought of her in that way before; and a line of Browning's—"How can man love but what he yearns to help" flickered through his mind as he fell into a light

doze, in which Elvire's face appeared more than once, we may not doubt.

* * * * * * * *

"Did you notice young Bessemer at the Concert last night?" her father asked of Elvire at the breakfast-table next morning.

"I have a confused recollection of seeing him, while I was singing," replied Elvire, "he appeared, if I may say so, interested in my song. But there were so many there, I cannot say I noticed him specially."

"I spoke to him, casually," answered her father as he went out, "but he did not reply to my 'good night,' indeed, he appeared like a man in a dream. I mention it because he is usually so courteous and friendly to everybody, that I fear he must have been unwell."

"I have never known him to be indisposed," said Elvire, carelessly. "No doubt he was planning some great political *coup*; they say the Government takes over all its ideas in a ready-made form from him."

"He is a good fellow," remarked her father. "I happen to know a certain merchant in this city who might be in the Bankruptcy Court to-day but for the practical and timely assistance that Bessemer gave at the critical moment in a financial way that would have been beyond the power, as well as beyond the will, of most men in this country. He will not lose by it, even financially, I am almost certain, but how few would have done such a thing. How few indeed!" he repeated, half to himself.

Elvire had not the remotest idea that her father was referring to himself; such a thought would have been very unlikely. She had as strong a belief in her father's business stability as she had in his personal probity. It was unbounded. But the story made a great impression upon her mind. She could—she told herself—love a man like that. Accordingly she was not altogether surprised when he was announced shortly after dinner. Her father and her aunt, who lived with them, taking their usual post prandial naps, she had gone to the drawing-room and was listlessly turning over some music. Her playing or singing did not disturb her father; but she did not feel any inclination to play or sing that evening, and was glad of an interruption which promised her the company of one whom she had such kindly thoughts of during the day.

As Bessemer entered she was conscious that there was something in his bearing, something in his manner, which she had never seen before, and which puzzled her a little. But he had himself well in hand, and after they had greeted each other he said, "I called this evening to congratulate you upon your very fine singing last night, I never had the pleasure of hearing you before, you know."

"I must thank you for your appreciation, but really," she replied, "I should hardly have thought that. I have sung in public more than once before. I did not sing here last Tuesday night simply because you all got so immersed in politics that I only had to sit and listen; father usually asks me to sing after dinner for any guests who may be here. It is strange when one comes to think of it that you have never heard me, but I am glad if it pleased you," she smiled.

"Yes," he rejoined, and he felt that the supreme moment had come, "and I heard something else also—I heard your voice calling to my soul, as nothing has ever spoken before. I did not know till last night, Elvire, that my whole heart and soul are yours, but it must have been so from the first."

She had been surprised for a moment at this outburst, but had quickly controlled herself. Now he caught both her hands and she did not attempt to prevent him. "Elvire, Elvire, I love you, I love you, can you give me ever so little hope?" he cried.

"I think so," she whispered, smiling through tears that, somehow, would come: she had known what her answer would be as soon as he had spoken. As she raised her face he kissed her. And then he told her that his wealth was not as great as was generally supposed, though his income was still large. And she told him that she knew why it was, that her father had told her.

"But did your father tell you any names?" he asked, breathlessly.

"None but yours," she answered simply, "and it does not matter. Do you know, dear, the moment you told me of your love I knew that my heart was and always had been, yours, but what my father told me to day, seemed to bring my love near to the surface, so that I had no need to hesitate as I might otherwise have done."

After a much longer time than either would have believed had not their watches told a like story, Bessemer waited on Mr. Exonton, who was then in his Library. That gentleman was perhaps slightly surprised at Bessemer's declaration, who explained shamefacedly that he had had no thought of such a step until the night before, and telling Mr. Exonton what had happened.

"So," replied the latter, "that is the explanation of you having passed me last night without knowing me." And Bessemer said "No doubt, the result of a not unnatural pre-occupation."

Of course Mr. Exonton gave his consent, observing however that in his opinion it would be better that their bethrothal should not be publicly announced for three months, and Bessemer in exchange exacting his promise that Mr. Exonton should never tell Elvire of the business transactions between them, declaring that this had nothing to do with the matter in hand, as indeed it had not. Mr. Exonton readily enough engaged to be silent; he was little inclined to tell Elvire disagreeable things about his affairs at any time, and still less in the present case. And so Elvire never knew, which was, on the whole, better for her peace of mind.

Among their earliest confidences the lovers canvassed thoroughly the state of each other's feelings before the day when their eyes were opened; and Elvire was as much struck with the fact of her supposed dislike, as Bessemer was to hear that Mrs. Teddy Nicholson believed him to be in love with Elvire all along; and they had more than one laugh over both. Both agreed, on considering it, how strange it was that it had taken them so long to fall in love with each other.

They were wedded a few months afterwards, the Cathedral being thronged to see what was considered quite the most important matrimonial event of the season.

In the Autumn, Bessemer, who had given up his departmental Clerkship before his marriage, contested a bye election, and came out victor with flying colors; and was at once a man to be reckoned with by both parties in the House.

As sometimes happens on the Labrador coast, the cod fish, which had studiously avoided Lattice Harbor, where Mr. Exonton had his fishing-room for several years, came back that very season in countless numbers, and a rich harvest was brought in for several successive years. The timber lands, too, steadily increased in value, and the old firm was in time more prosperous than ever; and Mr. Exonton was at length enabled to launch his pet scheme of a Laborers' Institute, and carry out his ideas regarding the division of profits to the workmen on his room and his timber estates.

Elvire never knew how near her father had been to ruin, and by what means his commercial honor had been saved, and perhaps it was just as well that it was so. She might have looked at it from a different, and so unjust, point of view, had she known. A woman's faith is everything, but even the possibility of a doubt may ruin it.

Her husband and her father, in the confidence of their libraries, often go over the matter, and neither has ever had cause to regret the results, financial or otherwise, of Harry Bessemer's Investment.—THE END.

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When the Goose Comes Northward Flying.

By Arthur S. English, ☙ *Little River, April, 1905.*

WHO that ever has heard the merry, joyous, and musical honk, honk, of the wild goose, on some bright, sunny morning or mellow evening in Spring, has ever forgotten it? When it falls for the first time on your ears, after the long silent winter, you instinctively look up, and beholding the vanguard, the first messengers of the most delightful season of the year, you long to say to them *cead mille failthe*, in the language that they could understand.

They have come from the South—from Mexico and Texas, and are flying North, to bid Winter begone. Their voices speak in accents of those sunny lands, and their plumage is still perfumed with the odours of the hyacinth and lily.

On Friday, March thirty-first, I beheld them for the first time for the season, going East, towards the head-waters of Little River, with necks out-stretched and "honk-honking" their merry greeting.

Their song can awaken different responses in different breasts. To some ears the tune is but partially rendered, requiring the crash and reverbration of the fowling-piece to complete the symphony. Among this class is my esteemed friend Geo. Knowling, of Little River. He is the most successful of all who take delight in wild fowl hunting, along the rocky coast between the Barachois and Nor'-West Cove.

The 31st of March being a fine day, my friend induced me to go with him to the "Point." The distance to be traversed is about two and one-half miles. Our road, being for the greater part of the distance, over the frozen river, the walk was a most enjoyable one, George regaling me with stories of past exploits in pursuit of the feathered quarry.

Soon as we bring the ice strewn waters of the Gulf plainly into view, we behold a fine flock of geese about half a mile from land, quietly sitting on the drifting ice.

How contentedly they ride on their crystal ferries, calmly indifferent whither they are carried, proudly conscious of the power of their tireless wings, to bring them back to land at nightfall. At dusk they will venture in to rest, and feed during the night in the shallow and sedgy waters of the Barachois.

Knowing this characteristic, George intends to spend the day duck shooting, and at evening repair to the haunts of the goose. He is now enveloped in a white soutan-like garment, with a hood to cover the head. This dress serves the double purpose of rendering him less conspicuous on the ice, and of shielding him from the cold wind. I am content to remain in a sunny position on shore and dream, whilst Nimrod goes off to the farthest pinacle of ice and ensconces himself, to await the coming of the unsuspecting duck.

The warm south wind is blowing—

"From some green Eden of the deep,
Where Pleasure's sigh alone is heaved,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
Endeared, undoubting, undeceived;
From some sweet paradise afar
Thy music wanders, distant, lost—
Where Nature lights her leading star,
Where love is never, never cross'd."

It comes across the brine, bringing with it visions of the flowery summer. It bears on its breast the spirit of spring, in its voice the music of the morn of that delightful season. Memory here interposes her voice; in it is a strain of sadness. Though there is a plaint, there is also a sweet gladness in her whispering voice. I see a quiet corner in the woodland, on whose mossy carpet the first and bluest wild violets grew. Here also the dainty yellow-hammer built her nest in the budding alder, and sang her song of love. How eagerly I watched the snow melt from that sheltered spot. How gladly I gathered a fragrant bunch of those sweet floral emblems of modesty, to lay, alas! on an earthly altar. Like all things earthly that shrine, has fallen—fell even as I knelt in devotion.

"Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you 'tis true,
Yet wildings of Nature, I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight
Like treasures of silver and gold."

The time, the scene will not permit any trick of memory to cheat of the delights they offer. What a bright picture is presented to my sight. The broad expanse of gleaming waves, in tireless commotion, pregnant with suggestions of mystery. The glistening margin of ice along the coast, filling the little bays from jutting headland to headland. On the outer edge of this blockade, miniature bergs are dancing a fantastic minuet to the music of the waves. Ducks flit in busy succession up and down the shore. Whilst far in the distance you may see black clouds of sea-ducks. The wild, shy things that rarely come near the land.

Towards evening we repair to the nearby residence of a friend—William Carter—at whose hospitable board we enjoy a cup of warm, fragrant tea. Inevitably when gunners meet and pipes are lit, stories of hunting prowess and of singularly good shots are related. The fine qualities of each gun are pointed out, and tales bearing testimony to *her* worth are told. "Bill," in his younger days, had the reputation of being a very clever marksman. He told us that once he killed a goose, with a ball, at a distance as great as from his house to 'Gustan's Island, (considerably over a quarter of a mile.) This was at Cape Ray. The shot was fired from a small bridge near his "Cape" residence, the goose falling in the water, fully four hundred yards beyond the "Whistle House." The light-house keeper, Mr. Rennie, can verify this story. I've heard of a very modest fellow, who, on being asked why he always used salted bullets, replied, "that his gun could kill so far, that in order to preserve the flesh of his victim till he could reach it, he found it necessary to send the brine with the messenger of death."

Just as the sun, in the act of setting, was gilding the mountain tops, and painting the slopes in softest rose-pink, we left "Bill" Carter's, to take up our positions near the open water of the Barachois.

Here George built a "gaze." A gaze is a miniature fort, behind which one conceals himself whilst waiting for the birds. On the sea shore such shelter is made of stones, rudely heaped together, sometimes it is made of drift wood. In this instance it is made of ice blocks.

Leaving George in his gaze, I move on to the "Sand Bar," to muse in the gathering twilight, on the extreme human misery, this lonely bit of coast had witnessed. What cries of distress had gone up from the shivering remnant of some storm-tossed crew, when no sympathetic ear, was near to receive it. Those lonely, unmarked, grass grown graves, tell a harrowing tale, of shipwreck of cold and hunger and despair. What anguish was in the prayer of him, who, strongest of the band, fell down at last amidst his dead comrades, to rise no more.

In the deepening gloom of night I sit and listen to the sounds of nature. The soft splash of the waves on the shore, singing a sad requiem, o'er ocean's countless dead, the quack, quack, of some lonely duck, that has lost its mate, or the wierd hoo, hoo, of some distant owl. Presently there is a rustling overhead, as a flight of geese goes by, looking like grey spectres, that have come to visit the scene where their relics repose. How dim and mystical they look against the darkness of the night.

Turning my eyes in the direction of their flight, my sight is startled by a vicious lurid flash, in the gloom of the Barachois, followed by a sharp report.

Poor bird you flew too near the gaze. Then there is a confused, honka, honka, honk, honk, as the frightened things leave the fearful place, and again seek the quiet of the ocean.

NOTICE!

IMPORTANT TO LADIES!

THE SUBSCRIBER, having in view the **increased popularity** in the wearing of **Tailored Costumes, &c.,** has had the **upper premises of the "Telegram" Building** refitted in an **up-to-date style** for the purpose of carrying on a **Costumiery.** We recognize the fact that to be successful we must be prepared to be in a position to make superior Tailored Costumes. It is not proposed to here make mention of the Fitter and Tailor who have been engaged for this departure, being satisfied to await the judgment of our patrons upon the merit of the work turned out; and it is proposed to always have on hand every Fashion Plate of recognized authority. A full set is now ready.

The Premises consisting of four large, well-lighted and ventilated rooms, with every convenience, are, as will be seen, situated in a central portion of the city, and easy of access. The comfort of our patrons will be our study.

An extensive line of Ladies' Costume Cloths in every shade, pattern, etc., as worn for the season, will be kept in stock, which patrons can make selections from. Our range of trimmings include all classes of novelties in Silks and Braids—in fact everything necessary for this class of trade will be found in the establishment.

Estimates will be cheerfully given. We confidently invite a trial order.

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Thanking you in anticipation, I am sincerely yours,

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"GOODWIN'S BEST CUT PLUG,"

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GARLAND & CO., Booksellers and Stationers, opposite Post Office, 353 Water Street, West } **Newfoundland.**

Customs Circular

No. 15.

WHEN TOURISTS, ANGLERS and SPORTSMEN arriving in this Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Angler's Outfits, Trouting Gear, Fire-arms and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions:—

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Trouting Poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes, and tent equipage. A receipt (No. 1) according to the form attached shall be given for the deposit and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt as well as in the marginal cheques. Receipt No. 2 if taken at an outport office shall be mailed at once directed to the Assistant Collector, St. John's, if taken in St. John's the Receipt No. 2 shall be sent to the Landing Surveyor.

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the receipt. The Examining Officer shall initial on the receipt the result of his examination and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits or provisions of any kind will be admitted free and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
Assistant Collector.

CUSTOM HOUSE,
St. John's, Newfoundland, 22nd June, 1903.

The Public are reminded that the

GAME LAWS

OF

NEWFOUNDLAND

Provide that:

No person ..... shall pursue with intent to kill any Caribou from the 1st day of February to the 31st day of July, or from the 1st day of October to the 20th October in any year. And no person shall..... kill or take more than two Stag and one Doe Caribou in any one year.

No person is allowed to hunt or kill Caribou within specified limits of either side of the railway track from Grand Lake to Goose Brook, these limits being defined by gazetted Proclamation.

No non-resident may hunt or kill Deer without previously having purchased ($50.00) and procured a License therefor. Licenses to non-resident guides are issued, costing $50.00.

No person may kill, or pursue with intent to kill any Caribou with dogs, or with hatchet ..... or any weapon other than fire-arms loaded with ball or bullet, or while crossing any pond, stream or water-course.

Tinning or canning of Caribou is absolutely prohibited.

No person may purchase, or receive in barter or exchange any flesh of Caribou between January 1st and July 31st, in any year.

Penalties for violation of these laws, a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars, or in default imprisonment not exceeding two months.

No person shall hunt, or kill Partridges before the first day of October in any year. Penalty not exceeding $100.00 or imprisonment.

Any person who shall hunt Beaver, or export Beaver skins before October 1st, 1907, shall be liable to confiscation of skins, and fine or imprisonment.

No person shall use any appliances other than rod, hook and line to catch any Salmon, Trout, or inland water fishes, within fifty fathoms from either bank on the strand, sea, stream, pond, lake, or estuary debouching into the sea.

Close season for salmon and trout fishing: 15th day of September to 15th day of January following.

ELI DAWE,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
1st June, 1905.

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THE . . . NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY.

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. V.—No. 2. OCTOBER, 1905. 40 CTS. PER YEAR.





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"THE ANGLER'S PARADISE."





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Fund held to meet losses.....	9,000,000
Uncalled Capital.....	12,000,000

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Strictest attention paid to all work.

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SHEEP PRESERVATION!

THE following Sections of the Acts 47th Victoria, Cap. 7, and 50th Victoria, Cap. 9, for the Preservation of Sheep, are published in consolidated form for the information of the public:

1.—It shall be lawful for the duly qualified Electors resident within an area or District within this Colony to present to the Governor in Council a Petition or Requisition in the form prescribed in the Schedule to this Act, or as near thereto as may be, setting forth the limits or boundaries within which such area or District is comprised, and the names of the towns, harbors or settlements included therein, and praying for a Proclamation hrohibiting the keeping of Dogs within such area or District.

2.—Such Petition or Requisition shall be sent to the nearest resident Stipendiary Magistrate, and shall be by him (after examination and certificate as hereinafter provided) furnished to the Governor in Council.

3.—Upon receipt of any such Petition or Requisition containing the signatures of not less than one-third of the Electors resident within any such area or District, certified as aforesaid, the Governor in Council shall issue a Proclamation or Public Notice prohibiting the keeping of Dogs within such area or District.

4.—From and after the day prescribed in and by such Proclamation or Notice, it shall not be lawful for any person resident within such area or District to keep, or to have in his possession, or under his control, any Dog within the area or District to which such Proclamation or Notice shall relate, under a penalty not exceeding Fifty Dollars, or imprisonment for a term not exceeding Three Months. This prohibition shall not apply to any person or persons travelling or passing through such area or Districts and having a licensed Dog or Dogs in his or their possession, charge or control, and not at large.

5.—It shall be the duty of all Police Constables to kill all Dogs found by them in any area or District in which the keeping of Dogs is prohibited under this Act, except Shepherd Dogs or Collies, and those excepted under the next preceding section, and all such dogs not so excepted may be killed by any person whomsoever. And it shall be lawful for any person to destroy any Dog kept in contravention of the provisions of this Act.

***All penalties under this Act may be sued for and recovered in a summary manner before a Stipendiary Magistrate or Justice of the Peace, and all fines shall be paid to the person who shall give information of the offence and prosecute the offender to conviction.

SCHEDULE.—Form of Petition or Requisition.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR IN COUNCIL:—

The Petition of the undersigned humbly sheweth,—

That your Petitioners are duly qualified Electors residing in an area or section of the Electoral District of , comprised and bounded as follows:

That the said area or section contains the following towns (or harbors or settlements, as the case may be).

That your Petitioners are desirous, and humbly pray Your Excellency in Council, that a Proclamation or Notice be issued under the provisions of an Act passed in the Forty-seventh year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Cap. 7, entitled "An Act to provide for the better Preservation of Sheep, and for other purposes," prohibiting the keeping of Dogs within the above described area or section of the said District, and your Petitioners will ever pray.

Dated at , the day of , 190 .

J. G. CONROY,
Stipendiary Magistrate for Newfoundland.

Police Office, St. John's, September, 1905.

Post Office Department

Parcels may be Forwarded by Post at Rates Given Below.

In the case of Parcels, for outside the Colony, the senders will ask for Declaration Form, upon which the Contents and Value must be Stated

	For Newfoundland and Labrador.	For United Kingdom.	For United States.	For Dominion of Canada.
1 pound	8 cents	24 cents	12 cents	15 cents.
2 pounds	11 "	24 "	24 "	30 "
3 "	14 "	24 "	36 "	45 "
4 "	17 "	48 "	48 "	60 "
5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	75 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	$1.05 "
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	
9 "	32 "	72 "	$1.08	Cannot exceed seven pounds weight.
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.20	
11 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	
	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U. K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York; Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by "Bruce" train.

General Post Office.

RATES OF COMMISSION ON MONEY ORDERS.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding $10 ..... 5 cts.	Over $50, but not exceeding $60 ..... 30 cts.
Over $10, but not exceeding $20 ..... 10 cts.	Over $60, but not exceeding $70 ..... 35 cts.
Over $20, but not exceeding $30 ..... 15 cts.	Over $70, but not exceeding $80 ..... 40 cts.
Over $30, but not exceeding $40 ..... 20 cts.	Over $80, but not exceeding $90 ..... 45 cts.
Over $40, but not exceeding $50 ..... 25 cts.	Over $90, but not exceeding $100 ..... 50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order to any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, $100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, September, 1905.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office. ✳ Postal Telegraphs.

CABLE BUSINESS.

HEREAFTER Cable Messages for all parts of the world will be accepted for transmission over Postal Telegraph lines and cable to Canso, N. S., at all Postal Telegraph Offices in this Colony.

INLAND.

TELEGRAMS for the undermentioned places in Newfoundland are now accepted for transmission at all Postal Telegraph Offices in the Colony and in St. John's at the Telegraph window in the Lobby of the General Post Office and at Office in new Court House, Water Street, at the rate of Twenty Cents for Ten words or less, and Two Cents for each additional word. The address and signature, however, is transmitted free:—

Avondale
Baie Verte (Little Bay N.)
Baine Harbor
Bay-de-Verde
Bay L'Argent
Bay Roberts
Beaverton
Belleoram
Birchy Cove (Bay of Islds.)
Bonavista
Bonne Bay
Botwoodville
Britannia Cove
Brigus
Brigus Junction
Burin
Carbonear
Catalina
Change Islands
Clarenville
Come-By-Chance
Conception Harbor
Fogo
Fortune
Gambo
Gander Bay
Glenwood
Grand Bank
Grand Falls
Grand Lake
Grand River
Greenspond
Hant's Harbor
Harbor Breton
Harbor Grace
Harbor Main
Heart's Content
Herring Neck
Holyrood
Howards
Humber Mouth (Riverhead, Bay of Islands)
King's Cove
King's Point (S. W. Arm, Green Bay)
Lamaline
Lewisport
Little Bay
Little River
Long Harbor
Lower Island Cove
Manuels
Millertown Junction
Musgrave Harbor
New Perlican
Newtown
Nipper's Harbor
Norris' Arm
N. W. Arm (Green Bay)
Old Perlican
Pilley's Island
Port-au-Port (Gravels)
Port-aux-Basques (Channel)
Port Blandford
Stephenville Crossing
St. George's
St. Jacques
St. John's
St. Lawrence
Sandy Point
Scilly Cove
Seldom-Come-By
Sound Island
S. W. Arm (Green Bay)
Terenceville (head of Fortune Bay)
Terra Nova
Tilt Cove
Trinity
Twillingate
Wesleyville
Western Bay
Whitbourne

Postal Telegraph Message Forms may be obtained at any Post Office in the Colony, and from Mail Clerks on Trains and Steamers. If the sender desires, the message may be left with the Postmaster, to be forwarded **by mail Free of Postage** to nearest Postal Telegraph Office.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, September, 1905.

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Sealing Steamers for Arctic hire. Steamers on Labrador requiring COALS can be supplied at Battle Harbor, at entrance to Straits of Belle Isle, where there is telegraphic communication.

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Keeping Rich

is frequently harder than getting rich. Many a man loses in three months the accumulations of thirty years. That is why you should take out an Insurance Policy which will give immediate protection and ease your mind at once of all worry about those who are dependent upon you. Send at once for particulars of the Unconditional Accumulative Policy issued by the **Confederation Life** Association, Toronto. It is the best policy contract issued in Newfoundland to-day.

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GENERAL AGENT FOR NFLD,

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THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY

VOL. V.—No. 2. OCTOBER, 1905. 40 CTS. PER YEAR.

The Cathedral Bells.

By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D.

THERE are at present in the Cathedral of St. John's four Bells, one in the Eastern Tower and three in the Western Tower.

The Great Bell in the Eastern Tower is two tons weight. It is five feet two inches in diameter, and sixteen feet in perimeter. There are very few larger bells in America if any.

These Bells were cast by Murphy, of Thomas Street, Dublin. This firm became famous in Europe and America, and it was this great bell of our Cathedral which first made them famous.

The Bell was cast in 1850, and was placed on exhibition in Dublin at the "Exhibition of Irish Manufactures" of the Royal Dublin Society, together with some other of lesser weights. "Your monster Bell," Murphy writes to Bishop Mullock, "takes all their attention." "It is universally admired by all visitors." "It is admitted by all who heard it to be the best Bell of its weight in the British Dominions." Murphy received the award of a Gold Medal for this Bell. "The frame and fittings are of the best Irish oak." It cost, together with fittings, £272 19s. 9d., stg.

Bishop Mullock, who was almost a *professional* in the matter of bell foundry, being a great musician and high authority on the subject, was enraptured with the Bell. He wrote a letter of congratulation to Murphy in which he says: "* * * I never "saw in Europe a more beautiful casting, nor a more beautifully "shaped Bell. Tolling as it does, at a height of 400 feet over "high water, it is heard for many miles round the country, and "the power and richness of its tone cannot be surpassed. . . . "The sounds come out clear, deep and mellow, and at a dis- "tance of miles the continuous deep and sonorous vibration is "heard like the diapason of an organ. I can say in all sincerity "I never heard a finer bell of its weight (40 cwt.)." This Bell is christened by the name of St. John, the patron of the church and city.

Encouraged by the success of this attempt, Murphy, in the following year (1851), sent two Bells of smaller size to the Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, London. The larger of the two was 29 cwt. He fears that he will not get justice from the English judges. It will be remembered that this was about the time of the "Papal Aggression," the Establishment of the Hierarchy in England, and anti-Papal feeling ran very high. Among the devices on Murphy's Bell was St. Patrick in Vestments and Mitre, trampling the serpent, and surrounded by a wreath of shamrocks. Some of the English papers said it was *Cardinal Wiseman!* He did, however, get a medal for them. His name soon became known in England and he sent several bells over, "even to Birmingham, the seat of metallurgic industry." In 1852 he had on exhibition in Cork a peal intended for Melbourne, Australia.

In 1852 Bishop Mullock, on account of bad times, could not order the peal of bells for the Cathedral. The large Bell does not belong to the peal. The peal will consist of eight bells. The tenor, or largest being 29 cwt., and the whole peal weighing 92 cwt. Of these, three are now in the western tower, and five are wanting. In January, 1853, Bishop Mullock ordered the first two Bells of the Peal D. and E. The Bishop sent the designs for Inscriptions and devices. The clergy have promise to assist him in purchasing them.

Rev. Fr. Bonaventure McCarthy, O.S.F., of Adam and Eve's, was commissioned by Bishop Mullock to look after the Bells for him. Father McCarthy writes as follows (March 30, 1854): "* * * I went to Murphy and had the satisfaction of finding that he was not only busily engaged in the necessary preparations for casting, but manifests an honest earnestness and a tradesman like pride that pleased me. The mould for the larger bell was complete. Its goodly proportions tempt one to walk round it. Nor are the anticipations of a great bell and full melodious sound diminished by contemplating the burly maker as he stands with his legs wide apart and his hands stuffed into his pockets, viewing his work with the most pursey complacency."

In April, 1854, the two Bells were completed and shipped to Liverpool. They were valued at £400, stg. Murphy writes of them in the following strain:—"* * * I have great pleasure "in informing Your Lordship that they are a pair of as beautiful "toned bells as ever I cast. I have cast them to their precise "notes, D and E natural, without a chip being cut from them "for tuning; they are, then, what is technically termed in "Bell-Music

"MAIDEN BELLS.

"It often occurs, even with the best founders in England, that "they will not have a single maiden bell in a whole peal."

The Bells were shipped from Liverpool on June 1st, aboard the ship *Corromilla*. I find no mention of the date of the arrival of the Bells, but they were rung for the first time on Sunday, November 26th, 1854. They are of the respective weights of 27 cwt. and 21 cwt. The former (which is rung for the Angelus) is christened St. Mary, and the latter St. Patrick. These two Bells, D and E, were the first two of the peal, and Dr. Mullock intended to order the other six immediately, but the "times were so bad" he could not do so. In 1863 (?) the third bell F (sharp) was ordered.

In 1863 Murphy writes, saying that he has on hand, all ready for shipping, the five bells that are wanting to complete the peal, viz.: G A B C (sharp) and D (octave). The whole weight of the five Bells now required is 41 cwt.

It is the intention, if possible, to have the five additional bells ordered immediatly, so as to give us the hope of being able to peal out the "*Adeste Fideles*" on next Christmas Night.

+M. F. Howley.

Grouse Shooting in Newfoundland.

By D. W. Prowse, L.L.D.

"Of all the joys that sporting yields,
Give me to hunt the stubble fields
Quite early in September."

WHEN old Somerville sang so enthusiastically of the delights of Partridge shooting in Southern England; the joys of the heather and the far superior sport of the Northern gunners on the Grouse moors was hardly known to the old author of "The Chace."

In the Old Country, grouse shooting is the pastime of princes and the delight of nobles and millionaires. In Newfoundland it is the fisherman's amusement, open to everyone who can beg, buy, or borrow a gun, and steal a dog. Though only a small brown bird, "Tetrao Scoticus" is a power in the Mother Land. Parliament is prorogued in his honour, the House always rises on the 12th August, and the coveys rise on the wing for sporting M. P's. Anyone who has happened to be in Scotland about the 11th will not readily forget the scenes at the Scotch stations, especially such a one as Perth. The endless gun cases, the splendid setters and pointers, straining at the leash. The eager-gaitered and well got up sportsmen, the gillies and the garb of old Gael, all bound for the land of the bonnie heather.

Punch describes a worried Scotch Railway Porter wrestling with a lot of pointers and setters:—"What am I going to do with these tam dugs? they have all aiten their tackets."

Our sporting demonstration on the opening day does not quite come up to this fine show. If you look into the luggage van at the Railway Depot you will find, about the 14th September, eight or ten fine dogs variously occupied with their chains, and a small but illustrious band of keen sportsmen (the noble Von Stein, with his ample person bestowed on a box, the voluptuous form of John Strang reclining on a sack, nearly as popular as the ample flask he carries in his bulging pocket). Three or four minor individuals, with pipes, seriously occupied with the care of their impedimenta and eager to display their more or well-formed calves and brand new knicker-bockers.

The journey down to the barrens, whether by road or rail, is always pleasant. You are out for a holiday, there is a freedom from all restraint; care and anxiety and all earthly troubles and worries are for the time banished far away. The fresh sparkling water, the sweet breath of the pine wood, the fresh breezy air are all delightful, and above all there is the joyous anticipation of good sport on the morrow. Every now and then there are kindly greetings on the road; you meet your old friends of former trips—"What about the birds, Mick?" "Well, you see," says he, "I'm tuk up with the vyage, and so I don't be follying the country, but the bys that's be after the cows seed a few scattered covies about the Burnt Hills and the Look Out. I don't be thinking there powerful plenty at all." Your informant is probably a shooter himself, and this pessimistic report is a dodge to keep a few birds for his own gun. Bye and bye you meet another more genial and inventive livier, and with an air of simple candor and veracity he says: "How be the birds?" "Well, I never heard tell on the like. Jim Malone cum across the country from beyant tudder day, may be a week agone last Sunday, he had nara dog, he never stepped off the pat and begob he put ten fine covies to wing." I knew one gifted artist in mendacity who promised an exalted personage royal sport. "Come out to me, Sir William, and I'll show you thirteen fine covies." The reality, after a hard day's tramp, materialized into one solitary old cock. However, all things come to an end, and by night-fall you have reached your destination—either a camp in the woods, or your head-quarter at a fisherman's house.

It is worth while to make the journey for such a kindly welcome. All the village has foregathered in your honour—the old man and the boys are soon puffing away with your tobacco, the guns are always a special object of attraction, and all the queer odds and ends of tinned provisions are turned over and examined. In the meantime the mistress and the girls are busy about your supper.

A wise man you go early to bed, and don't take too much of the "craytur." There is no need to rouse you in the early



WILLOW GROUSE.

morn, you are off before dawn; the dread of some keener sportsman cutting you off lends wings to your movements, and before sunrise you are climbing the Hills. We breast the long ascent; it takes it out of us a bit. We stay a moment to draw breath, the sun is just touching the eastern hills with a soft roseate light, below us lies the bay with its brown-sailed fishing boats and its purple islands. Through the pure air for miles away we can see the gleam of white houses, behind the dark pine woods, the fir-clad hills, the broad open moors, interspersed with verdant marshes in the long distance, seem as bright and green as the new mown meadows. The wild far-stretching moorland that lies before us has a beauty of its own. Everywhere there are wild flowers and low berry-bearing shrubs with clear bright purling streams and endless lakes; much of the open country is stern, wild and bare, but it has a weird beauty of its own, and the clear exhilerating atmosphere braces you like a subtle tonic.

Before we commence our day's sport, let me say one word about your Newfoundland guide. In his old canvas jacket and patched moleskin trousers, your Terra Novian fisherman is not

so picturesque a figure as the Scotch gillie in the garb of old Gael; but for keenness of sight, for knowledge of birds and their habits, for accuracy in marking where the covies pitch, for endurance and walking powers, and above all, for courtesy and kindly manners, I will back him against the best of the bra Highlanders that ever drank the mountain dew, or scratched himself in the early dawn. If you make a bad miss he will always find an excuse for you—"Sure there as wild as hawks; the devil wouldn't kill the like of em."

I remember one day five birds rose, two crossed as I fired, and both came down. My companion killed right and left, and I finished off the fifth bird with my second barrel. The whole thing was a pure fluke, but our guide turned to two old fishermen who were cruising the hills—"Dat's the way, Paddy," said he, "their doing it all day."

All the English and American sportsmen who have visited Newfoundland—Selous, Guille Millais, Pritchard the Novelist, and Vanderbilt the Millionaire, speak in the highest terms of the never-failing cheerfulness, their patient endurance of fatigue, the remarkable knowledge of all woodcraft and habits of the caribou shown by their Newfoundland guides. All unanimously declare that no better companions, for the woods and wild sport, can be found anywhere. And now—

> "Together let us beat this ample field,
> Try what the open—what the covert yields."

Out range the dogs, away they go, with a rushing gallop right and left across the wind, bye and bye you notice Grouse is on a hot scent, Don and Ranger take it up, and you get excited and nervously finger your gun, you work the ground carefully all over, but it ends in a fiasco. The birds have lain there all night, and at early dawn they have flown to the feeding ground. On go the dogs again. Presently you notice Grouse begins to draw. He has the birds this time all right. As you mount the next low hill you see him just below, his lashing tail has become stiff, and with head outstretched and rigid body he slowly moves along, until at last he stands as motionless as if carved in stone. Ranger and Don, as they mount the ridge, suddenly catch sight of Grouse, and at once you see them also transformed into statuesque canines backing their companion.

Slowly you saunter up to Grouse. Mick—your man with the Celtic temperament—may be excited, but if you are a genuine sportsman you will keep cool. You have broken in your dogs; you know them well, and you know, too, that if you get flurried they will soon copy your example.

As you approach Grouse, slowly and cautiously he moves ahead. Whilst you have been walking up to him the birds have also moved on, not far, but still further off than the old dog considers the correct thing. You look about you, wondering where on earth are the birds? When, whirr! there is a startling sound, and a dozen brown birds are in the air scudding away; with your right barrel you pick off the old cock, and with your left down goes another, shot through the back he lies with wings outstretched. Mick declares "Begob, it was a great shot," but you know in your heart that it was plain and easy, and that you would be the veriest duffer if you had missed them. All the same your sportsman's vanity admits the soft impeachment,—"Not bad, Mick." The remaining birds have taken refuge in a big tuck—a lot of stunted spruces on the hill-side leading down to the brook. They are scattered and lie close. This is the prettiest shooting of all, and one and by one you work them all out, getting every variety of shot; and if you are in good form you will bag nearly the whole covey.

On you go over the barrens, meeting birds more or less—singly and in covies—and by the brooks an odd snipe. Presently, about eleven o'clock, you look about for a place to boil the kettle.

This is the most delightful time of all for Mick. The amount of "tay" a good hearty Newfoundlander will swallow is something incredible. He wont eat so much meat, unless you force it on him; but after you have done, he loves to refill the pot and go at it again.

The knowing shooter takes a good long time over his lunch. In the middle of the day is the worst time for the birds, whilst the late afternoon and evening are the best. On the return tramp all the scattered covies will be found in their old haunts. By this time you will be a bit stiff and tired, and probably good shot as you undoubtedly may be, you will miss an occasional chance; but you have had a good day's sport, a good tramp, and you will enjoy your supper as if you had earned it.

A good day's grouse shooting in Newfoundland affords as fine a sport as there is in the world. This, at least, is the opinion of Admiral Sir W. R. Kennedy—the best all round sportsman in the British Navy.

And now in conclusion let me say just a word about the natural history of our fine indigenous bird. The Devonshire men, who first settled in this country, had never seen the moor fowl, so they named our bird after their own "Partridge." The correct description is the "Willow Grouse"—"Tetrao Saliceti." He is a distinguished member of the great family of the Tetraonidœ, all northern birds, they range from the Capercaillie, or Cock of the Woods, weighing seventeen pounds—an inhabitant of Northern Sweeden and Lapland, to the little Rocky Mountain Grouse of less than one pound. In Newfoundland we have two distinct forms of the Grouse shown in the engraving.

The Willow Grouse, too well known to need description, varies in weight from twenty-three to twenty-seven ounces, whilst the Rock Grouse or American Ptarmigan—"Texrao Lago Pus Rupestris"—is smaller than its congener and rarely exceeds twenty ounces. Its general plumage is grey, or gray brown, and the tail and wing feathers a blackish brown, much darker in the Willow Grouse than in the Rock Grouse, which is slightly reddish grey about the head, which is also smaller. Altogether, in its more sober colours, it differs from the rich reds and brown of the larger species.

The habitat of the Rock Grouse is high mountains. In Newfoundland it is only found on the South and West of the Island. Both species are spread over Hudson Bay, Labrador, and the Arctic Regions of North America. The Scotch Grouse has been naturalized in Sweden. It seems to me desirable that an attempt should be made to introduce both the Black Cock and the Grouse into this country; more efforts should also be made to re-introduce the moose. The funds obtained from deer and licenses for sporting dogs might very well be set apart for the laudable purpose of preserving our rivers, and stocking valuable game birds on our wild lands.

The Native Grouse is being rapidly thinned out; I know many places from whence it has entirely disappeared. An effort has been made to prevent the extinction of one of the most valuable game birds in the world, by stopping all shooting for one year and putting back the opening season until October. We shall see this year how it has worked. Grouse being mainly a ground bird can be easily decimated.

In the August *Cornhill*, 1905, I discussed the question of Grouse disease, and proposed, as a remedy, to mate the home birds with our hardier and stronger breed. Mr. Reginald I. Smith, K.C., the Editor, intends to try the experiment. To be successful it will have to be carried out on a large scale.

International Order of Good Templars.

By Rev. A. W. Lewis, B.D., Grand Chief Templar of Newfoundland.



GRAND LODGE SEAL.

THE new interpretation of I. O. G. T. will probably surprise even many Good Templars. This name has been under consideration for years by the International Supreme Lodge; and at its last Session in Belfast, Ireland, Aug., 1905, it was adopted in the place of "Independent Order of Good Templars." Instead of calling the Officers of this Triennial Lodge Right Worthy Grand Templars, they are now to be known merely as "International." The change of name is fully justified by the unexampled growth of this Temperance Movement. It is "the largest Total Abstinence Brotherhood in the world." Councillor Joseph Malins, of Birmingham, England, has been Right Worthy Grand Templar for years; and has most efficiently filled this important office. Upon his retirement in August, 1905, Lieutenant Wavrinsky, P.G.C.T. of Sweden, was elected as his successor, "International Chief Templar." The International Counsellor is Dr. L. O. Jensen, G.C. T. of Norway. Councillor Malins, G.C.T. of England, is Past International Chief Templar. The International Vice-Templar is Mrs. James L. Yule, P.G.T. of Ireland. The International Secretary is Colonel B. F. Parker, P.G.S. of Wisconsin, U.S.A. The International Assistant Secretary is Rev. Rees Evans, G.C.T. of Wales. The International Treasurer is Dr. Blume, Berlin, G.C.T. of Germany. The International Chaplain is Rev. M. Bruce-Meikleham, G.C.T. of Scotland. The International Superintendent of Juvenile Temples is Miss Jessie Forsyth, Boston, U. S. A. The International Marshal is J. W. Howells of Natal. The International Deputy Marshal is Miss Margaret E. Wright of New South Wales, Australia. The International Messenger is James A. Simpson of Nova Scotia. The International Guard is R. Sandilands of Natal. The International Sentinel is William Arnot of Bombay, India. The International Electoral Superintendent is Guy Hayter, P.G.Co. of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England. Surely the Order is entitled to the name of International.

In writing a short article upon the International Order of Good Templars, I do not wish to compare it in any way with other excellent Total Abstinence Societies. We wish all "God speed." But every member of every such Society must be interested in Good Templary, for all are sister societies, not rivals, but partners. Under the shade of the subject of this article all branches of the Church Universal may stand as brothers and sisters, hand joined in hand. This article should be of interest to every part of Newfoundland, also because the Grand Lodge has prepared a Circular Letter to be sent to EVERY clergyman in this "our Island Home," where there is not already a Good Templar Lodge. Although I feel incapable of doing justice to this noble Order, I trust the universal interest will over-look any defects.

Every man and woman deplores drunkenness. No intelligent person denies that it is the great curse of modern civilization. It weakens the nation, corrupts society, robs home of its light, blights character, and gives innocent children an awful heritage. The only difference of opinion is how best to combat the evil. If some believe in Temperance and not Total Abstinence, yet they should not be inimical in any way to those that just as honestly believe in a complete boycott of Alcoholic Beverages. If their position is as strong, then they can afford to be magnanimous. Right never needs acrimonious arguments. Let us calmly look at the case of Good Templary.

Total Abstinence is thorough and well defined. *Temperance in Drinking* says, "You may take a glass or two, but do not take enough to make you drunk." There is NO LIMIT; and there is where all the drunkenness arises. Some have strength of will to do this and never be more than moderate drinkers. Others do not do this, for every drunkard began by being moderate. Some have a dormant thirst for drinks containing alcohol; and a glass now and again awakens this sleeping tiger of appetite. You may as well talk to a robbed tigress as to a man that has that craving. Experience abundantly proves this. Now, *Total Abstinence* says, "Let us be sure of results and know just what is allowed. If you never taste alcohol, you will never be a drunkard." Is there anything wrong in that?

When Good Templary asks a man to give up his occasional glass, it does not ask him to deny himself what is good for him. A healthy body does not need alcohol; and in case of illness the Doctor may prescribe. What is more, Science has proved that the use of alcohol even in moderation is harmful to the normal body. This is taught, at least in the schools of America in Science Primers. The vital organs are weakened. They do their work less perfectly and are the more exposed to disease, ever lurking near man. Insurance Companies are not Temperance Fanatics; and they give special terms to those in the "Total Abstinence Class." The pleasure arising from the exhileration of a "drink," is more than counterbalanced by the reaction.

Good Templary asks us to deny ourselves what we may think will not harm us, for the good of others. If those in danger of becoming drunkards are to be reached, it must be by the stronger ones making common cause with them. We say, "I will not touch alcoholic beverages, in order to get some one in danger to do the same." A moderate drinker cannot get a weak brother to abstain by saying to him, "You are weaker. You cannot do as I do." This is felt to be an insult; and the weak one is more determined to show that he is not weak, only to fail as before. It is example that helps. And surely the principle is deserving of respect, "Let us deny ourselves for the good of others."

Good Templary believes in prevention. It cures those that need a brother's helping hand: but it lays great emphasis upon training the young and pledging the young, before they begin to tamper with what may be their ruin. The Juvenile Temples, from the age of five years, are taught the principles of Good Templary, as they are able to understand them. As they grow up they naturally become Good Templars, and they are pledged to life-long total abstinence. Thus, though they may cease to be members of a Lodge, their honor keeps them true to the aims of the Order. Ten millions have thus been pledged by this one Society.

Good Templary enlists the social instincts. The sacred cause of humanity has allied with it the charm of earth's best fellowship. Society is freed from the blight of an indulgence which robs it of its purest joys. Templars gather week after week for helpful companionship, under educative influences. Many of the best public speakers in the land had their first training in the entertainments of the Templar Lodge; and bashful youths learn to forget themselves in an honest attempt to make others happier and better.

The change in Public Sentiment on Temperance the last few years is a marvel, imperfectly understood by the many. We can remember when it was considered the proper thing to have wines upon the side-boards; and the clergy might take their glass without offence. Now the custom is retiring to the back-ground. It is fashionable not to offer intoxicants to those that do not "drink." And gentlemen in choosing a life-partner prefer one that does not "like her glass." Good Templary has done much to effect this change of sentiment; and Public Sentiment is stronger than the arm of Law. Good Templary is doing much to train young ladies to prefer the young men that are pledged against the great enemy of home and happiness.

Prohibition is a step in advance of Total Abstinence. Concerning this there is more difference of opinion. Many say we have no right to rob others of their liberty to eat or drink what they choose. Yet all civilized countries maintain that the state has a right to forbid what is detrimental to the public welfare, physically and morally. We have stringent laws about lighting fires in the dry season. Lotteries are outlawed, at least in the United States and Canada, probably in Newfoundland. The only questions are, "Does the licensed sale of intoxicants weaken and maim true citizenship, and infringe upon the rights of good citizens? Are the saloons a menace to young manhood, the hope of the home, and the hope of the State? How does the danger compare with an occasional bush fire?" However, a Good Templar is not pledged to Prohibition, although the International Supreme Lodge at its session at Indianapolis in 1869 adopted

(Continued on page 13.)

Trout Culture in Newfoundland.

By L. E. Keegan, B.A., M.D.—Illustrated from Photographs by the Author.

NEWFOUNDLAND—known to the outside world as the land of fogs and codfish—is becoming universally spoken of as the "Angler's Paradise," a much more euphonious and deserving name. During the the past few years we have been visited by many sportsmen, and it is to the Disciples of Isaac Walton, who have come here from the East and from the West, that we owe our new title, for those who have been lucky enough to cast the fly on our rivers to have done battle with our noble salmon or fill their creel with the sporting char have left us, favourably impressed, much improved in health and full of determination to visit the Angler's Paradise once more.

Trout culture in such a country may seem unnecessary, nevertheless the Game Fish Association is leaving nothing undone in this line. An up-to-date hatchery is in full working order near St. John's; thousands of fry, principally of the Rainbow Trout variety, are turned out annually and distributed throughout the country, and the result is splendid sport in nearly all the neighbouring lakes. In the near future most of the lakes throughout Newfoundland will contain the Rainbow Trout—a very valuable addition to our present sporting fishes, and if the propagation is carried on in a proper manner Newfoundland's present reputation will certainly live.

Before describing the "Trout Culture" as carried out at the Game Fish Association Lakes, it might be well to say a few words about the Association. The object of the Association is the propagation of Game Fish throughout the Island, and the advancement of angling as a sport. It receives no Government Grant for the work done; on the contrary the Association pays the Government an annual rental for the control of the two lakes where the "Trout Culture" is carried on.

The Association has a membership of about fifty, and its running expenses are financed by the members who are all good sportsmen, keen on angling themselves, and anxious to do everything in their power to advance sport for the benefit of others.

The Club Lakes are situated near Portugal Cove in a most picturesque spot, about seven miles diftance from St. John's, and quite adjacent to the lakes and fed by water running therefrom stands the hatchery. The members have the sole right of fishing the waters from June 1st to December 1st.



THE CLUB HOUSE.

Overlooking the lakes is a well-built club house, fitted with every accommodation, and much frequented during the fishing season.

To watch and study the various stages of "Trout Culture" from the capture of the parent fish to the ova stage, and from this to the fully developed fry, one must visit the lakes and hatchery during the months of April, May and June, and although only members are admitted special pemission can always be obtained by anyone anxious to see the various interesting sights during the spawning season.

The first stage in the process is the capture of the parent fish, and this is accomplished by netting the river which connects the two lakes. The river is a small one. It has been widened and well gravelled, and pools and falls have been artificially constructed to entice the fish from the deep water of the lakes.

On or about the latter part of April the spawning season commences, and then the river is carefully watched. At first the fish are shy. Trout varying from ½ to 4 pounds may be seen for some time about the mouth of the river, but becoming restless and anxious to carry out the process of reproduction in the natural way, they soon enter the spawning beds where the fish warden is ready to receive them. He is armed with a net strung on a large triangular frame, and quickly impounding the fish by blocking the mouth of the river he drags the pool for spawners.



DRAGGING THE POOL FOR SPAWNERS.

Large cans containing water are in readiness. The captured fish are placed therein and conveyed to the other end of the lake where "sorting" takes place, the male fish or milters being placed in one can, the females in another. As quick and gentle manipulation is important, differentiating between the sex is somewhat difficult, but after a little time one becomes quite proficient, distinguishing at a glance the short head and rounded body of the female fish from the longer head and thinner body of the male.

The second stage, or "stripping" the fish, as the artificial method is called, is now proceeded with, and this stage is extremely interesting, when you consider that a little egg may eventvally mean a two or three pound fish, and that with ordinary care 85 per cent. of the eggs spawned and fertilized by this artificial method hatch out.

"Stripping" is the most difficult process, gentle manipulation in handling the fish being absolutely necessary, and no fish should be killed or injured during the operation.

The requirements for the operation are few: a steady table on which is placed a clean dry basin, an ordinary tea-spoon, and a pair of light spring forceps. Beside the table is placed a large tub containing ordinary salt and water for the salt bath, and a few cans of fresh water. Every preparation must be complete before touching the fish. The operator then draws on a pair of thick woollen gloves, and commencing with the females, he lifts the fish out of the can with a light short-handled landing net. With his left hand he quickly grasps the slippery trout just above the tail, while with his right he carefully seizes the head



HOLDING A FOUR POUNDER.

and shoulders. Then holding the fish vent downwards over the basin, he applies gentle pressure with his right hand upon the belly, when if the fish is ripe the eggs rush out in a steady stream. With a little further gentle manipulation the complete contents of the ovaries will be expelled.



THE EGGS RUSH OUT IN A STEADY STREAM.

The fish is then dropped into the salt bath and left there for a minute. This process cleanses and stimulates the skin and prevents the formation of fungus growth. An assistant now lift it out and returns it to the lake, when after a short rest it completely recovers and swims away, apparently none the worse for the operation.

Having spawned all the female fish into the basin, a couple of good male fish are selected, and being handled in somewhat the same manner, the milt is expressed and deposited on the eggs. It is not necessary to apply pressure so high up in the case of the male fish, because the milt glands are situated much lower than the ovaries.



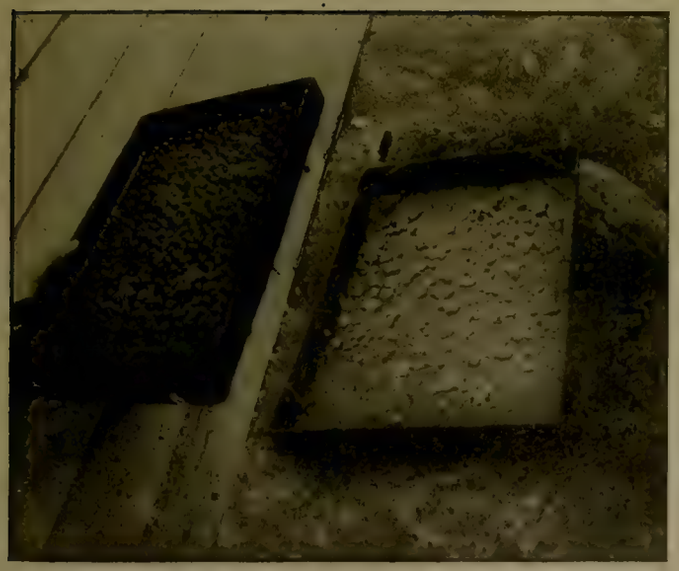
DEPOSITING THE MILT ON THE EGGS.

The eggs and milt must then be thoroughly mixed by a rotary movement of the basement. To the naked eye they appear as a yellow sticky mass, adhering to the dish and to each other. A small amount of fresh water is now poured on, the mixing continued for a few minutes longer, when the dish is covered and left standing to allow fertilization to be completed.

The time necessary for fertilazation varies according to the temperature, but one hour will generally be sufficient. The eggs are then examined again, and it is found that they present a different appearance; fertilization has already caused a change and they appear larger and separated from each other.

The third stage consists of thoroughly washing the fertilized eggs, and is a very important step. In large hatcheries where millions of eggs are handled they are placed in a washer, through which a constant flow of water passes. With us fresh water is poured on the eggs and off again several times, until they are washed and become brilliant looking. The eggs are now carried to the hatchery and carefully spread out on the grills. The grills we use are made of perforated slate, and are suspended in the hatching boxes so that the water may pass under and over them. Each grill is capable of carrying about a thousand eggs, the measure used being an ordinary teaspoon which holds about one hundred ova.

When all the fertilized ova have been placed in the hatching boxes and the water supply seen to, there is little else to do except watch them from day to day and pick out dead eggs as they appear. There is no difficulty in detecting them as they become quite opaque.



LIVE EGGS. DEAD EGGS.

If the dead eggs are not removed they become covered with a fungus growth which quickly spreads and causes great damage. The hatchery should be kept dark during the whole of the incubation period, as light is not only favourable to the growth of fungus, but it may injure the embryos.

The different stages of "Trout Culture" have now been described, the capture of the parent fish, the stripping, the fertilization of the ova, the washing and deposit on the grills, and at this stage it might be well to give a short description of the interesting changes that are taking place in the ova from the moment of fertilization, right up to the end of the incubation time, when the small fry bursts from its egg.

A trout egg or ovum is made up of protoplasm, and if it is carefully examined under the microscope a small cell called the germinal vesicle will be seen situated to one side. A closer examination of this "Germinal Vesicle" will reveal a much smaller cell in its centre which cell is called the "Germinal spot." When the milt is deposited on the eggs as described and the small spermatozoa contained in it successfully enters the germinal spot, impregnation takes place and great changes soon follow. The Germinal vesicle first divides into two cells and these two cells subdivide into others, and so on, every new cell forming other new cells, this cell formation being known as the "segmentation process". When this process has ceased the ovum consists of a mass of small corpuscles without any cell wall, and somewhat resembles a mulberry, consequently this is called the morula stage. As development advances the "morula" cells change in shape and become armed with little threads called cilia, which gives it the power of movement. This stage in the development being known as the "planula" stage. The ovum now consists of three parts, and each part has the special function of developing certain portions of the little fry's anatomy. These interesting changes are not visible to the naked eye; nevertheless, they are taking place while the eggs lie in the hatching boxes during the first few weeks, and can be studied with the microscope. Towards the end of the third week, according to the temperature of the water, the result of the development that has been going on becomes apparent, and the observer who has probably given up all hope of seeing any change becomes intensely interested as he notices black spots appearing in each egg. The ova are now said to be "eyed up," and at this stage of development the incubation is about half over, and the eggs which required perfect rest up to this time, can now be taken up, washed, packed in boxes and sent to different parts of the world where the hatching can be again continued. If the "eyed" ova be examined with the microscope one can distinctly see the circulation of blood, also the veins, arteries and tissues of the future fry. After the eggs have been "eyed" no further change will be noticed for several days, but if the temperature of the water in the hatchery keeps at about 50 degrees ten days will be sufficient to complete the development. Then a great metamorphosis takes place and the thousands of eggs, which had remained motionless on the grills for so many weeks, suddenly change into thousands of little wriggling and peculiar looking creatures called "alevins."

Alevins are delicate and helpless, their peculiar appearance is due to the small yellow sac which is attached to the belly, this sac contains fat globules, the absorption of which sustains life during a period of about fourteen days. When the fat globules are all used up, the sac shrinks and the alevin assumes a proper shape and is then called a fry.

If proper attention has been paid to the hatching boxes during the incubation stage, about 85 per cent of the eggs put down will hatch out, and after a wait of some weeks one will have the satisfaction of seeing thousands of fry in a healthy state. At first they pack closely together at the head of the boxes, but after a little time they swim about vigorously in their miniature stream, rising at any small particle floating down. It is a very interesting sight to watch them, and even the most casual observer becomes much impressed and wonders at the marvellous way in which Nature can be beaten by Art in this culture and propagation of fishes.

In about five weeks from the date of hatching the fry will be hardy and ready to embark in life. During that period they are fed on grated liver or cod roe, which is an excellent food and then thousands of them are conveyed to the different lakes about the country, where in a few years they will have grown to good size fish, affording splendid sport to the lucky angler.

Other lots of fry are placed in a specially prepared pond close to the hatchery, known as the Fry Pond, where they are



THE FRY POND.

watched and carefully fed for a period of twelve months, when as "yearlings" they are turned loose in the club lakes. On a miscellaneous diet the yearlings thrive well and very soon become good sporting fish, and although many fall victims to the "well delivered fly, many others escape and in due time enter the spawning beds to deliver up their eggs as their parents did before them.

Thus is the propagation of species maintained, and thus is trout culture carried on at the Game Fish Association Hatchery. What we do is but part of what should be done, and in conclusion I would point out that in our Inland Fisheries there is a mine of wealth for the Colony, that the care and the propagation of the Salmonidæ is of the utmost importance, and I would urge that the Inland Fishery Question be given the attention it deserves and be treated in a scientific manner. If this be done there is every reason to hope that sport will improve, and that Terra Nova will be an "Angler's Paradise" for many years to come.

In Evangeline's Garden.

L' Envoi.

"TITYRE TU RECUBANS."

By Eros Wayback.

ONE evening the summer day ending,
When the lights with the shadows lay blending,
And the delicate, scent-laden, mauve-laden bushes
Of lilacs that spread where the flushes
Of light from the west were last falling,
And the throstle to mate softly calling;

When one catches the fragrance of grasses
That's pilfered by soft breeze that passes,
To Evangeline's Garden I wandered,
And there 'neath the old yew tree pondered
On days that are passed, that are hoary,—
On long ago days and their story.

Like a latter-day Tityrus lying
Outstretched on the sward, I am plying
Fond memory, and scenes that are olden
Come time-softened here thro' the golden
Diaphanous light of the garden, -
Thro' the branches of the old yew,—the warden.

The smoke from my brûle-gueule floats curling,
Like wreathing of incense unfurling;
I soar with it dreamily whirled
From the strenuous life of the world,
With surcease from toil and the babble
Of streets and the noise of the rabble.

There she stands, over yon, with the shimmer
Of white on her garments, and glimmer
Of tresses, like sheaves on the prairie
That e'er and anon seem to vary
When bound by the reapers, all mellow
With the ripeness of autumn, and yellow

With red gleaming autumn's bright flashes
Of gold in their waving and splashes;
Was there ever a latter-day maiden
With such tresses, loose flowing or braiden,
With such eyes of the depths of the azure,
Oft beheld 'twixt the cloudlet's embrazure; –

With the sweep of those fringing curved lashes
That are shading and softening their flashes;
And e'er with that smile supplemented
By deep dimples so cunning indented
On cheeks with the glow of ripe peaches,
And Cupid's sweet curve that beseeches?

And there by the woodbine entangled,
With those strange, yellow flowers bespangled,
Again I behold her reclining,
In that arbour the roses entwining,
Where evening's last light has just caught her,
And I seek for the jewel I brought her;—

Why, old fellow! been dosing?
Sure, the maiden reposing
There, is Mollie, Evangeline's daughter!

"Its so long," said the sun to the brook that was froze,
Since you bubbled and babbled of joys and of woes,
That when you get started again, I suppose,
Some chestnut we'll hear about "Flowers and breezes so balmy."
Then the brook lisped reply, "When your gadding around,
Thay I'm gurgling and flowing quite free and unbound,
As of yore, I am rushing by mead and by wold, for you thaw me."

– *Eros Wayback.*

Song of a Neophyte.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

IT has come, it has come, O my heart
Like the scintillant glow of the dawn!
And the leaps in my pulses start,
And Life's curtain is backward drawn.
In a sky that no cloudlets blur
It wheels in gyrations free,
And its joy's in the wind astir,
And its flash on the amber sea.

And ever through sun-burnt days,
When September is turning aside,
It is setting my brain ablaze
And thrilling my heart with pride;
And ever through darkling nights,
When the stars shine full in their place,
I know that more glorious lights
Are shimmering over my face.

Ye odors that come from the sea,
Come now as ye breathed in the past;
Ye waves that are tumbling with glee
Bring me earnest of happiness vast.
For the past and the future meet
In these days that inspire my soul,
And the past's dim vista is sweet,
And the future looks sound and whole.

The years that the locust ate,
God will to my life restore,
His bounty is passing great,
He blesses me more and more.
And the canker-worm is dead,
Whose tooth would have withered my heart –
The blood in my veins bounds red
With intoxicating dart!

Oh, life to be lived by me!
Oh, joy of the unborn years!
Oh, jubilant hours to be!
Oh, light that the future wears!
The glow of that new fire spreads
In the clear dawning heavens above;
I live in the light it sheds,
And its wonderful name is—Love!

In the Offing.

By Dan Carroll.

FAR out where white sails dip and lift
Their swelling bosoms on the verge
Of waters, there's a ship that waves
A sun-lit sail all day.
Her helm has taught her many a shift;
Still far to sea that ship delays,
Rapt in a dreamy summer haze,
And gains no length of way.

She cannot catch a breeze to urge
Her landward ere the day is done:
But with the setting of the sun
She's glorified, and like a star
Her mast-head flashes from afar
This thought to me:—
"Thus souls upon the swelling sea
Of song and passion miss the gift
Of words, that pass them winging swift,—
So on the verge of silence drift
With dip and lift."

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NO. 8 OF 1905.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Spar Buoy painted White, has been moored in 3 fathoms, to show the position of Cahill's Rock; and a Spar Buoy painted black and white horizontal bands, surmounted by a white painted cone, in 3 fathoms, to indicate the position of Pancake Shoal, both on the South West side of the Narrows, or Entrance to the Harbour of St. John's.

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ELI DAWE, Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries, St. John's, Newfoundland,
September 12th, 1905.

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The Catholics in 1798.

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, Ph. D.

"IN 1798," says that vigorous and able champion of the Union, Dr. T. Dunbar Ingram, "while the Eastern Counties were disturbed, the whole West, where in the mountainous parts of Cork and Kerry the remnants of the Celts still lingered and preserved their language, was free from any taint of rebellion. In truth, the long hostility which England and Great Britain have experienced in Ireland, has come not from the kindly and social Celts, whose missionary labours in the past have made their name famous, but from the men of the mixed race, in whose veins there ran English or Scotch blood." In whom, I suppose, "the passionate unreason" has been intensified and stiffened by an infusion of "doggedness and narrowness." In truth, the insular hostility to union and to the country with which Providence has decreed that they must be united, the separatist spirit as distinguished from the nationalist, has shown itself most strongly in the descendants of English and Scotch settlements, whose blood has often curdled (like that of Americans) into a hatred the more malignant because unnatural. "Hiberniores Hibernis ipsis" might in many cases be translated "more anti-English than the Irish." So far as liking goes, the Celtic Irish like the English far more than the Scotch do, and are far more ready to speak generously of them. Yet in the face of these facts, a great English Liberal can talk such nonsense as that *the Celt* looked in 1798, as he did in 1689, to Brest for the sails that never came. In 1798, the sails *did* come (bearing Wolfe Tone) pretty close to the coast of Kerry; and when the French sent a boat on shore, the Celts gathered and drove it off. The leaders in disloyalty, from Wolfe Tone to Parnell, have been non-Catholics, usually of pure English, or Scotch, or Welsh blood, "I wish," writes Edmund Burke to Rev. Dr. Hussey, afterwards bishop, "that the leading people among the Catholics would give the most systematic attention to prevent frequent communication with their adversaries. There are a part of these, proud, insulting, capricious and tyrannical; these, of course, will keep at a distance. But there are others of a seditious temper, who would make the Catholics at first the instruments, and in the end the victims, of their factious temper and designs." So, in fact, it happened; and so we now have Mr. Sloan, who not long ago was a champion of Orangeism, setting Ulster on fire against the design of the British Government to endow a Catholic University, now appealing to the Catholics to forget all they have suffered and join with their persecutors against those who emancipated them. And the Clan-na-Gael at once responds to the cry.

Rev. Dr. Hussey to Burke (Nov. 30, 1796):—"I am terrified at what I foresee regarding my unfortunate native country. To break the connection with Great Britain is the plan of the United Irishmen. The wretches never consider that their grievances are not from England but from a junto of their own countrymen; and that Camden and Pelham (Lord Lieut. and Chief Secretary), whom notwithstanding my differences with them, I consider the most honest men in office here, are as completely junto-ridden as my former patron the King of Spain is convention-ridden."

Burke to Dr. Hussey, December, 1796:—"You feel the thing very rightly. All the evils of Ireland originate within itself. That unwise body, the United Irishmen, have had the folly to represent those evils as owing to this country. . . . The English Government do not in any way interfere, that I know of; and no oppressive disposition exists. . . . Ireland has derived some advantage from its independence (1782) on the Parliament of this Kingdom; or rather it *did derive* advantage from *the arrangements* that were made at the time of the establishment of that independence; but human blessings are mixed; and I cannot but think that even these great blessings were *bought dearly enough when*, along with the weight of the authority, *they have totally lost all benefit from the Superintendence of the British Parliament.* Our pride of England is now succeeded by fear" (of a declaration of independence by the Irish governing class). "If the people of Ireland were to be flayed alive by the predominant faction, it would be the most critical of all attempts so much as to discuss the subject in any public assembly on this side of the water."

Burke, (Sept., 1792), to Richard Burke (then agent of the Catholics):—"I now press again that those to whose cause we wish well in Ireland would leave off that topic, of which some of them are so fond,—that of attributing the continuance of their grievances to English interests or dispositions, to which they suppose the welfare of Ireland is sacrificed. I know not whether they believe me or not; or whether they may not think that I too speak from that sort of policy. But, believe what they will, there is not one story that the Protestant ascendancy tells of them (the Catholics) that is more groundless than that notion. What interest has any individual *here*, or what interest has the whole Kingdom collectively, that the Catholics of Ireland should have no share in the election of Members of Parliament? Since 1782, and even before, the jobs of the Irish Government are almost wholly in their hands, . . . and if they (the Catholics) think that the Court Party, or the Ministerial Party, or any party whatsoever, on this side of the water, wish to keep down the Catholics in order to keep the whole mass of Ireland feeble, they do an injury to the quietness of their character; and at the same time, infinitely too great an honour to the profundity of their politics. . . . Our friends are greatly, radically, and *to themselves most dangerously*, mistaken, if they do not know that the whole of what they suffer is from cabals purely Irish. . . . I wish that [they would avoid] everything which might discover a disposition to throw the blame of what they suffer on this country, in whose moderation and impartiality alone their hopes of redress exist. . . . Anything like the menace of a force which does not exist, and which, too, is known not to exist, gives offence where it can inspire no fear, in those who know the true state of things; and to those who do not know it, raises an alarm, the effect of which is, the desire of opposing to it a *contrary* force, to support a grievance which is felt only by others, rather than to run the risk of any change which might derange an order in the preservation of which they have (or think they have) a greater interest than they can derive from a reform attended with equal uneasiness and confusion. . . . The Ministers have not given any person authority to declare that they would use the forces of this country to coerce the Catholics."

II.

To Rev. Dr. Hussey (May 18, 1795):—"If some proper mode of education is not adopted, I tremble for the spread of

atheism among the Catholics. I do not like the style of the meeting in Francis Street. The tone was wholly Jacobinical. . . . Under every provocation, the Catholics ought not to be irritated out of their principles and out of their senses. The language of the day went plainly to a separation of the two kingdoms. God forbid that anything like it should ever happen! They would both be ruined by it; but Ireland would suffer most and first. The thing, however, is impossible. . . . It is a foolish language, adopted from the United Irishmen, that their grievances originate from England. *The direct contrary.* It is an ascendancy which some of their own factions have obtained here, that has hurt the Catholics with this Government. It is not as an English Government that Ministers act in that manner, but as assisting a party in Ireland." (So the Unionists of Ireland now call for a reduction of Irish Members.) "When the Catholics talk of dissolving themselves as a Catholic body and 'mixing their grievances with those of their country,' all I have to say is that they lose their own importance as a body by this amalgamation, and they sink real matter of complaint in those which are factious and imaginary. For, in the name of God, what grievance has *Ireland, as Ireland,* to complain of, with regard to Great Britain; unless the protection of the most powerful country on earth* . . . be a matter of complaint? The subject, as a subject, is as free in Ireland as he is in England. As a member of the Empire, an Irishman has every privilegr of a natural-born Englishman in every part of it, in every occupation, and in every branch of commerce. No monopoly is established against him anywhere; and the great staple manufacture of Ireland is not only not prohibited, not only not discouraged, but it is privileged in a manner that has no example. The provision trade is the same; nor does Ireland, on her part, take a single article from England, but what she has with more advantage than she could have it from any nation upon earth. I say nothing of the immense advantage she derives from the use of English capital. In what country upon earth is it, that a quantity of linens, the moment they are lodged in the warehouse, and before the sale, would entitle the Irish merchant or manufacturer to draw bills on the terms, and at the time, in which this is done by the warehouse men on London? Ireland, therefore, *as Ireland,* suffers no grievance. *The Catholics, as Catholics, do;* and *what can be got by joining their real complaint to a complaint which is fictitious,* but to make the whole pass for fiction and groundless pretence? . . . The tenor of the speeches in Francis Street, attacking the idea of an incorporating union, expressed principles that went the full length of a separation, and of a dissolution of that union which arises from their being under the same crown. That Ireland would, in that case, come to make a figure amongst the nations, is an idea which has more of the ambition of individuals in it, than of a sober regard to the happiness of a whole people. But if a people were to sacrifice solid quiet to empty glory, as on some occasions they have done; under the circumstances of Ireland *she,* most assuredly, never would obtain that independent glory, but would certainly lose all her tranquillity, all her prosperity, and even that degree of lustre which she has by the very honourable connection she enjoys with a nation the most splendid and the most powerful on earth. . . . It is a struggle against nature. Ireland must be protected, and there is no protection to be found for her but either from France or England. France, even if she were disposed to give the same protection* to Ireland, has not the means, either of serving her or hurting her, that are in the hands of Great Britain." [For France, now substitute the United States, since the American Clan-na-Gael now say: "Why should not we do in Ireland what we (Americans) have done in Panama and Cuba?"] "She might make Ireland (supposing that independence could be maintained, which I am certain it could not, for one year) a dreadful thorn in the side of this kingdom; but Ireland would dearly buy that *malignant* and *infernal* satisfaction."

* Burke here expatiates on the fact that Ireland up to this time was protected against invasion or attack at the expense of England alone—"a liberal and honourable protection" he calls it.

III.

The German Kaiser, by making friends with the Catholic Church, has obtained a bulwark for his throne against the Social-Democrats, has strengthened the union of South Germany with North, has made Alsace glad to be German rather than French territory, has gratified the Catholics of Austria, has secured the support of the Catholic Party in Italy for the Triple Alliance, has won the confidence of Catholic Belgium and detached it from France (and the British Radicals and Non-Conformists may enable him to detach it from ourselves), has bridged the gulf which separated the Irish-Americans from the German-Americans, and has set some of the Catholics of Hungary talking of getting one of his sons for King of Hungary if there should be a secession of Hungary from Austria. The Republican Party in the United States, which once leaned on the Puritans, now sees in the Catholic Church a breakwater against Socialism, and an aid against anarchy in the Philippine Islands. If King Edward had as free a hand as the German Kaiser, he would do from goodness and kindness of heart and fairness of mind what the other does from calculating policy,—would abolish the oath which obliges our King to insult his Catholic subjects, (and all the Catholics of the World and the whole Eastern Church)—would endow a Catholic University in Ireland, and would abolish those remnants of the penal laws which interfere with charitable bequests and which enable busy-bodies to annoy the religious orders. But the unchristian, unpatriotic, irrational, and immoral bigotry of the Puritan element in Great Britain and Ireland prevents the King from being what he craves to be,—the King and the Father of *all* his people. In 1888, Mr. Gladstone said to the leader of the Nationalist Party:—"The Prince of Wales (as he was then) is no enemy to Ireland nor to any policy that has the sanction of the masses of the Irish people." All the evidence we have shows that his heart is still in the same place.

It should be clear from Burke that, instead of being a link between the Irish and English people, or a channel for the removal of misunderstandings, the Irish Protestants are a source of disunion, some of them misrepresenting England to their Catholic countrymen, and others misleading England by misrepresentations against the Catholic Irish. I must add, from my own observation, that they misrepresent to the American people both England and the Catholic Irish, in order to make out that they are themselves a set of injured innocents, cruelly ill-treated by both England and the Catholics of Ireland. (The most anti-British of the great newspapers in New York, the only one that has the support of the Clan-na-Gael, has for its manager and editor two Belfast Protestants.) This misrepresentation of both English and Irish is practised particularly by the Scotch-Irish; who, by the way, assert in the United States that they are not Irish at all but Scotch, and that the Irish in America have no claim to such Revolutionists as Patrick Henry. ("They say they are not Irish; and God knows they're not Scotch").

What Canada and United States are Doing for Agriculture.

By J. T. Lawton, Harbor Grace.

IF you have read the Budget Speech of the Hon. Minister of Finance for the past year, you will notice that he can tell you how many slates were quarried in Trinity Bay and how many feet of board were sawn during the year; but he cannot tell you whether the agriculture of the year has been a failure or not. He cannot say if there were a million barrels of potatoes grown or a thousand barrels. The slate industry is an industry of a few thousand dollars; the agriculture of the country is one of millions, and is equal in value to half the fisheries. Why so little effort has been made to develop our agriculture is a problem beyond the power of the present writer to solve. If the agricultural industry were insignificant; or if this country were a barren wilderness, this apathy would be excusable; but when it is known that the people of this country owe a great part of their support to the products of the land; when we have practical proof that the soil is productive; and when we know that we pay to other countries tens of thousands of dollars for agricultural produce that could be raised in this country, it does seem strange that a more progressive supervision in agricultural matters is not considered necessary. Thousands of dollars are spent annually in fisheries' supervision because of the illusion that "the fisheries are the mainstay of the country." There are hundreds of fishermen who if they depended on their earnings from the fishery would have died from starvation long ago.

While we allow our agriculture to take care of itself, in sharp contrast to this is the course pursued by the United States and Canada. The following is a brief synopsis of the agricultural organisation of the United States:

The United States department of agriculture is composed of nine principal bureaus.

The Bureau of Animal Industry makes investigations as to the existence of dangerous diseases, the nature and prevention of such diseases, and studies and reports on the means of improving the animal industry of the country.

The Bureau of Soils is intrusted with the survey and mapping of the arable soils. It determines the kinds of soils in each locality and gives information as to the best crops to grow in certain localities. During the year 1903, the officials of this Department surveyed and mapped 14,907,520 acres. In some districts, as many as twenty-two different types of soils were found. It is well known that different soils are suited to different crops, and in a large country like the United States, the gain by sowing crops suited to the soil may be reckoned in millions of dollars.

The Bureau of Entomology obtains and disseminates information regarding injurious insects affecting field crops, animals and forests; conducts experiments and tests with insecticides and insecticide machinery. The importance and necessity of this Department may be inferred from the fact that in 1903, the loss to the cotton crop in Texas alone from the *Mexican Cotton Boll-Weevil* was estimated at $15,000,000, and Congress appropriated $250,000 for immediate steps towards abating the further spread of this insect pest. A further proof of the necessity of this Department is the fact that the annual loss from forest insect depredations amount to not less than $100,000,000.

The Bureau of Plant Industry conducts experiments with field crops to discover the earliest and most prolific varieties and studies of plant life in all its branches. It originates new varieties capable of withstanding the wide ranges of climate in the United States.

The Bureau of Chemistry has charge of analysis of soils, fertilizers and farm products. It determines the feeding value of farm crops, and investigates the purity of foods admitted to or manufactured in the United States.

The Bureau of Forestry investigates methods of planting trees; gives practical assistance to tree planters and assists in protecting the national forests.

The Weather Bureau forecasts storms, and reports on the probable temperature and rain conditions, and assists the farmer in guarding against unexpected losses by bad weather.

The Bureau of Public Roads has charge of the proper building of roads.

Besides these Bureaus, which are under the direct control of the Government, there are sixty-six agricultural colleges which send out annually thousands of men trained in agricultural work, who spread a knowledge of scientific farming in the districts where they settle.

Farmers' Institutes play an important part in diffusing agricultural knowledge. At their meetings, papers on agricultural subjects are read and discussed, and new ideas are exchanged amongst the members. Farmers' Institutes exist in every State and are aided by a Government grant. Add to these factors, the Experiment Stations, Dairy and Live Stock Associations, Forestry and Horticultural Societies,—all of which are assisted in some way by the Government, and it can easily be seen how great are the forces at work in the United States for the development of agriculture. The practical and logical result of this wise organization has been a rapid and marvellous agricultural output. The exports of farm products has risen from $147,000,000 in 1851 to $878,000,000 last year.

These same remarkable results are evident also in Canada, under its enlightened system of agricultural development. Nineteen years ago, a committee appointed by the Canadian Government found that "the depressed condition of farming was "not due to any fault in the climate or soil of this country, nor "to a lack of industry among the farmers; but to defective "farming, and to the want of skill and knowledge in all "departments."

The Dominion Government immediately adopted measures to remedy this depressed condition. Experimental Farms were established, and a system of organization was begun which has made Canada one of the foremost agricultural countries.

The Experimental Farms have proved a great blessing to Canadian farmers. One instance will suffice to show their utility. It was found that the varieties of wheat and apples, which ripen well in the Eastern Provinces, fail to ripen in the Northwest, on account of the shortness of the season. What was wanted was new varieties that would ripen earlier. The Central Experimental Farm, after some years of experimenting, has produced a variety of wheat called Preston, and a variety of apples from the Siberian Crab—both of which are capable of ripening in the short season of the Northwest Territories. Numerous experiments are performed at the Experimental Farms with ordinary crops to determine the best varieties, the effects of fertilizers, the feeding value of farm crops, and the solution of problems connected with agricultural science. The information thus obtained is circulated amongst the farmers. Advice on all points of farm management is given free by the Farm staff.

Last year the Canadian Government distributed 30,000 packages of seeds to farmers who were willing to sow them and test their value. By this plan the Canadian farmers become experimentalists, and an impetus is thereby given to scientific and practical research that must be of incalculable benefit. By this arrangement every locality finds out for itself the best varieties of seed for that particular locality.

Not satisfied with the results of her own experiments in agriculture, Canada sends experts to other countries to find out how these countries do things, and the information thus obtained is brought back for the benefit of the Canadian farmers. Canadian produce is shown at every Exposition. Canada has an exhibition manager whose sole business is to see that Canadian products

are shown to the best advantage at the world's exhibitions. What are the results of this organisation? Canada is becoming one of the chief agricultural countries of the world. Thousands of immigrants are annually finding homes in the Canadian Northwest. Towns are springing up like magic. There are in Canada to-day, towns of four thousand and five thousand inhabitants, with all modern convenience, that were not in existence ten years ago. All this progress is due to Canada's wise recognition of agriculture as the basis of every nation's prosperity. Under this progressive policy the exports of farm products have increased from from $9,584,000 in 1871 to $44,600,000 in 1903.

Twenty-five years ago a Joint Committee of both branches of our Legislature also deplored the backward condition of our agriculture, and declared that "Our agricultural industry is "susceptible of a very enlarged development. Vast stretches "of agricultural land need only the employment of well-directed "labour to convert them into means of independent support for "thousands of our population."

After twenty-five years of waiting, what has become of the "Enlarged development?" Not only do we not export farm produce; but we are forced to import to supply our needs.

Does agriculture need Government supervision? I claim that the agriculture of a country needs as much supervision as the fisheries. We are pleased to hear of an increase in the catch of fish; but why not feel pleased at an annual increase in our hay or potato crop? An increase in one means money as well as the other. From certain experiments at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, it has been calculated that the loss on our annual agricultural output is fully $1,200,000. We send out of the country about $800,000 for agricultural produce. The hay crop is short every year. The price of meat is increasing owing to the scarcity of cattle. There's scarcely a child in the street can tell carrot seed from turnip seed. In some localities this spring there was a shortage of potatoes for seed. And yet there are some who seem to think that our agriculture needs no further develoyment

Fishing in the "Crick."

By L. F. Brown, New York.

In his father's rubber boots,
Where the winding streamlet shoots
O'er the gray and tumbled shingle,—
With a stick,
He fishes for brook trout.
He knows what he's about,
As he feels them jerk and nibble
In the "crick!"

His "ma" told him to churn:
But he's out along the burn
That goes singing through the forest
Toward the sea,
With its message for the ocean,
Born in green and white commotion;
And he don't know just how happy
Boys can be.

He feels the mountain breeze,—
Hears the bluebirds in the trees,
Sees the happy violets nodding,
And all that.
He'll be punished,—pays the cost,
Wants the big one that he lost.
An unconscious poet under
His old hat.

He admires the curve and foam
Of the water. He's at home.
And my! but that's a whopper
Jumping there!
He'll come back to this pool
When he ought to be at school;
But when trout are biting well
He doesn't care.

And if mercifully spared
Until he is gray-haired,
Then he'll know what happy times,—
What perfect joy,
Was all around about
As he angled for brook trout,
In the mountain creek he worshipped
When a boy.

The Forgotten Song.

By Dan. Carroll.

Gath'ring wild fragrant flowers, beside a stream
A fair-haired child a rambling went one day,
And when returning in the evening's beam,
Amidst the mazy woodland lost his way.

He cried aloud one name his only love,
His mother's echo mocked him and he wept,
'Till faint and weary in the deep'ning grove
He laid him down dejectedly and slept.

The sylvan Nymphs around him gathered then,
The sweetest Zephyrs whispered in his ear,
And every beauteous spirit of the glen
With gladness in their voices, hovered near.

There guardian angels of the cities trod,
Who watch the toiling masses sweat and bleed,
And die! with pale wan faces turned to God
The helpless victims of remorseless greed.

They hovered near and sang a song that eve,
That haunts the sleeper's soul adown the years,
Of deeds triumphant which the great achieve,
The blood of toilers and the rain of tears.

They sang his soul in magic breathing lines,
The song of Brotherhood, which is to be
The watchword and the shibboleth that binds
The races, in thy reign Humanity.

They laid their hands amid his sunny hair,
And in the light by sunset glories thrown;
They touched his brow and sleeping lids with prayer,
And reverently claimed him as their own.

When lo! a frowning demon fiercely swept
Upon the group, and struck with hand of hate
The forehead of the smiling child, then leaped
Into the gloom, and jeered like mocking fate.

The big trees shuddered, terror chilled the breeze,
That moaned despairingly as if it knew
The child ordained the whispered song to seize,
Would know full oft that jeering demon too.

The seekers found him where the flowers bloomed
The fairest; soon were stilled his hearts alarms:
They placed him with his angel face illumed,
Within his anxious mother's waiting arms.

And while the twilight o'er the landscape fell,
And while his heart beat wild twixt joy and fear,
He tried with child-like awe his dream to tell
In lisping accents in his mother's ear.

And still he tries, and still with lisping word,
Tho' care has dimmed his eyes and locks are gray
To teach the world the wondrous song he heard
Within the woodland solitude that day.

International Order of Good Templars.

(Continued from page 4.)

Prohibition as one plank in its platform. Good Templars are left free to choose what they believe to be the best way to promote the principles of total abstinence. Good Templary stands also for wholesome religious influence. It is not sectarian. Only atheists are excluded from its membership. No distinctive doctrines are inculcated, but the Bible is commended, and the truth of the presence of God is kept before the Lodge as an ennobling thought. It stands not only for the Fatherhood of God, but also for the true Brotherhood of man. This is beautifully expressed in the accompanying Grand Lodge Seal of Newfoundland.

Considering its broad and solid foundation and its humanitarian plan, no one should wonder at the grand and beautiful structure that has arisen in a few years. The first brick was laid in New York State, U.S.A., in 1851. The work went on rapidly. Joseph Malins, of Birmingham was in America for a time; and, while there, he was led to join a Lodge. On his return to his native land he organized the first Good Templar Lodge in England, September 8th, 1868; and he called it Columbia No. 1. The Order spread over the British Isles; and by military, naval, and civil deputies it was carried to almost every habitable part of the earth. Russia excludes the Order, as she does so much that is good in Modern Life.

The Northern Whig, of Belfast, in its issue of August 3rd, 1905, gives the following paragraph relating to Newfoundland: "An interesting feature occurred during the morning, when the Right Worthy Grand Templar called forward Brother A. J. Preece, who has just recently established the new Grand Lodge of Newfoundland, . . . and, after complimenting Bro. Preece on the success of his work, handed to him for transmission to the new Grand Lodge the charter granted by the International Supreme Lodge."

In the Report of the R.W.G.T. submitted to the August Triennial Lodge we find the following: "A few months ago our R.W.G. Secretary despatched Bro. Rev. A. J. Preece (now G.Ch. of New Jersey) to mission the Island of Newfoundland, and build a Grand Lodge. No fitter Missioner could be chosen. He is an able speaker and preacher, of high character and long experience. He enlisted some of the highest and best elements of the Province and formed a group of good Lodges; and, with the co-operation of several past G.L. Executive Officers, instituted the Grand Lodge of Newfoundland on June 14th, 1905.

The Grand Lodge started with 15 Lodges, with 689 members and 4 Temples with 128, and 2 District Lodges are also working. Bro. Preece has since added other Lodges, and now there are over 1,000 adult and junior members—several clergymen being Lodge Deputies. The G.C.T. is Bro. Rev. A. W. Lewis; the G.Sec., Bro. F. H. Scott, and the G.Supt. Juvenile Temples, Bro. Rev. J. J. Thackeray. The Island has possessed Local Veto powers, and has well used them." "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

St. Andrew's Manse, Harbor Grace, August 25th, 1905.

Gower Street Methodist Church.

By Rev. L. Curtis, M.A., D.D.

"No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n:
But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise." —*Pope.*

MAY this be claimed for Gower Street Church to-day? Possibly respecting that there may be room for diversity of opinion, although the writer is disposed to answer in the affirmative. And yet the sacred edifice known by that name is no mean structure. While not unduly pretentious or elaborate, and making not the smallest claim to magnificence, either in dimensions or style, it is at least respectable in appearance, and in its adaptibility to meet the needs of a worshipping congregation, it leaves scarcely anything to be desired. But the peculiar distinction of the Gower Street Church is not in its style of architecture or brick and mortar, or even in its splendid situation, but rather in its historic associations and relationships. It has been said that a man may have many wives but only one mother; and Gower St. Church has the proud distinction of being the Mother Church of Methodism in St. John's. Whatever changes may come as years pass by, this glory abideth, and not abideth merely, but increaseth as years add to the number and importance of her offspring in the city.

In the matter of seniority, however, St. John's must yield the palm to some of the outports, especially to places around Conception Bay. The Gospel of the New Testament as interpreted by Methodism was first preached in those places as early as 1765; and, in a few years, churches were erected in Harbor Grace, Carbonear, Blackhead, Lower Island Cove, and Old Perlican. Such individuals or families in St. John's, in the latter part of the eighteenth and early morn of the nineteenth century, as preferred Methodist doctrines and polity, found in the services of the Congregational Church then established there such spiritual help and comfort as their souls required. Indeed, the ministrations of Rev. John Jones, a man of excel-



GOWER STREET METHODIST CHURCH.



REV. L. CURTIS, M.A., D.D.

lent character and superior Christian spirit, who was a resident of St. John's from 1775 until his death in 1800, and who forsook military life for the pulpit, were greatly appreciated by visitors to the city as well as by members of his congregation. As Methodists continued to increase, however, the desire to have a church and clergyman of their own denomination became increasingly strong; and at a meeting held in the fall of 1814, it was resolved to arise and build in the following spring. This resolution was put into effect in 1815, and work pushed vigorously forward, securing its completion in a few months. That, however, proved one year too soon; as on February 12th, 1816, a fire, which left 1000 persons homeless, laid low the church so recently erected and set apart for holy service. Even while the joy of having a suitable church home was new to the small congregation, they were suddenly robbed of their dearly bought privilege, and obliged to seek shelter in the Charity School-room, the use of which was secured for them through the good offices of the Rector of the Church of England.

Not for long, however, were they content to remain without a church; for, despite the unfavourable financial condition of the town—a condition brought about by the fire and other misfortunes and resulting in widespread destitution—on Sept. 17th of the same year, 1816, was laid the foundation stone of the new church; and on Christmas Day the building was occupied by a worshipping congregation.

The Governor of the Colony, Vice Admiral Pickmore, and a large company of people of different denominations, manifested their sympathy with the movement by their presence at the laying of the corner stone. Thus after the purging by fire, as if to test the quality and devotion of the aspiring congregation, and after the toil and expense of building two churches in as many years, Gower Street Church was fairly started upon its career of service for God and humanity.

The church at that time erected seems to have met the requirements of city Methodism until the middle of the nineteenth century, when it became too small and otherwise unsuited to the altered conditions; and a movement was set on foot for a new and improved building. In 1856 the new church was ready for use; and from that time until the great fire of July, 1892, when it was laid in ruins, it was the centre of the manifold activities inseparable from the church life of modern Methodism. During those thirty-six years, two large streams broke away from the main current—the stream in the West of the City upon the erection of George Street Church, and that in the East, upon the erection of Cochrane Street—but neverthelesss the mother church abounded with life and activity, and was so liberally patronised that for some time prior to that fire, the question of additional accommodation was engaging the attention of the official Boards. After that fateful day, however, only one decision was possible—the erection of a new church.

A temporary building, known as the "Tabernacle," was set up to meet the immediate requirements of the congregation; and thus, with greater deliberation, the more arduous task of erecting a suitable and up-to-date church was faced. The foundation stone was formally laid by Rev. A. Carman, D.D., General Superintendent of the Methodist Church, and on October 4th, 1896, the present spacious edifice was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God; Rev. John Potts, D.D., one of Canada's most brilliant orators, having come from Toronto to participate in the functions of the important occasion. As the new church was so much more commodious than the old one, fears were entertained by many that a considerable time, possibly several years, may pass before all available pews would be taken. All such fears were entirely groundless, however, as in a very few weeks, families were seeking in vain for accommodation. Rev. A. D. Morton, M.A., D.D., was Superintendent of the Circuit during the years of its erection, and the writer entered upon the duties of that office just as it was ready for use. Rev. H. P. Cowperthwaite, M.A., D.D., followed in order; and he was succeeded by the present highly esteemed Superintendent, Rev. J. L. Dawson, B.A., who, three years previously, had been invited from Nova Scotia to the Superintendency of the St. John's West Circuit.

The Mother Church of Methodism in St. John's continues to prosper. The young people's Societies, such as Sunday School and Epworth League, are in a flourishing condition, and the regular Church Services are attended by a loyal and enthusiastic congregation. Contributions for Missions alone last year reached the fine sum of $1,480.

The Day of The Races at Home.

By a Newfoundlander in Boston.

AN esteemed correspondent sends us the following racy references to persons and happenings of years ago:

"There were several of us gathered together at the Seaside on August 2 last,—"The Day of the Races" at home. It is over fifteen years since I left the Island, and I have now, in a measure, lost touch with current events. I some times see your local papers, but they do not interest me very much, as they often deal with matters beyond the comprehension of one who is not a close student of local events.

"But I get the QUARTERLY regularly, and am very pleased with it. Most of the contributors are old favourites, and some of the writers have a reputation more than insular, and still some of the newer ones display more than ordinary literary merit, and their essays and poems interest me very much. My views were shared by nearly the whole party, and I thought when sending my subscription I would let you know that your efforts are appreciated, in this quarter at any rate.

"Of course in a short time we became reminiscent, and the subject that seemed to interest and amuse us more than anything else was a discussion on the "Races." One of the number, who, bye the by is, perhaps, one of the most successful Newfoundlanders in Massachusetts, held forth on the old times. He talked of the days of the *Native*, the *Hawk*, the *Buttercup*, *Fire-Fly*, *Heather Bell*, *Lurline*, *Lady of the Lake*, and so on, and had something interesting to say of each. He recalled some of the old coachers, such as old Mr. Winter, father of Sir James Winter, who was no mean oarsman in his day; Mr. Ryall, lovingly known to the older generations as "Tommy" and regarded as a fine sterling old sportsman; Sam Ryan, another famous coxswain, and among the younger fellows, Charlie Clift

was a great favourite. The old *Native*, with her amateur crew consisting of the Winter boys, and the Clifts and others, and coached by old Mr. Winter, who was a regular disciplinarian, gave a good account of herself for many years. In recounting the deeds of the brave days of old, it was pleasing to note that many of those who participated in them, succeeded in their various professions. Sir James Winter has attained a high place in his profession; "Duke" Winter is rated among business men here who know him, as one of the leading business men in the Island. Ted Clift (now the Rev. Theodore) is known to many Newfoundlanders as a successful clergyman, and "Jimmy" Clift now occupies a prominent position in Newfoundland. Then the old *Buttercup* crowd,—"Johnny" Roach, Greenway, Rowe, and lots of other who have passed away or are scattered to all parts of the earth.

"I tell you the memory of the beautiful lake, gay with its well dressed orderly crowds, the white canvas tents and parti-coloured bunting, with the music and bustle and good natured fun and excitement, makes a picture for the wanderer, that can be recalled more vividly almost than any other feature of our Island Home.

"Looking back on these days now, with larger experience, I think that Newfoundlanders, are easily the very best oarsmen in the world. I do not believe it possible to get any six men in the world to beat six picked men like those who rowed on the Lake, hailing from Outer Cove, Black Head, Quidi Vidi, Broad Cove, etc., and there must be thousands of others around the Island as good, if not superior to the crews from these parts. And this lake on Regatta Day is really a pretty and uncommon picture. I say this as not only my own experience, and that of most Newfoundlanders I ever heard discussing it, but also of many strangers, who happened along the "Day of the Races."

"It was also recalled that many "Champions" came along from various parts, and with their jaws held the championship, till some Coaker or Squires, or some unpretentious fisherman, in fear and trembling in a "punt," faced the champion, who, in thirty seconds after the start, lost the "belt" beyond all redemption. We don't hear much of the single scull race on Quidi Vidi these times. Newfoundland ought hold permanently the single scull championship of the world. This branch of aquatics should be cultivated among the younger oarsmen. There is more fame and kudos in it than in any other branch.



AT QUIDI VIDI LAKE
OR REGATTA DAY.



A SIX-OARED RACE BOAT
ON QUIDI VIDI LAKE.

* * * * * * * *

"Another feature of the QUARTERLY that appeals to readers in the United States is the portrait gallery—the men in the "Public Eye." It is interesting to see portraits of well-known old Newfoundlanders, and not less so to see those of the coming men. You should certainly develop that department of the journal. Even the very advertisements are read and discussed with interest, and I was glad to see some old firms are still to the fore, and appear to be as vigorous as they were fifty years ago."

Sir Ambrose Shea, K.C.M.G.

ON August 23rd, in the year of Grace 1905, was laid to rest in Belvedere Cemetery, all that was mortal of one of our Island's most gifted sons—Sir Ambrose Shea, K.C.M.G. The deceased was born about the year 1815, and was therefore in his ninetieth year when the summons came. His great talent developed early, as he was scarcely nineteen years old when he first took a prominent place in local parliamentary affairs. His energy and ability placed him easily first amongst the ablest of our local men, and the right to that position was unquestionably conceded him by all his contemporaries, till the Imperial Authorities recognized his worth, and offered him the Governorship of the Bahamas.

Judge Prowse writing of him says:—"Nature endowed Sir Ambrose with every gift and grace; he had not only a fine and very distinguished appearance, courtly manner, fit to grace any



SIR AMBROSE SHEA, K.C.M.G.

position, but his intellect and logical powers were of the highest order. As a debater he was unrivalled. He always appealed to the reasoning and common sense of his hearers. A master of argument and clear, nervous, forcible English, he was a speaker who would command a high position in any assembly in the world. As a writer, he was just as powerful as a speaker. Probably his most unique gift was his personal influence over both individuals and bodies of men. He was equally at home talking with the humblest or the highest. Every one felt the magnetic power of his personality. As an enlightened, far-seeing man, he was generally in advance of his compeers. It is to him we owe our splendid water supply. He had advanced ideas about the fishery, and started the first steam bait-skiff. As every one knows, he was the leader in the great Confederation movement for union with Canada."

Sir Ambrose had the misfortune to have been born with abilities and perceptions ahead of his age, and in several crises in his life and in our history he was cramped and thwarted by petty local jealousies. A naturally strong, energetic personality, his very force, created a resistance of prejudice and misconception, that robbed his services to his native land, of a great deal of benefit that would otherwise have accrued from the labour of her gifted son. We will never know the loss which was ours, when the Imperial Government entrusted him with the Governorship of the Island, and pitifully mean local intrigue, deprived us of his ripe statesmanlike experience. Probably most of the evil of which we now complain would have been obviated by his ability and patriotism. The services that would have been freely given his birth place, were utilized in developing the industries of the Bahamas, of which place he was appointed Governor.

However, after a brilliant career in the Imperial Service, the wish of his heart was gratified, and his remains now rest among his old-time friends and companions in Belvedere Cemetery.

The country did itself credit by tendering her gifted son a public funeral. The funeral was large and representative, and His Grace Archbishop Howley delivered the panegyric in the Cathedral. The floral tributes were many and beautiful, and were sent by the following:—

Their Excellencies Sir William and Lady MacGregor.
Sir W. H. Horwood, Chief Justice and Deputy Governor.
Right Hon. Sir Robert Bond, Premier.
Hon. Sir E. P. and Lady Morris (Minister of Justice).
Sir J. S. and Lady Winter (Ex-Premier).
The Executive Council.
The Legislative Council.
The House of Assembly.
The St. John's Municipal Council.
The Constabulary and Fire Departments.
The Benevolent Irish Society.
The St. Andrew's Society.
The Newfoundland British Society.
The Mechanics' Society.
The Total Abstinence Society.
The Star of the Sea Association.
The Loyal Orange Association.
The Onward Lodge, I.O.G.T.
The Grand Lodge Sons of Temperance.
Mr. C. S. Pinsent, Misses Browning, Mr. J. Ryan.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Constabulary (under Supt. Sullivan).
Reserve Firemen.
Methodist Guards Brigade.
Band.
Catholic Cadet Corps.
Band.
Church Lads' Brigade.
Band.
Detachments from H. M. Ships.

HEARSE AND CASKET.

Carriage containing Sir E. D. Shea, Rev. J. Bennett, Dr. H. Shea.
Hon. George Shea, Dr. H. Shea, jr.
His Lordship the Deputy Governor, and A.D.C. McCowen.
Rt. Hon. Gentlemen of Privy Council.
Sir R. Thorburn, Sir J. S. Winter.
Naval Officers.
Hon. Gentlemen of Legislative Council.
Ex-Members of Legislative Council.
Members of House of Assembly.
Ex-Members of the House of Assembly.
Heads of Government Departments.
The Municipal Council.
Clergymen.
Capt. Hamilton, officers and crew of R.M.S. *Carthaginian*.
Citizens, on foot.
Citizens, in carriages.

The City Councillors

Visit the scene of operations at the New Water Works, Winsor Lake.



Photo by James Vey.

On Top—John Ryan, City Engineer.

Second Row—Councillor J. R. Bennett, M.H.A.; Councillor W. J. Ellis, M.H.A.; T. Carew, *Herald* Reporter.

Third Row—Councillor M. J. Kennedy, Councillor Hon. John Harris, Hon. George Shea, Mayor; Councillor Hon. John Anderson.

Fourth Row—John L. Slattery, Secretary-Cashier City Council; John Galt, C.E., Toronto; —. Pippy, *Telegram* Reporter.

The Auxiliary Water Service.

By John L. Slattery.

NOT since St. John's received the power of managing its own civic affairs, has there been undertaken an enterprise of so much importance to the citizens, as the Auxiliary Water Service inaugurated by the gentlemen who now control the destinies of the City.

For a long period, the want of an enlarged water supply has been felt, because of the expansion that has taken place in the community during the past decade; an expansion that was steady and substantial. The development and growth of building properties, in that section of the City, towards the summit North of Military and LeMarchant Roads has been considerable; and to such an extent that provision for an efficient supply of water, for domestic and fire purposes, was deemed necessary to meet the requirements of the increasing number of dwellers in that section.

As is well known, artificial means have been availed of to give this part of the town some relief, but always at the expense of other sections, the supply for which was at times considerably curtailed. The present system, which served the city so well in the past, and has met the ever increasing demands on its powers had to be changed.

With the end therefore of making ample provision for domestic and fire purposes, particularly for the New St. John's, the present board of Councillors, viz.:—Mayor Shea, and Councilmen J. R. Bennett, W. J. Ellis, Hon. John Harris, Hon. John Anderson, and M. J. Kennedy, with the late Councillor C. F. Muir, entered into an arrangement with John Galt, C.E., of Toronto, for a report as to the best means of accomplishing this, and on September 3rd, 1903, after a careful examination, Mr. Galt presented his recommendations. The proposals for installing the New System were approved, and after preliminaries were arranged, the work under the superintendence of City Engineer Ryan, was ordered to be begun in 1904.

Briefly the scheme for the new water supply is as follows:—

(*a*) The 3,000 feet of 24-inch main pipe from Winsor Lake, to be replaced by a concrete conduit 4x5 feet.

(*b*) At the end of this conduit is situated a new screen house, completed.

(*c*) From the new screen house, there is a concrete conduit averaging 10 feet sections, 8,000 feet long, which takes the place of the twin 16-inch and 12-inch mains that connected with the single 16-inch main leading to the city.

(*d*) At the end of this conduit, there is completed a concrete compensating basin, oblong shape, capable of holding in reserve 750,000 gallons of water.

(*e*) Connected with the basin are to be 2 24-inch mains, each 1,500 feet long, one to supply the present 16-inch pipe leading to the city, the other to supply the 16-inch main for the upper level service.

(*f*) All the pipes now in use, out to the basin, are to be taken up, re-laid from the point stated in the previous paragraph, making a new and improved service to the city—a distance from the compensating basin to the summit of 13,000 feet.

(*g*) The upper level service, which will come along by Long Pond Bridge to Newtown Road, to head of Parade Street and continue to Freshwater Road, will be at an elevation of 130 feet above the old line.

The system, which is designed on a most modernized scale, according to the reports received, will be a highly efficient one, that will produce the very best results, with a capacity for fire and domestic purposes to serve a city with a population much greater than the present one.

The work is in full swing at present; and, from all that is known, the citizens of St. John's may look forward early next year to the completion of an undertaking that will be of lasting benefit to our prosperous town.

"THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY"

—AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE—

Issued every third month about the 15th of March, June, September and December from the office
34 Prescott Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

JOHN J. EVANS, ⁘ ⁘ ⁘ PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR,
To whom all Communications should be addressed.

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Single Copies, each	10 cents.
One Year, in advance, Newfoundland and Canada	40 "
Foreign Subscriptions (except Canada)	50 "

Advertising Rates

$30.00 per page; one-third of a page, $10.00; one-sixth of a page, $5.00; one-twelfth of a page, $2.50—for each insertion.

The Sky at Night.

By a Member of The Littledale Literary Club.

NO work more fully manifests the sublimity of nature than the sky, at any time, and particularly at night. It is one of the most important works of the great Creator, and is almost universally believed to be the boundary line, as it were, between the beautiful and everlasting city of the New Jerusalem and this "Vale of Tears."

It is almost impossible for one who gazes intently at the sky in all its grandeur on a clear starlight night, to prevent his mind from dwelling on the beauties that must be beyond.

In one day, that is in the space of twenty-four hours, the sky undergoes numerous changes. First in the early morning we have sunrise. The sun rises gradually in the East.

"See from his deep cloud-curtained couch arise
The drowsy Sun, and with a feeble ray,
Peep o'er the hill-tops on the morning gray—
Now sailing upwards through the Eastern skies."

And when he has reached his zenith it is noonday.

The next great change is Sunset; then in rapid succession follow twilight, starlight aud moonlight.

Sunset is often very lovely in our Island Home, and its beauty (which is, to a certain extent, enhanced by surrounding wild and picturesque scenery) is highly appreciated by us, and is honestly praised and admired by tourists in the holiday season of the year.

The sun which has been rapidly journeying from the East all day, though to us it appears to move but slowly, reaches the West in the evening and prepares to sink to rest in all his glory. The sky (towards the West) tinged with bright crimson, rich purple and azure is a beautiful and fitting background for the great, red ball of light, as he sinks and becomes invisible to us.

Twilight now falls softly, and almost immediately over the Earth. Nature seems to be resting for a space! Silence reigns supreme!

Involuntarily one holds one's breath, fearing to disturb the delightful tranquility of the scene. Gradually the stars come out. One by one they peep shyly forth until in mute admiration we behold the brilliantly studded firmament above.

"Silently one by one in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

The stars which are more widely known are Jupiter, Saturn, Mars, Venus, and Mercury, the principal planets.

Soon we notice a subdued light, on the summit of Signal Hill, which is a reflection from the Moon's beams, and we realize with pleasure that we shall very soon have Moonlight.

As the orb rises slowly and majestically, she appears to barely skim the summit of the surrounding hills, when in reality the moon is hundreds of thousands of miles distant from the loftiest mountain on the earth's surface.

In watching the moon rise, we have, perhaps, failed to notice that the stars are gradually becoming dimmer, and now, that the greater orb has risen high in the heavens, continuing her course round the earth, we find that the smaller ones are almost invisible —completely eclipsed by the "Queen of Night."

The grandeur and sublimity of the sky is now truly inspiring.

"The heavens" are like unto unto a vast fathomless lake, and the moon is so clear at times, that the hills and valleys on its surface are visible to the naked eye without any artificial aids.

The beautiful, subdued light which is shed over the earth by the moon's beams on such a night, and whose mellowed softness unconsciously sinks into one's very soul, filling it with a serene peace, and making one forget for the time being, that there are such things as *hurry* and *strife*: may well be said to inspire the great writer who has said:

"In the night an athiest,
Half believes there *is* a God."

"Beautiful Moonlight, peaceful and calm,
O'er the tired spirit, pouring sweet balm;
Earth glows with beauty, lovely and pale,
Wrapt like a bride in thy silv'ry veil.
See the blue waters sparkle with light;
O, thou art lovely, beautiful Night!"

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP having written the following beautiful and graceful Sonnet in reply to the lines of the gifted E. C. upon the Investiture of the Pallium, we gladly publish it together with the original lines.

The Investiture of the Pallium

By His Grace Archbishop Howley, 23rd June, 1905.

GATHER within the Temple—
Come from afar and near!
Prelates, and priests and people—
As of old, "It's good to be here!"

Come in your joy and gladness—
Come in your faith and love;
For the trembling soul awaiting
Stands stamp'd from the HAND above!

This is his cherish'd birthland!
Climb'd to the "Heights" has he!
Stainless his life and garments—
Simple, yet noble! and we?—

We are his chosen children—
We are his favored flock—
Proud of the "Keys of Peter"
Proud of the ancient "Rock!"

Proud of the man invested—
In the Church he so adorns!
Proud of the added garlands
Won in a path of thorns!

Bells in yon lofty steeple
Let the peals of your gladness glide
O'er the depths of the throbbing ocean,
To the heart of the forest wide!

For this is his cherished Birthland,
Climb'd to the "Heights" has he;
All hail to our first archbishop,
All hail on bended knee!

—*E. C.*

Sonnet

In thanks to E. C. for the Beautiful Lines on the Investiture of the Pallium.

Thanks!—"Poetess of Pity"—whose sweet strain
Erstwhile Melpomene's sad muse has woo'd,
In choicest verse, though tuned to minor mood.
Thou oft hast soothed the broken heart's dull pain:
The widowed hearth, the orphaned home,—again
Hast helped to brighten:—ever "doing good,"
Like to the MASTER Who from Sacred Rood,
Drew all things to Him, in His loving train.

But *now* thou showest how thy Muse's lyre,
Can soar to loftier key: strike brighter chord
Of triumph: thrilling all the strings along.—
Touched by Calliope's heroic fire;—
It fills the heart with soul-inspiring word,
Again I thank thee for thy noble song!

+M. F. H.

St. John's, Nfld., 10th July, 1905.



The C. C. C. Officers at Camp, 1905.

Top Row—C. Vaughan, Lt.; F. Hiscock, Lt.; J. Meehan, Lt.; J. Murphy, Lt.; J. Shortall, Lt.; P. Jordan, Lt.

Second Row—M. Donnelly, Lt.; P. J. Kent, Capt.; Hon. D. J. Green, Lt.-Col.; Rev. A. Howley, D.D., Chaplain; G. T. Carty, M.H.A., Capt.

A special effort will be made in the Make-up of the Christmas Number of "The Newfoundland Quarterly" for 1905.

New Advertisers would please send in copy of Advertisements as soon as possible to

JOHN J. EVANS, 34 Prescott Street.

Stebaurman's Ointment

Will cure Rheumatism, Abscesses, Festers, Scabbing, Catarrh, and all kinds of Sores.

Price, 20 Cents per Box.

L. STEBAURMAN,

18 Prospect Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

M. MURPHY,

West End Hair Dresser.

Hair Cutting, Shaving, and Refreshing Sea Foam.

Water Street West.

Opposite Angel Engineering & Supply Co's Store.

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500 Packages,
Direct from Ceylon.

in 5 lb., 10 lb. and 20 lb. Boxes, and 50 lb. Chests.

25 cases Seal Brand Tea, in ¼ lb. packets.
50 boxes China Tea, 20 lbs. each.

And a full line of Family Groceries and Provisions: English and American.....

Send for Samples and Price List.

☞Mail Orders shipped promptly.

J. D. RYAN, 281 Water Street, St. John's.

Use "Acme"

Baking Bowder.

The purest and best on the market.....

Packed in 2 oz., 1-4 lb. and 1-2 lb. Tins.

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W. P. WALSH, President. **S. WILL. CORNICK,** Manager.

IT IS A WELL KNOWN FACT

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Libby, McNeill & Libby's

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We keep in stock English, Scotch and Canadian goods.
Also, Shirts, Ties, Caps, Braces, etc.

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268 Water Street.

MISS MAY FURLONG'S

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Dress Goods, Mantles, Millinery,
Feathers, Flowers, Gloves.

St. John's, Newfoundland.

SOME SPECIALLY INTERESTING.

Newfoundland Literature

Caribou Shooting in Newfoundland, with over sixty illustrations, by Dr. S. T. Davis.....Paper 60. cts. Cloth, $1.25

From Newfoundland to Cochin, China, by Lady Howard Vincent, illustrated..... New and cheaper edition, Cloth, $1.25

Mineral Resources of Newfoundland, in two parts..... 60 cts.

Newfoundland—Standard History of, by D. W. Prowse, Esq., J.P., LL.D., with numerous Maps and Illustrations. Demy, 8vo; Cloth, Gilt; 2nd edition $1.75

Newfoundland—Ecclesiastical History of, by His Grace the Archbishop of Newfoundland..... $2.50

Poems, by His Grace the Archbishop of Newfoundland..... 75 cts.

Captain of the Dolphin, and other Poems of Newfoundland and the Sea, by Rev. F. J. J. Smith. Cloth, 75 cts., Gilt top ..... 90 cts.

Dr. Luke of the Labrador, by Norman Duncan.....50 and 75 cts.

Lure of the Labrador Wild, by D. Wallace..... $1.50

The Way of the Sea, by Norman Duncan.....50 and 75 cts.

The New Priest in Conception Bay, by Rev. Robert Lowell; only a very few copies now in print .....Cloth, $1.75

Newfoundland Illustrated, with 109 beautiful half-tone views of the chief attractions of the Island ..... 50 cts.

Rambles in Our Ancient Colony by the Banks and Bergs of Terra Nova, with numerous illustrations..... 40 cts.

St. John's and Newfoundland Illustrated, with 59 Half-tones of the Capital of Newfoundland, with adjoining Outports..... 25 cts.

NEWFOUNDLAND VIEW POST CARDS.

The Garland Half-tone Series .....45 varieties, 2 cts. each, 80 cts. set.

The Garland Photogravure Series.....25 varieties, 3 cts. each, 70 cts. set.

The Garland Photolet (Photograph)...15 varieties, 3 cts. each, 45 cts. set.

The Garland Chromo-Litho ..... 8 varieties, 4 cts. each, 30 cts. set.

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Interested persons should drop us a Post Card for complete list of Books, Pamphlets, Sheet Music, Maps, Charts, etc., relating to Newfoundland.

S. E. GARLAND, Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, etc., Garland Bldg., 177-9 Water Street, East } **ST. JOHN'S,**
GARLAND & CO., Booksellers and Stationers, opposite Post Office, 353 Water Street, West } **Newfoundland.**

Customs Circular

No. 15.

WHEN TOURISTS, ANGLERS and SPORTSMEN arriving in this Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Angler's Outfits, Trouting Gear, Fire-arms and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions:—

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Trouting Poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes, and tent equipage. A receipt (No. 1) according to the form attached shall be given for the deposit and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt as well as in the marginal cheques. Receipt No. 2 if taken at an outport office shall be mailed at once directed to the Assistant Collector, St. John's, if taken in St. John's the Receipt No. 2 shall be sent to the Landing Surveyor.

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the receipt. The Examining Officer shall initial on the receipt the result of his examination and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits or provisions of any kind will be admitted free and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
Assistant Collector.

CUSTOM HOUSE,
St. John's, Newfoundland, 22nd June, 1903.

The Public are reminded that the

GAME LAWS

OF

NEWFOUNDLAND

Provide that:

No person ..... shall pursue with intent to kill any Caribou from the 1st day of February to the 31st day of July, or from the 1st day of October to the 20th October in any year. And no person shall..... kill or take more than two Stag and one Doe Caribou in any one year.

No person is allowed to hunt or kill Caribou within specified limits of either side of the railway track from Grand Lake to Goose Brook, these limits being defined by gazetted Proclamation.

No non-resident may hunt or kill Deer (three Stag) without previously having purchased ($50.00) and procured a License therefor. Licenses to non-resident guides are issued, costing $50.00.

No person may kill, or pursue with intent to kill any Caribou with dogs, or with hatchet ..... or any weapon other than fire-arms loaded with ball or bullet, or while crossing any pond, stream or water-course.

Tinning or canning of Caribou is absolutely prohibited.

No person may purchase, or receive in barter or exchange any flesh of Caribou between January 1st and July 31st, in any year.

Penalties for violation of these laws, a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars, or in default imprisonment not exceeding two months.

No person shall hunt, or kill Partridges before the first day of October in any year. Penalty not exceeding $100.00 or imprisonment.

Any person who shall hunt Beaver, or export Beaver skins before October 1st, 1907, shall be liable to confiscation of skins, and fine or imprisonment.

No person shall use any appliances other than rod, hook and line to catch any Salmon, Trout, or inland water fishes, within fifty fathoms from either bank on the strand, sea, stream, pond, lake, or estuary debouching into the sea.

Close season for salmon and trout fishing: 15th day of September to 15th day of January following.

ELI DAWE,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
12th August, 1905.

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THE . . . NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY.

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. V.—No. 3. DECEMBER, 1905. 40 CTS. PER YEAR.

Christmas Number.







LUMBER

SCANTLING, 5x5 to 10x10.
STUDDING, all sizes.
JOISTING, 2x3 in. assorted.

We have also a full stock of

SEASONED BOARD in Store.

All selling at the Lowest Market Prices. Purchasers will get good value for their money.

W. & G. RENDELL.

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FUNDS..... $40,000,000

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Against Loss or Damage by Fire are issued by the above well known office on the most liberal terms.

JOHN CORMACK,
AGENT FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

PHŒNIX

Assurance Co., Ltd.,

OF LONDON, - - - ESTABLISHED 1782.

Annual Premiums	$7,500,000
Fund held to meet losses	9,000,000
Uncalled Capital	12,000,000

W. & G. RENDELL,
ST. JOHN'S. Agent for Nfld.

GUARDIAN

ASSURANCE CO., LTD.,
Of London, England.

ESTABLISHED 1831.

The Guardian has the largest paid-up capital of any Company in the world transacting a Fire business.

Subscribed Capital - -	**$10,000,000**
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Invested Funds exceed -	**23,500,000**

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Tak-Hom-a Soda Biscuit,
or **Three X Soda Biscuit.**

Post Office Department

Parcels may be Forwarded by Post at Rates Given Below.

In the case of Parcels, for outside the Colony, the senders will ask for Declaration Form, upon which the Contents and Value must be Stated

	For Newfoundland and Labrador.	For United Kingdom.	For United States.	For Dominion of Canada.
1 pound	8 cents	24 cents	12 cents	15 cents.
2 pounds	11 "	24 "	24 "	30 "
3 "	14 "	24 "	36 "	45 "
4 "	17 "	48 "	48 "	60 "
5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	75 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	$1.05 "
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	
9 "	32 "	72 "	$1.08	Cannot exceed seven pounds weight.
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.20	
11 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	
	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U. K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York; Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by "Bruce" train.

General Post Office.

RATES OF COMMISSION ON MONEY ORDERS.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding $10 ..... 5 cts.	Over $50, but not exceeding $60 ..... 30 cts.
Over $10, but not exceeding $20 ..... 10 cts.	Over $60, but not exceeding $70 ..... 35 cts.
Over $20, but not exceeding $30 ..... 15 cts.	Over $70, but not exceeding $80 ..... 40 cts.
Over $30, but not exceeding $40 ..... 20 cts.	Over $80, but not exceeding $90 ..... 45 cts.
Over $40, but not exceeding $50 ..... 25 cts.	Over $90, but not exceeding $100 ..... 50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order to any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, $100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, December, 1905.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office. ✳ Postal Telegraphs.

CABLE BUSINESS.

HEREAFTER Cable Messages for all parts of the world will be accepted for transmission over Postal Telegraph lines and cable to Canso, N. S., at all Postal Telegraph Offices in this Colony.

INLAND.

TELEGRAMS for the undermentioned places in Newfoundland are now accepted for transmission at all Postal Telegraph Offices in the Colony and in St. John's at the Telegraph window in the Lobby of the General Post Office and at Office in new Court House, Water Street, at the rate of Twenty Cents for Ten words or less, and Two Cents for each additional word. The address and signature, however, is transmitted free:—

Avondale
Baie Verte (Little Bay N.)
Baine Harbor
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Brigus
Brigus Junction
Burin
Carbonear
Catalina
Change Islands
Clarenville
Come-By-Chance
Conception Harbor
Fogo
Fortune
Gambo
Gander Bay
Glenwood
Grand Bank
Grand Falls
Grand Lake
Grand River
Greenspond
Hant's Harbor
Harbor Breton
Harbor Grace
Harbor Main
Heart's Content
Herring Neck
Holyrood
Howards
Humber Mouth (Riverhead, Bay of Islands)
King's Cove
King's Point (S. W. Arm, Green Bay)
Lamaline
Lewisport
Little Bay
Little River
Long Harbor
Lower Island Cove
Manuels
Millertown Junction
Musgrave Harbor
New Perlican
Newtown
Nipper's Harbor
Norris' Arm
N. W. Arm (Green Bay)
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Pilley's Island
Port-au-Port (Gravels)
Port-aux-Basques(Channel)
Port Blandford
Stephenville Crossing
St. George's
St. Jacques
St. John's
St. Lawrence
Sandy Point
Scilly Cove
Seldom-Come-By
Sound Island
S. W. Arm (Green Bay)
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Tilt Cove
Trinity
Twillingate
Wesleyville
Western Bay
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Postal Telegraph Message Forms may be obtained at any Post Office in the Colony, and from Mail Clerks on Trains and Steamers. If the sender desires, the message may be left with the Postmaster, to be forwarded **by mail Free of Postage** to nearest Postal Telegraph Office.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, December, 1905.

Xmas Greeting to All!

If you want to make all happy at home, **CALL AT**

BARRON'S

BOY'S & MEN'S OUTFITTER,

Where you can be supplied with everything for Boy's and Men's wear, and at prices that cannot be beat.

T. J. BARRON,
Boy's and Men's Outfitter.
358 Water Street,
One door West of Post Office.

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A. A. DELGADO,
Candy Manufacturer, 176 Water Street.

Choice Candies of all Descriptions.

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Filled with Bargains.

Any amount of Suitable Goods for Christmas Presents.

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To our Patrons and the Public..... generally an invitation to visit our

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Which has just been opened.

We carry Full Lines of

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Suitings, Overcoatings, and Trouserings, in the very latest materials and patterns, and we guarantee, as always, the utmost satisfaction to those who favor us with their orders.

W. P. SHORTALL, The American Tailor, 300 Water Street.

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Is not very much for a young man of 20 to put aside out of his salary, but if invested with the **Confederation Life** it will give

To his family, if he dies before age 40,...$1000.00
To himself, if he lives to age 40, from....$1159.00
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Insure early, while your health is good. You will get your money back earlier in life, when you can use it better.

CHAS. O'NEILL CONROY,

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TO EACH OF
Our Absent Friends!

A Souvenir of the Old Home Land. Now that the Xmas Season has come, we have something appropriate for each of them.

Headquarters for Books, Photographs, Post Cards, Albums, and all Literature relating to Newfoundland.

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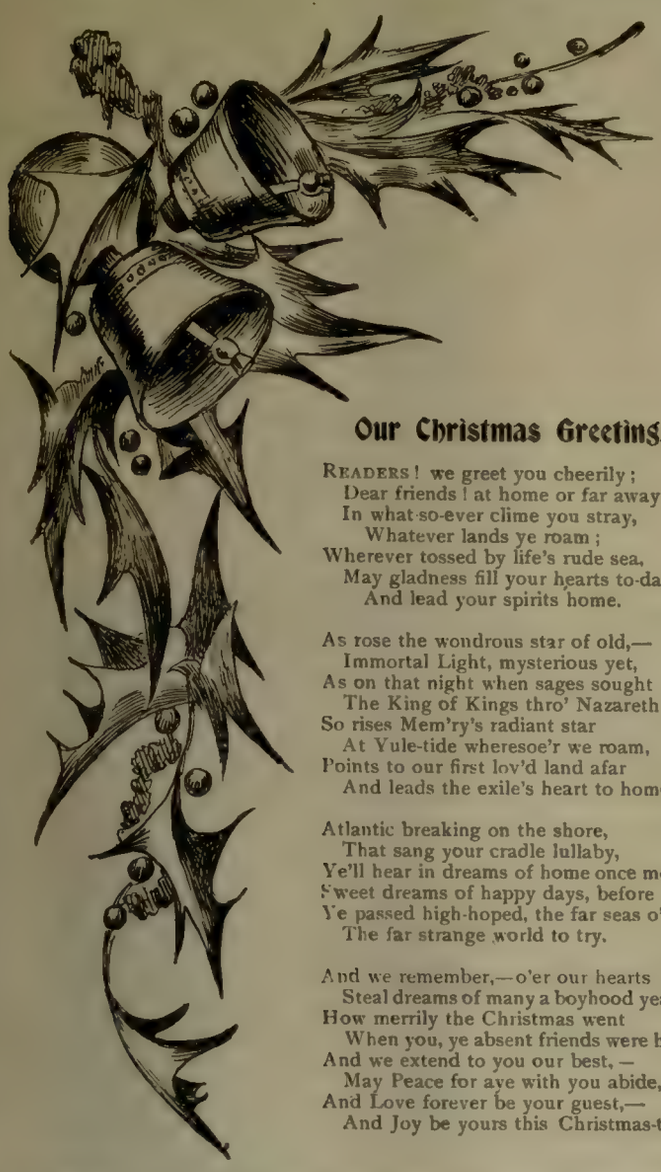
DICKS & CO. POPULAR BOOKSTORE.

Christmas Number

THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY

VOL. V.—No. 3. DECEMBER, 1905. 40 CTS. PER YEAR.

A Christmas Carol.



Our Christmas Greeting.

READERS! we greet you cheerily;
Dear friends! at home or far away,
In what-so-ever clime you stray,
Whatever lands ye roam;
Wherever tossed by life's rude sea,
May gladness fill your hearts to-day
And lead your spirits home.

As rose the wondrous star of old,—
Immortal Light, mysterious yet,
As on that night when sages sought
The King of Kings thro' Nazareth:—
So rises Mem'ry's radiant star
At Yule-tide wheresoe'r we roam,
Points to our first lov'd land afar
And leads the exile's heart to home.

Atlantic breaking on the shore,
That sang your cradle lullaby,
Ye'll hear in dreams of home once more;
Sweet dreams of happy days, before
Ye passed high-hoped, the far seas o'er,
The far strange world to try.

And we remember,—o'er our hearts
Steal dreams of many a boyhood year,—
How merrily the Christmas went
When you, ye absent friends were here:
And we extend to you our best,—
May Peace for aye with you abide,—
And Love forever be your guest,—
And Joy be yours this Christmas-tide.



"'GOOD MORNING, SIR! A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!'"

"And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears."

* * * * * * * *

"Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eye-brows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

"External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often 'came down' handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

"Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once, in all his life, inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!" But what did Scrooge care! It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts to Scrooge."

Thus in the chastest prose poem in the language does the master portray Selfishness and Avarice.

But the spirit of Christmas worked miracles in the hard hearted old miser. After showing him the joys and pleasure in the poorest and humblest homes where Love presided, and then foreshadowing his own loveless deathbed, with the hired ghouls, before his life had yet departed, fighting over his few squalid possessions; and then the vision in the dank cold graveyard, of a neglected grave, marked "Ebenezer Scrooge," he was redeemed by the sprinklings of the torch borne aloft by the Spirit of Christmas.

His heart was softened, his eyes opened to his folly, his selfishness thawed in the presence of the Spirit of Love, and for the first time in many years he responded to the Spirit of the Season. He realized his duty to those who were dependent on him; to the widow and the fatherless; to the poor and outcast.

* * * * * * * *

"Good Spirit," he cried, "if I am spared and given the chance, I will honour Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on the stone!"

"Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all and infinitely more," and the first genuine pleasure he tasted for many a year, was when he did a kindness to his ill-paid old servitor—poor Bob Cratchit.

* * * * * * * *

"But he was early at the office next morning. Oh! he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes, he did! The clock struck nine; no Bob. Quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he

might see him come into the Tank. His hat was off, before he opened the door; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock. "Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I am behind my time."

"You are?" repeated Scrooge. "Yes. I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the Tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer, and therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat, that he staggered back into the Tank again; "and, therefore, I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait waistcoat.

"A Merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another coal-scuttle, before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

* * * * * * * *

"Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed; and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence principle ever afterwards; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge.

May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed,

"GOD BLESS US, EVERYONE!"



The Infinite.

THE Infinite always is silent
It is only the Finite speaks.
Our words are the idle wave-caps,
On the deep that never breaks.
We may question with wand of science,
Explain, decide, and discuss;
But only in meditation
The Mystery speaks to us.

—*J. B. O'Reilly.*



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

From the Water colour by Sir E. Burne-Jones.

Snowbound at Christmas.

By the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady.

ONE Christmas I was snow bound on one of the obscure branches of the Santa Fé Railroad. If the train had been on time I would have made a connection and have reached home by Christmas Eve, but it was very evident as the day wore on that it was not going to be on time; indeed, it was problematical whether it would ever get anywhere at all. It was snowing hard; our progress had become slower and slower; finally, in a deep cut, we stopped. There were three other men, one woman and two little children in the car; no other passengers in the train. The train was of that variety known out West as a "plug," consisting of a combination baggage and smoker and one coach.

One of the train hands started on a lonely and somewhat dangerous tramp several miles up the road to the next station to call for the snow-plow, and the rest of us settled down to spend the night. Certainly we could not hope to be extricated before the next evening, especially as the storm then gave no signs of abating. We all went up to the front of the car and sat around the stove, in which we kept up a bright fire; fortunately, we had plently of fuel, and in such circumstances we speedily got acquainted with one another. One of the men was a drummer—a traveling man for a notion house—another was a cowboy, another was a big cattleman, and I was the last. We soon found that the woman was a widow who had maintained herself and the children precariously, since the death of her husband, by sewing and other feminine odd jobs, but had at last given up the struggle and was going back East to live with her mother, also a widow, who had some property.

❦ ❦ ❦

The poor little threadbare children had cherished anticipations of a joyous Christmas with their grandmother. From their talk we could hear that a Christmas tree and all sorts of things had been promised them. They were intensely disappointed at the blockade. They cried and sobbed and would not be comforted. Fortunately the woman had a great basket filled with substantial provisions, which, by-the-way, she generously shared with the rest of us, so we were none of us hungry. As the night fell we tipped up two of the seats, placed the bottoms sideways, and with our overcoats made two good beds for the little folks. Just before they went to sleep the drummer said to me i

"Say, parson, we've got to give those kids some Christmas!"

"That's what!" said the cowboy.

"I'm agreed!" added the cattleman.

"Madam," said the drummer, after a brief consultation between us, addressing the woman with the easy assurance of his class, "we are going to give your kids some Christmas."

The woman beamed at him gratefully.

"Yes, children," said the now enthused drummer as he turned to the open-mouthed children, "Santa Claus is coming around to-night, sure. We want you to hang up your stockings."

"We ain't got none," said the little girl, "'ceptin' those we've got on, an' ma says it's too cold to take 'em off."

"I've got two new pair of woolen socks," said the cattleman eagerly, "which I ain't never wore, an' you are welcome to 'em."

There was a clapping of little hands in childish glee, and then the two faces fell as the elder remarked:

"But Santa Claus will know they are not our stockings, an' he will fill them with things for you instead."

"Lord love you!" said the burly cattleman, roaring with infectious laughter, "he won't bring me nothin'. One of us will sit up, anyway, an' tell him it's for you. You've got to hustle to bed right away because he may be here any time now."

Then came one of those spectacles which we sometimes witness once or twice in a lifetime. The children knelt down on the rough floor of the car beside their improvised beds. Instinctively the hands of the men went to their heads, and at the first words of "Now I lay me down to sleep" four hats came off. The cowboy stood twirling his hat and looking at the little kneeling figures, the cattleman's vision seemed dimmed, while in the eyes of the traveling man there shone a distant look—a look across snow-filled prairies to a warmly lighted home.

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The children were soon asleep. Then the rest of us went into earnest consulation. "What should we give them?" was the question.

"It don't seem to me that I've got anythin' to give 'em," said the cowboy mournfully, "unless the little kid might like my spurs; an' I would give my gun to the little gal, though on general principles I don't like to give up a gun: you never know when yer goin' to need it, 'specially with strangers," he added, with a rather suspicious glance at me! I would not have harmed him for the world.

"I'm in much the same fix," said the cattleman. "I've got a flask of prime old whisky here, but it don't seem like it's very appropriate for the occasion, though it's at the service of any of you gents."

"Never seen no occasion in which whisky wasn't appropriate," said the cowboy, mellowing at the sight of the flask.

"I mean, 'tain't fit for kids," explained the cattleman, handing it over.

"I begun on't rather early," remarked the "puncher," as he lifted the flask, for a drink, "an' I always until this time drank it when my feelin's is onsettled, like now."

Then he looked at the two little forms asleep with a sigh, and handed the flask back—its contents untouched.

"Never mind, boys!" said the drummer, "you all come along with me to the baggage car."

So off we trooped. He opened his trunks and spread before us such a glittering array of trash and trinkets as almost took away our breath.

"There!" he said, "look at that! We'll just pick out the best things from the lot and I'll donate them all."

"No, you don't," said the cowboy; "my ante's in on this game, an' I'm goin' to buy what chips I want an' pay for 'em, too, else there ain't goin' to be no Christmas around here!"

"That's me, too," said the cattleman.

"I think that will be fair," I heartily assented; "the traveling man can donate what he pleases, and we can each of us buy what we please, as well."

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I think we spent hours looking over the stock which the obliging man spread out all over the car for us. He was going home, he said, and everything was at our service. The trainmen caught the infection, too, and all hands finally went back to the coach with such a load of stuff as you never saw before. We filled the socks and two seats besides with it. The grateful mother was simply dazed.

As we all stood about, gleefully surveying our handiwork, including the bulging socks, the engineer remarked:

"We've got to get some kind of a Christmas tree."

So two of us plowed off in the prairie—it had stopped snowing and was bright moonlight—and wandered around until we found a good-sized piece of sage-brush, which we brought back and solemnly installed. The woman decorated it with bunches of tissue paper from the notion stock, and clean cotton waste from the engine. We hung the train lanterns around it.

We were so excited that we actually could not sleep! The contagion of the season was strong upon us, and I know not which were the more delighted the next morning, the children or the amateur Santa Clauses, when they saw what the cowboy called "the lay-out."

Great goodness! Those children never did have, and probably never again will have, such a Christmas; and to see the thin face of that woman flush with unusual color when we handed her one of those monstrous red plush albums which we had purchased jointly, and in which we had all written our names in lieu of our photographs, and between the leaves of which the cattleman had generously slipped a hundred-dollar bill, was worth being blockaded for a dozen Christmases. Her eyes filled with tears and she fairly sobbed before us.

During the morning we had a little service in the car, in accordance with the custom of our church, and I am sure no more heartfelt body of worshippers ever poured forth their thanks for the Incarnation than those men, that woman and the little children. The woman sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," from memory, in her poor little voice, and that small but reverent congregation cowboy, drummer, cattleman, trainmen and parson—all solemnly joined in.

"It feels just like church," said the cowboy gravely to the cattleman. "Say, I'm all broke up. Let's go in the other car."

The train hand who had gone on to division headquarters returned with the snow-plow early in the afternoon, but, what was more to the purpose, he brought a whole cooked turkey, so the children had a Christmas tree, a Christmas dinner and Santa Claus to their hearts' content.

I did not get home until the day after Christmas.

But, after all, what a Christmas I had enjoyed!

In the "Greyhound's" Track.

Where the "Mary Rose" Went Down.

By Eros Wayback.

FRANCE takes the initiative amongst the nations to have defined an "Ocean Liner's Lane" betwixt the continents—thus tending to eliminate one prolific source of danger to the toilers of the deep.

The United States must surely aid in a movement that so nearly concerns her hardiest sons, many of whose lives are thus yearly needlessly sacrificed.

I.

Of the ships that sail to Newfoundland Banks,
Where the fishermen go, and and the fog looms dark,
Where the Briton trolls with the venturous Franks,
And the shrouding mists envelope each bark,
There be many shall remake not the home-port again:
For the deep claims its own, must have its tale.
In the comber's sweep, in the fierce gale's strain
The craft goes down and women will wail!

II.

Or thro' these dank mists, without stop or heed,
Bursts the "Ocean Liner," then a clash,
Twice ten thousand tons, like from guidance freed,
Divide the deep, on the frail craft crash!
And Nellie and Kate at the window pane,
And little Jack from the Tor's bald height
May watch thro' the spindrift all in vain
For the Banker that ne'er shows her red port light!

III.

Tho' the kindly neighbors in their Doric speech,
As they wistfully gaze at the children dree,
And e'er and anon look athwart the beach,
Say, "There's hope, O, friends, there's hope from the sea!"
But the days roll on, and full many a sail
Is outlined white 'gainst the azure dome,
Ay. right well they have weathered each fierce-wrought gale,
But no *Mary Rose* from the Banks comes home!

IV.

The rugged, stooped sire who for forty years,—
Or a decade more—hath the waters trolled,
May not, tho' he try, repress the tears
That well to his eyes, for the stricken fold;
For the lusty lads with life's wine filled
Who ever held their own 'midst storm or wrack,
And toiled for their meed tho' it rimed and chilled,
But helpless sank in the "Greyhound's Track?"

V.

Oh! the grey gull sweeps with quivering wings
From the Newfoundland Banks where the fishermen hie,
And the tossing bark to her cable swings;
For he knows full well where the dead men lie
'Midst the shrouding weed, 'neath storm waves whirl;
And his cry resounds from the seaward scaur
That bars and breaks the mad waters' swirl,
As they spend their force 'gainst the grim, grey Tor!

VI.

Oh! the grey gull knows where the lost lads rest,
As he bends his flight o'er th' uncoffined graves.
All strewn around where no mound is blessed,
In the still, deep solemn and restful caves;
And he oft times dips o'er each low laid tomb,
From the basalt scaurs to the ocean's rim,
And his great, keen eyes pierce profoundest gloom,
For the sea's dark secrets are not hid from him!

VII.

To his wild cry, hark! like a bugle blast,
As it swells or sinks o'er the waves' repose;
Say, what ship's crew's graves did he pass o'er last,
Was it those of the lads of the *Mary Rose?*

The South-Valley Road.

By Dan Carroll.

ABOVE the wooded hill a star;—
Twilight along the stream;—
St. Bride's fair valley spread afar,
And in my heart a dream.
I stroll, and hear, the while I stroll
The winding road along,—
As deep, more deep descends the dusk,—
A vanished summer's song.

The iris and the buttercup
With ox-eyed daisies grew,
The gentle Springtide zephyrs here,
With sweetest fragrance blew;
From clover fields and distant lanes
The drowsy cattle lowed,
And many a meadow smiled beside
The sweet South Valley Road.

'Twas here our fav'rite swimming pool
In August days we sought,
"Sam White's" and "St. John's" waters cool
Where many a fray we fought.
The boyish fray the deeper seed
Of manly friendship sowed,
Friendships that in our hearts enshrine
The bright South Valley Road.

Far up the grove of stately trees
That clothe the sloping hill
Above the sighing of the breeze
Luke's Brook is singing still;
The stars are leaning thro' the night
A nearer glimpse to know
Of the bright valley's charms that won
Our hearts, long years ago.

The moonlight 'wraps the scene again
And summer breezes blow,
'Tis just as beautiful as when
We lingered long ago
Upon the bridge that spans the stream
When every prospect glowed
Ethereal in the light of youth
Along South Valley Road.



"In genial spring beneath
the quivering shade,
Where cooling vapours
breathe along the
mead,
The patient fisher takes
his silent stand,
Intent. his angle trembling
in his hand."

—*Pope.*



FISHING PARTY AT NINE MILE POST.



Boys Always Look Swell
In Our Clothing.

JACKMAN The Tailor.



Our display of Christmas Footwear is a grand one.
This is the verdict of every one.

We've Everything for Everybody

Boots for the Street—Boots for Dress, the swellest of the swell or conservative styles.

Slippers of every description. All sorts of Cold and Wet Weather Shoes.

Romeos, Juliets, Felt Footwarmers, Leggins of every kind, Rubbers in all styles—oh, well, we can't tell you the half of what we have in store for you.

There's No More Sensible Christmas Gift Than Footwear,

Especially a pair of "Queen Quality" Boots for your wife.

If you come here for it you'll not only get the best, but you'll have more money left for other things.

Merry Christmas to All!

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THE SHOE MEN,
195 & 363 WATER STREET.

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Notice to Mariners.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

No. 11 of 1905.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undermentioned Aids to Navigation will not be in operation from **1st day of January until the 1st day of April, 1906,** and without further notice these Aids will be discontinued during the same period in each year.

Iron Island Fog Bell, off entrance to Burin, Placentia Bay.
Latitude 47° 02' 40" North.
Longitude 55° 06' 50" West.

Burnt Point Fog Alarm & Light, entrance to Seldom-Come-By.
Latitude 49° 36' 00" North.
Longitude 54° 09' 00" West.

Squarey Island (Red Light), on the Port hand entrance to Bonavista Harbor.
Latitude 48° 49' 00" North.
Longitude 53° 07' 40" West.

ELI DAWE,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
St. John's, Nfld., Nov. 26, 1905.



Resting—In the hush of eventide.

The Newfoundland Quarterly.

OUR one and only Magazine, contains, every issue, Essays, Sketches, and Poems by the very best local writers. The Christmas Number is a fair specimen. Our circulation has doubled during the last year. We are desirous of having the *Quarterly* in every home in Newfoundland. And we also desire to enroll amongst our subscribers all Newfoundlanders abroad. The *Quarterly* will keep them in touch with the thoughts and opinions of leading men in their native land.

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JOHN J. EVANS, Printer,
34 Prescott Street, St. John's, Nfld.

Bob's Ghost.

By H. W. LeMessurier.

IT was the second night of the wake at John Coady's; the neighbours were gathered from all parts inside and outside of the Arm. Several came from Paradise, and not a few from the Bight, so that the rooms were filled almost to overflowing.

In the kitchen sat Bob Martin, the centre of a knot of those who delighted in egging him on to propose the most wonderful conundrums, which not even Bob, at times, could answer, and tell the most outrageous tales that only Bob could manufacture. A stranger was present, whom Bob designated as "wan of dem dandy down-along fellers," who rather irritated Bob by his persistently asking riddles, which were seemingly more appreciated by the girls than those that were set forth by him.

"Come now, Mr. What-you-calls-yourself," asked Bob, "kin you tell me what's the dufference between a bultow-by and a gal that has a rag on every bush? Now, answer me that an you'r a better man nor me."

The young man smiled and said he felt awkward in trying to answer such a question, as it inferred that the girls about here were flirts. Bob remarked that he knew all about the "gals" and "wasn't afeared of hurtin' their failin's." One of the young maidens said she believed that Bob did not know the answer to the riddle himself. This created a little diversion in favor of Bob, whose part was taken by most of the women, whilst some of the men eagerly supported the stranger. The fun that this rivalry called forth began to get too uproarious, so Mick Walsh said he'd settle the whole matter, and asked the stranger was he willing to stand by his decision? The stranger acquiesced, and Uncle Mick said: "Well, if the stranger can't answer Bob's riddle, and Bob can answer it himself, the stranger will have to stand Bob a bottle of gin. Is that agreed to?" "Yes," said Bob, and after a little consultation with one of the company, the stranger also agreed; saying he gave it up, and trusted that Mr. Martin was able to explain his own conundrum. "Be de sowkins," said Bob, "I don't know what youse call a humdrum, as I'm not larned in those jawbreakers, but I can answer de riddle if all's fair play." "Fair play," says Uncle Mick. "Now then Bob, heave it out of you." "Well, bys, it's like this: a bultow-by ties on to a lot of hooks, and a girl that's always after the boys hooks on to a lot of ties."

There was a general titter amongst the girls and a dispute arose as to whether that was a fair answer. Bob explained that it was Sundays he was thinking of, when all the boys wore neck-ties, and Uncle Mick decided that the bottle of gin was fairly won, and adjudged that the stranger should forthwith pay the penalty.

As the evening advanced, and various tales had been told by different persons in the assemblage, the subject of ghosts cropped up, and Uncle Mick was asked if he believed in them. "Sure and I do then; don't I remember me father telling about the ghost that used to hant the Island, and how one night he woke old Mr. Cooke up, that carried on business there, and towld him there was a big vessel ashore on the back of Marticot, and ould Cook, almost scared out of his life, got up and went down to the cook-room and called the men and they took the big skiff and rowed out, and sure enough on the back of the island there was a brig ashore and not a soul on board. And I knows that ghost has been walking there ever since, for James saw it when he tuck the business over, and old Crewe met it wan night when he was staying up there and wished it the time of day, but it never said a word only pinted to the ould church-yard. Next day Bill Hickey's big ram was found dead near the church-yard pint."

Various other stories were told about ghosts—about the Ghost in the Gulch near Toslow, the Ghost of the Back Cove, the Ghost of the Oven, and the Ghost that tormented the "Gooldworthys" down in the Bight.

It was getting late and some of the company began to disperse. The Ann's Cove people had promised Bob a passage as far as their place, and as they had some distance to row, they were amongst the first to leave. Bob had imbibed rather freely during the evening and was in a very talkative mood on his way down the Arm, the chief topic of his conversation being ghosts. As they got near the Cove he became very valiant, declared he was able to fight any amount of ghosts, and there "warn't a ghostess barn" that he couldn't tackle. One of the girls reminded Bob of this when he landed at the stage and started to walk to St. Kyran's, calling after him, "Look out for the ghost near the pond, Bob; she's always there after twelve."

Bob started off round the Cove and climbed the hill leading out of Green's Cove. When he got near the top of the hill, he took the bottle of gin out of his jumper—the prize which he had won at the riddle contest, and which he had selfishly kept for himself—and imbibed some of its contents. "Be de hokey smut," says Bob to himself, "I'm fit now to fight all de ghostess in de wide wurruled," and on he went filled with new courage and a trifle of gin. Now it so happened, that a little way on the road, there was a diversion in it caused by an attempt to carry the road round a knoll instead of over it, and as it was never finished it ended in a sort of *cul-de-sac*. Before Bob came to this place he had helped himself several times from the bottle, and to further keep up his courage sang some of the Bay ditties with which he was familiar. Of course Bob should take the wrong road, and as he floundered along singing

"De captin was an Amerycan,
De mate he war de same;
And dere were four bould sailor boys
From Newfoundland dey came."

Bob's attention was suddenly attracted by a noise ahead of him, and peering through the darkness he saw something white. "Howly Mudder. I wander which of dem ghostess dis wan is! Say, mister, are you a ghostess, or are you some one else. I wander if he'll take a drink; here's te ye, me boy," said he advancing a little and taking a sup from the bottle. "Ef you'r out fur the night perhaps you'd take something to warm ye." There being no response, Bob went forward a little, and as he advanced the ghost retreated. Bob plucked up courage when he saw that the ghost, as he thought, was running away. "Tare-an-ounds, but I've skeered him, and he's running away; hurroosh me foine ghost, but ef you'd only hould on I'd tickle yer ribs fur ye. Be dad, he's not threadin very lightly," said Bob, for the ghost was evidently heavy and made a noise as it walked along.

For a little while Bob followed on, half afraid of the white thing ahead of him, and every now and then getting courage from the gin bottle. Bob began to get very fuddled and staggered a good deal. Suddenly, when he was quite unprepared, the ghost turned and came towards him. As it came close it made a rush and passed him. Bob saw it coming, made an attempt at dodging it, and falling over was struck on the head by something and became unconscious. Early next morning Bob was found sound asleep in the *cul-de-sac* by one of the Leonard girls who was out looking for their white cow which had been astray for some time from St. Kyran's.

When Bob came to himself, the sun was about two hours high, and as he sat up, stretched himself and looked around, he muttered, "Be de hokey smut it wasn't a drame after all, and I got the duvil's own fright. Let me see, where has I got to at all, at all?" After this soliloquy he set out to find the road, and was soon on the correct one and trudged along for the Cove with a bursting head and an empty feeling, which he consoled himself he would cure if he could get the soft side of Mary McCue—the first house he intended to make for.

Arriving there he told, dolefully, about the wake at John Coady's, and of who were there and what they did, omitting all that he had said and done, and when he had got a "bowel of tay" disposed of, he told about the ghosts he met and how they shook hands with one another, that was the ghosts, and that

they went on talking about the other world just as though they were Christians, and he learnt a lot by harkening to them, which he couldn't talk about. Mary was listening intently to Bob as he related his wonderful yarn, merely ejaculating every now and and then: "D' you say so," "Oh! but you were the brave boy." "Sure and now I do believe you, &c., &c." When Bob had satisfied the inner-man, and looked round the Cove for a boat, he got a lift across the reach for Isle-a-Vallyah where he was bound. Stopping at Swaddler's Cove he retailed his experiences of the night before, with a few additions to the tale he had already related in St. Leonard's.

This was Bob's usual routine when he had anything worth his while to tell. Every time he related an experience it was magnified and added to, so that by the time he related his experience in the "Isle-a-Vallyah" cook-room it read something like this:

"Well. bys, I had the curriestest ting happen to me last night as ever yez heerd tell ov. I landed wid the bys an gurrils in Ann's Cove last night and set out for St. Kyran's. I tuck me toime an' war cumin' 'long de road up near the pond, when out jumped a lot ov ghostesses and cot me atune em and made a reglar ball ov me, haaving me from wan to de udder 'till I taught I war swimmin' in de air. Wan ov de ghostesses i'd sing out 'ketch,' jist as if I wuz a yaffle ov fish, and den he'd jerk me over to de udder. Be me sowkins, I tried to say me prayers, but dey knocked de wind out of me, so dat I culdn't get a blessed wurrd out of me carcass. Den dey laid me down and danced all roun me, and de smell ov de brumstone wuz so strong dat I wuz nearly choked, and ef yez only heered wat dey said about de udder wurrild yer hairs'd stand on en' like mine did. I wuz tinking it wuz all over wid me whin dey stripped off all me clothes and each ghostes jumped on me. All at wancet dere was a big blaze of blue litenin' an dey vanished. An den de daylight wuz cummin' on and dere wuz me close hung all along on de bushes, an I had to get em shivering and shakin' from head to fut. Dhrinking wuz I? No, I wuzzent. I wuz as sober as I am now, and dat's moighty dry boys."

The truth, of Bob having been seen by one of the Leonard girls sound asleep on the Ann's Cove road, soon got about, and when he afterwards told the story of his encounter with the ghosts, he scouted the idea that it was Leonard's white cow he had met.



"What Sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase, afford."
—Sir Walter Scott.



"Peace * * * and good health and
much good fish."
—Cowper.

Adown the Lane.

By E. C.

"STRANGE night for tender mem'ries—
Strange night for musings sad!"
While all around is revelry—
The city gay and glad:
The lovely harbour studded
With brave and gallant ships,
And floods of searchlight trembling
Like smiles from loving lips.

"Strange night, strange night" I murmur,
"Strange night for dreams as now!
Dreams look'd upon as vanish'd
Like youth, from cheek and brow.
"On such a night" I murmur—
"On such a night as this
Heav'n clos'd to me its portals
And Hell flung out its kiss!"

I see the "Hills" before me—
They're mirror'd in the sheen
Of madly dancing waters
And light and shade between—
Ah me! my view embraces
The whole, with suppress'd pain
For heart and soul are centred
In forms adown the Lane!

They're mirror'd in the shadows
They pass before the light—
The little scarlet bonnet—
The coat of doubtful white!
The shimm'ring ringlets straying—
The curls that told of rain
Ah me! How could the angels
So steep my life in pain—
And rob me of the treasures
That haunt me down the Lane!

To hold for one brief moment
Those little human hands!
To clasp those trembling bodies
Now with the angel bands!
The wish is like a torrent
And shrouds my soul in pain,
So vivid is the picture
I see adown the Lane!

* * * * *

Is mine the only echo
Mid human hearts to-night?
Am I the one scarr'd soldier
In earth's brief, bitter fight?
Are mine the only lute-strings
A rift in yearning pain—
My ghost, the only phantom
Adown Life's shadowy Lane!

By Shannon Shore.

By Rev. J. L. Slattery.



A FEW years ago, while visiting Ireland, I found myself traversing the noble plains of Ormond, which lie in Tipperary, between the Keeper Mountains and the River Shannon. At the southern end of Lock Derg rise the Hills of Arra, or Du-Arra as the peasants call them from their dark and gloomy aspect. From their highest points the whole of Ormonde is visible, and one evening while enjoying all the beauties of the far stretching plain at our feet, I learned many interesting particulars from my companion, an old schoolfellow. There before us lay the well tilled fields, the fruitful orchards, the extensive woods of Ormonde. Far spreading lake and towering mountain, green pastures and fertile slopes,—all were there, forming a scene not easily forgotten. Never did foot of hound or wing of bird flyover a fairer landscape. Many a green slope and sheltered valley are dotted by a dismantled castle or an ivied abby. The lordly Keeper towers over them all, the broad Shannon spreads out below them, both, silent witnesses of their past glories and their present ruin.

From where we stand, a large wood may be seen in the far distance towards Portumna, and on a fine day a white washed cottage even may be noticed in the midst. Long ago in that cottage lived Richard Grace and his wife Mary. He was born there, but his wife belonged to the Hills around us. He was a landed proprietor on a small scale, owning and tilling his own comfortable farm.

They had been married many years before God blessed them with any offspring. Then appeared little Garrett, and two years later the storks brought baby Richard.

As the boys grew up the difference of years seemed gradually to lesson, and when the elder was fifteen you could scarcely say which had come first into the world.

Garrett was gentle, thoughtful and domestic. while Richard was wayward, wild and impulsive. The elder seemed to partake of his mother's refined and gentle nature, while Richard was simply the peasant son of his father. Snaring rabbits in the wood, coursing hares on the hills, fishing in the streams, or boating on the Shannon were the simple enjoyments of their childhood.

As they grew older Garrett seemed more and more thoughtful, fond of books and quietness, while Richard became more enamored of daring feats on the lake and of prolonged fowling over the hills. He was often late in returning, but as he showed the spoils of his wanderings he was always welcome.

When Garrett was sixteen the parents decided that their boys should enjoy a few years of College life, both to finish their education and to give them an opportunity of selecting their future calling. They left home with many sobs and tears, accompanied on their way by their father and by the fond embraces and tears of their kind and amiable mother. As the parents were simple and affectionate and the boys reproduced these qualities in different ways, it would be hard to determine whether the parents or the boys felt the separation the more. But the parting had to be made and both sides tried to endure the trial as best they could.

Nearly four years were spent at school. Then both returned home, and for a year or so nothing of importance occurred—except that in their conduct the two boys continued to diverge more and more. Their earlier characteristics were maturing. Garrett was even more studious and reserved, and often spent his days wandering through the woods.

Richard, much more brilliant in his studies, resumed many of his earlier amusements, and added others not so harmless. Frequently fowling and hunting on the hills, he also patronized fairs and races, games and sports. Often returning at late hours his mother remonstrated and quietly tried to withdraw him from his idle ways. Repentance of a brief nature and the company of his bother prevailed for a time, but slowly the more evil influences seemed to succeed. Gradually the periods of his absence increased, and no excuse or explanation was forthcoming. Home became a cage, and a fast and wild life the rule.

It was the 21st of June when Garrett Grace was twenty-two, that he asked his mother to walk with him to an old circular Danish Fort that lay at the farthest end of their farm. They returned towards evening, silent and with moistened eyes. That evening Mrs. Grace told her husband that Garrett had opened his whole heart to her and had told her of his determination to join some religious order. "And what Order does he purpose joining! The Jesuits?" asked the father, as a choking sensation hindered his words. "No, the Trappists!" answered the mother, sobbing like a child. Hand in hand, they sat on in the little parlour, while the fountains of their sorrow flowed freely. Not a word passed between them, except when Richard Grace from time to time exclaimed in agony:—"The Trappists!" They were roused from their stupefaction by the boisterous laughter of Richard, who,with some companions, just then entered the cottage. The father went to his room, but the mother wiping her eyes went out to meet her wayward son and his idle associates.

The hospitalities of a true Irish home were generously proffered and freely accepted, but the surroundings seemed depressing and the visitors soon left. Richard was too much in touch with his home not to see that something was astray. Garrett had gone back to the wood, his father remained in his room nursing his sorrow and he was now alone with his mother. "What is wrong, mother, why are you fretting? For a moment she made a brave effort to baffle him and to conceal her great sorrow, but her tears would flow, and her sobs would belie her. At last, in a few broken words, she told him all.

Perhaps I have dwelt too much on the weaker features of Richard's character, for it is only just to say that he was of a very affectionate disposition and in his own way was deeply attached to his family. He felt the blow intensely and his better nature at once asserted itself. "Mother," he said, "it is all my fault. Had I remained more at home Garrett would never think of this."

Soon after, Garrett returned and the evening meal came on. It was sad and short, no one mentioning that of which all were thinking. Servants wondered and whispered, but knew nothing.

Next day Richard called Garrett and they both went slowly and silently towards the wood. There, with a burst of grief he expostulated with Garrett, condemned himself a thousand times, appealed to his affection for his parents, and pictured in the gloomiest colours the life that Garrett was about to adopt. His grief was too wild, his words too incoherent for reason, and Garrett said little. Only at times would he say quietly, "It is for the best." "God calls me;" "I have long since made up my mind."

The day wore on, and towards evening they returned home. As they approached the house, they stood at a wicket and Garrett solemnly placed his hand on his brother's shoulder. "Richard" he said, "don't blame yourself for this, though I disapproved of your conduct it had no influence on me. For years, even since boyhood, I yearned for a quiet life where I could save my soul. At best there is little happiness in this life, but those who deny and mortify themselves find the most. Even thoughtful men among the pagans acknowledge this. Next Monday I sail for France and I shall reach La Trappe before the end of the month. I leave our dear parents to your care. You have been a little foolish, but you are now their sole reliance. They cannot live long, make the evening of their lives as pleasant as you can. We shall not meet again—nay I can not write, as the Trappist Rule supposes one to be dead to the world! Now cheer up and comfort our dear parents when I am gone." Poor Richard was unable to speak but he sobbed out the ever present conviction, "It is all my fault."

I shall attempt no description of Garrett's departure. The heart broken parents, the repentant Richard, the desolate old cottage,—all were parted with calmly and firmly. Garrett Grace looked his last on the Plains of Ormonde, the beetling brow of Keeper and the gloomy Hills of Du-Arra. Richard, sobbing or sillent, remained alone to face the changed conditions of the old homestead.

Silently onward still flowed the Shannon, while Garrett made

his way to France, and in due time reached La Trappe. He joined the Community and devoted himself with all his heart to the duties he had assumed. Perpetual silence, broken only by the voice of prayer, or lecture, seemed hard at first, but in his devotion to his duties he soon found himself entirely absorbed. The great gates of the Monastery shut out from him all the World, and the deep cowl of the Trappists shut him off even from his companions around. Many a Trappist monk has never once seen the face of one of his companions, and in this is exemplified their idea of living alone with God. This thought peopled the deserts with holy hermits and filled many a vast monastery with saintly recluses. Despising the world and its ways they asked not for its approval, they cared not for its censure.

For two years the novice was under training, and during that time Garrett was entirely free and could leave without let or hindrance. But the two years quickly passed and he loved his solitude the more. He asked for permission and was allowed to make his vows in perpetuity. There, prostrate, in the Choir of the Monastery, in presence of all his brethren, he pledged himself solemnly to persevere till death, as a Trappist monk. The great Monastery bells tolled out their joyous peals, and the monks sang their glad *Te Deum* as "Brother Ambrose" took his place among their ranks.

Needless to follow his daily routine of life, the midnight office, the long prayers, the scanty meals, the paltry couch—these are so well known and so much alike in all severe monasteries that they need only be mentioned.

Years pass by slowly, or swift, as our dispositions make them, and well nigh twenty had the young Tipperary man lived as Bro. Ambrose. Then the austere life began to tell on a frame never very robust, and one after another his more severe duties had to be renounced, and for many weeks he had been confined to the infirmary.

The venerable Abbott came to see the sick Brother, and astonished to find him so weak, he recommended him to receive the last Sacraments. "There is no immediate danger Bro. Ambrose" he said, "but I shall send you Father Dominic in the afternoon. He is on the sick duty this week, and will anoint you. Farewel, my beloved son, resign yourself to God's holy will, and we shall meet in Heaven."

That afternoon found Father Dominic sitting by the dying monk hearing his Confession. Soon the last Rites were finished and the priest prepared to leave. "Good bye, Bro. Ambrose," he said, "I commend you into the hands of God, and I shall not forget to offer Holy Mass for you. Can I be of any further use to you? Is there anything on your mind?" "Yes,—as I am dying—I fear—I am troubled about—my brother."

"Yes, yes, Bro. Ambrose; what can I do?"

"Perhaps,—it may be in your power—to advise him—to tell him—that when I was dying—I wished him—to think of his soul. He was wild—and thoughtless—and I fear he leads a careless life. Ask him—in memory of our childhood—by the Shannon—to remember his duty—to God."

"Oh, yes. I shall certainly do as you say. I shall ask the Abbot to write to him. But, what is his address; what is his name?"

"His name—is Richard Grace—he lives in Ireland,—in Ormond—by the Shannon."

"What! Was Richard Grace your brother?"

"Yes—he was—my brother—God bless him."

The priest threw back his cowl, exposed his face, and cried aloud—"Garrett, Garrett!"

"Oh,—oh,—Father Dominic—my brother—my brother—Richard!"

The two brothers embraced each other fondly, and each holding the others hands they looked long and lovingly into each others eyes.

"My dear Bro. Ambrose,—my dear Garrett.—I left home less than two years after yourself, and have been in this holy house ever since. Our parents had both died, and blaming myself for your departure and their sorrows, I followed you to La Trappe."

Noticing some change in the features of the dying monk, the priest looked more closely, and found that he was addressing only the body of his brother.

In the quiet but crowded cemetery of La Trappe rises a modest cross, on which are engraved the name of "Brother Ambrose," with his age and the date of his death. Not far away is another, giving similar particulars of "Father Dominic." Not a word is there to tell of their pathetic story, but in the Annals of the Monastery are authentically given the particulars here related.

And away in Ormonde, by the Shannon, the peasant mother, gathering her little ones round her knee, teaching them to lisp their evening prayer, encourages them to a life of virtue by recounting the story of the two holy brothers, who though sleeping in far La Trappe were born by the Shannon Shore.



The Midnight Mass.

By Dan Carroll.

FROM lonely home and hall of luxury,
By ev'ry street, from alley lane and square;
A multitude is moving peacefully,
In rev'rence, towards the temple on the hill.
Glad Youth, rejoicing in its strength is there,—
And Age, with hoary hair, yet sturdy hearted still.

Serene the night. Illumed with light of stars
The snow-clad hills look smilingly to heaven:
The joyous bells, with tongues of gladness flood
The midnight with a music sweetly given.
Far up the vale and farther out to sea
Sweet chime on chime, it floats in swelling melody.

We cross the threshold. Panel, column and arch,
With light of thousand tapers gleam and glint!
A radiant splendour floods the stately church
From many a glowing lamp of varied tint.
The grand High Altar's form magnificent,
Our vision thrills with light and majesty.
The wonder of the Mighty Mystery
The hour commemorates, our spirits feel;—
In awe and love we low in adoration kneel.

And youth and beauty, sinner, saint and seer,
The city's throbbing life is gathered now;
The joy-lit heart, the sad and troubled brow,
All, all are kneeling hushed and silent here:
And prayer—the gold, the frankincense, the myrrh,
Of contrite hearts - ascends unto the Throne,
As soareth now the fragrant incense flung
From censers sweet before the altar swung;
"O God! Our Father, teach, oh teach Thy own
Unworthy children e'er to love but Thee alone"

And hark! It swells again, the song that rolled
Above Judea's loftiest mountain height
And thrilled the lowly watchers on that night
When angel hosts proclaimed that He of old,
By prophet-bard and kingly seer foretold,
The King of Kings was born; that sin-lost Earth
That day had known its long expected Saviour's birth.

And "Glory, glory, glory unto God
And Peace on earth to men," is ringing clear.
Our souls are lifted by the midnight song
To heights that lead us nearer and more near
To Him, our Infant Saviour fondly press'd,
In Bethlehem's lone hut, to Mary's virgin breast.

Newfoundland Name-Lore.

By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D.

XIII.



I HAVE received some very interesting notes from the Venerable Canon Smith, of Portugal Cove, in relation to the names of places in the neighbourhood of King's Cove. "About two miles south of King's Cove, there is a small cove named

ROLLING COVE.

This is a most interesting name. It is quite poetic and descriptive. In stormy weather the huge waves roll in on the beach from the wide Atlantic, breaking in immense "rollers," as the fishermen call them, with a deep rumbling sound. The name is onomatopœic or sound-suggesting, like Homer's *Poluphloisboio Thalasses* (I presume you have no Greek type). This phrase has been so beautifully rendered by Longfellow as "The deep-mouthed neighboring ocean," that we forgive him the plagiarism.

"Fifty years ago," writes Canon Smith, "the women of King's Cove were accustomed to get sand from this cove to strew upon their kitchen floors. In winter they used saw-dust, which was gathered from a place nearby named

STOCK COVE.

This is also an interesting name. It is so called from the saw ing of logs, called among the people by the old English name of "stocks." These stocks were sawn in the old "saw-pits," an institution and an industry now fast going out of use, owing first to the fact that all good saw stocks are now cut out for many miles from the shore, and secondly from the establishment of so many large saw mills all over the country. As late as forty years ago fishermen spoke of their winter work as having cut so many "stocks." The Revd. Canon suggests, and I agree with him, that this word may be the origin of the name of

PIPER STOCK HILL,

near Torbay. "The place where the piper lodged the result of his winter's work, . . . or may be a convivial piper when returning from Town, mounted on a pile of stocks, played for the delectation of his companions." It may be remembered that when I published, some few years ago, some extracts from the Registers of the Church of England, of this city, one of the entries was as follows:

"1785.—Buried, Quack, the piper, June 26," so that the idea is not so far fetched as might at first appear.

Not far from King's Cove is a small Cove called

SAINT CROIX,

or Sand Cross. Canon Smith says of it: "* * * Perhaps the sign of our Redemption stood there long ago to mark the spot where either a traveller had died, or more probably some drowned mariners had been buried." It may be remarked that the name of St. Croix, as a family name, exists to the present day at St. Mary's.

"On the south side of Keels (I am still quoting from Canon Smith) is Keel's Harbor, where alone craft can take in or discharge cargo. . . . This place has a narrow entrance, and is surrounded by high cliffs, that have something of a castellated appearance, hence its name,

CASTLE COVE.

There is no other name of any historical or antiquarian importance until we come to Cape Bonavista, and as I consider that name too important to be treated of at the end of an article, I reserve it for next number.

+M. F. H.



HOLYROOD, CONCEPTION BAY.

The Christmas Spirit.—Nearer and closer to our hearts be the Christmas Spirit, which is the spirit of active usefulness, perseverances, cheerful discharge of duty, kindness and forbearance! It is in the last virtues especially, that we are, or should be, strengthened by the unaccomplished visions of our youth; for, who shall say that they are not our teachers to deal gently even with the impalpable nothings of the earth!

Therefore, as we grow older, let us be more thankful that the circle of our Christmas associations and of the lessons that they bring, expand! Let us welcome every one of them, and summon them to take their places by the Christmas hearth.—*Dickens.*

Christmas-Time in Ireland.

AT Christmas-time in Ireland how the holly branches twine
In stately hall and cabin old and gray!
And red among the leaves the holly-berries brightly shine,
At Christmas-time in Ireland far away.
And brighter than the berries are the kindly Irish eyes,
And cheery are the greetings of the day,—
The greetings and the blessings from the Irish hearts that rise
At Christmas-time in Ireland far away!

At Christmas-time in Ireland you can hear the chapel bell
A-calling ere the dawning of the day,
You can see the people thronging over field and over fell,
To the "early Mass" in Ireland far away;
And saintly are the *soggarths* that before the altars stand,
And faithful are the flocks that kneel and pray—
Ah, surely God must show'r His choicest blessings on the land
At Christmas-time in Ireland far away!

At Christmas-time in Ireland there is feasting, there is song,
And merrily the fife and fiddle play,
And lightly dance the colleens and the boys the evening long,
At Christmas-time in Ireland far away.
There is light and there is laughter, there is music, there is mirth,
And lovers speak as only lovers may,—
Ah, there is nothing half so sweet in any land on earth
As Christmas-time in Ireland far away!

At Christmas-time in Ireland there is sorrow, too, for those
Who scattered far in exile sadly stray,
And many a tear in silence for a friend beloved flows
At Christmas-time in Ireland far away;
But still amid the grieving is a hope to banish fears,
That God will send them safely back some day,
To know again the happiness that long ago was theirs
At Christmas-time in Ireland far away!

—*Denis A. McCarthy.*

A Single Leaf

From the Past History of Portugal Cove.

By Rev. Canon Smith, R. D. of Avalon.

THE telling of stories round the Yule-log, has been for ages a favourite Christmas pastime. Ghost stories, and stories of thrilling adventure have held honoured place on such occasions. Love stories, too, have ever been held in high estimation, and much sought after at Christmas. The story that I have to tell is one of Love, but it has a most pathetic ending. The story is brief, but true in every particular. When I came to the charge of the Portugal Cove Mission, twenty years ago, there were then living quite a number of old people in the Parish who remembered well the lovers who figure in the story I am about to tell, and it is from their lips that I have heard it. The lady being a native of Portugal Cove was especially well known to those old people, who, as young people, were her contemporaries. Here is the story.

In the early part of the year of our Lord, 1823, there lived at Portugal Cove a young lady famed throughout St. John's and the whole of Conception Bay for her exceedingly great beauty. Newfoundland ladies are, and ever have been, justly famed for their beauty, but this young lady appears in this respect to have eclipsed all of the gentle sex of her day. From the testimony I have heard borne to her character by those who knew her well, she appears to have been—what is far better than possessing mere beauty of countenance and person—quite as good as she was beautiful. The wise man saith—"Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

In her end this young lady showed that in her life she feared God and tried to serve him. Women, as well as men, seem to have been fascinated by her beauty. Indeed she appears to have had as many devoted admirers among her own as among the sterner sex. Seventy-five years after her death I, myself, have known old women here become enthusiastic in speaking of her beauty. One dear old soul, who died here only about three years ago and was nearly one hundred years old at the time of her death, told me that the best description she had ever heard of this young lady's beauty fell short of the reality. You had to see her yourself to comprehend in any way how entrancingly beautiful she really was. Hers was no doll's face. She had a most expressive countenance that fascinated all beholders. When you saw her (so said this old lady) your gaze became fixed upon her countenance, so attractive was she in appearance. Her voice, too, was sweet in keeping with her beauty of person, it was musical and ravishingly sweet.

This young lady's Christian name was Tryphena, and she was known far and wide, and is spoken of to this day, by the descendants of those who knew her, as "Pretty Pheeny ——." She had hundreds of admirers among the male sex, and many suitors for her hand. Had she chosen she could have married into a high station of life and been endowed with much earthly goods. But only one suitor found favor in her sight; he, Mr. ——, was in her own station of life and conducted a flourishing business at Brigus, Conception Bay. He is said to have been a handsome man, honest and upright in conduct, and amiable in manner. They were devoted lovers. In March, 1823, their earthly happiness was to have been consummated by their marriage at Portugal Cove. But the Dread Being in Whose Hands alone lieth the power of life and death, and Whose ways are unsearchable by human understanding, had in His wisdom ordered otherwise.

On the Friday of the week previous to that on which she was to have been married, Miss —— was stricken by typhoid fever. Medical aid was summoned from St. John's, but all human help was unavailing. The Master had come and called for His servant, and she must perforce rise up, and leaving all of earth follow Him. She grew rapidly worse, and on Sunday evening her eyelids closed in death. Up to a few hours before her death she was perfectly conscious that her end was near, and able to converse with those around her dying bed. She expressed herself as having full trust in God's mercy through Christ for her soul, and her perfect resignation to His will.

No pen can adequately describe the grief of her parents at her decease, and indeed of everyone who knew her, for she was greatly beloved by all, high and low, rich and poor.

At that time there was no consecrated burial ground at Portugal Cove, therefore Miss —— was interred in a quiet spot, then shaded by trees, in her father's garden.

The garden and trees have long since disappeared, but the place of sepulture is railed off by a picket fence. A head-stone cut in England stands at the head of her grave, on which, barely legible now, are inscribed her name, age, date of death, and some poetry to her memory. She was buried on the same day and at the same hour at which she was to have been married, had God spared her. Crowds attended her funeral, and not a dry eye was seen among any then present; they "carried her to her burial and made great lamentation over her."

And now, for a while let us return to notice of her intended husband. There was then no telegraph in Newfoundland, and hardly even a weekly communication between Portugal Cove and the towns at the head of the Bays. On the Monday morning, altogether ignorant of his betrothed's illness, much less of her death, the intended bridegroom left his house at Brigus full of the happiest anticipations of his, as he thought, approaching bliss. He travelled towards Portugal Cove on horseback by a "bridle path" which led around Conception Bay. His saddle bags were stuffed to bursting point with presents for his intended bride and her bridesmaids. He whiled away the tedium of the journey with happy song. On the very morning of Miss ——'s funeral he reached S. Philip's (Broad Cove), all ignorant of the terrible news that awaited him there. Friends there broke it to him as gently as they could, but it simply overwhelmed him. The terrible news struck the poor fellow like a bolt from heaven. He was stricken to the heart. He would not go on to Portugal Cove, but remounting his horse he returned at once to his, for him henceforth, desolate home at Brigus.

On arriving at Brigus he at once took to his bed, and never again rose therefrom,—for shortly afterwards he died of a broken heart.

The light that comes to us from the manger Throne at Bethlehem, revealing to us as it does Incarnate God, Who can sympathise with our sorrows, and feels for our infirmities, and Who is the Resurrection and the Life—can alone brighten this otherwise sad romance of real life.



AT GRAND POND. "The startled herd, hard pressed, seeking sanctuary on the further shore."—*Anon.*

A Few Seasonable Reflections.

By A. A. Parsons.

I stood on a tower in the wet,
And New Year and Old Year met,
And winds were roaring and blowing:
And I said: "O years that meet in tears,
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing?
Science enough and exploring,
Wanderers coming and going,
Matters enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the knowing?"
Seas at my feet were flowing,
Waves on the shingle pouring,
Old Year roaring and blowing,
And New Year blowing and roaring.—*Tennyson.*

THE late Judge Pinsent, whenever asked to contribute to a Christmas Number or other local publication, would almost invariably reply: "Shall I write about the French Shore question?" He was nearly as fond of that subject as the present genial Judge Prowse, who still seems to have a hankering after it, notwithstanding the fact that the whole question has been officially and forever settled. But, speaking of Sir Robert Pinsent: I remember the last time I called on him for a Christmas contribution. He was seated in a comfortable chair near the fire, absorbed in the pages of Dumas' "Three Guardsmen." As I entered he looked up and greeted me in that peculiar official manner of his which seemed to fit him so perfectly for the Supreme Bench. While he held out his hand, I looked at the book he had just laid aside and smiled, perhaps a little suggestively. Any way, he caught my meaning in a moment and remarked, good naturedly: "You smile at finding *me* reading a book like that!" "Yes," I said, "because I expected to see you differently employed; for instance, either critically examining the latest edition of our 'Consolidated Statutes,' or 'writing a Judgment' on one of the more important cases recently decided by you." "Do you know," he rejoined, "I find it a great relief, after a busy and prolonged sitting in Court, to spend a few hours with a clever author like that Frenchman. There are times at night when light mental food is necessary to enable us to properly digest the heavy accumulations of the day. It clears the intellectual atmosphere, so to speak."

Then we began to cast about for a peg on which to hang the new Christmas article; and this we did for some time with indifferent success. I suggested two or three subjects; but not one of them seemed to merit his approval. At last he observed, tapping the table, at the same time, with the index finger of his left hand: "I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll write you an article on the 'Past, Present and Future of Newfoundland.'" I thanked the Judge, went home and patiently awaited the promised contribution. Did I get it? Yes, I did; but not in time for publication. It reached me the day before Christmas, and when he saw that it did not appear, he requested me to return the manuscript, which I did, together with a note expressive of the regret I felt on being obliged to go to press without it. However, I afterwards discovered that the learned Judge had turned the article to good account by extending it to the proportions of a lecture and delivering it before a large and appreciative audience in the Athenæum Hall. But all this *en passant*. It is not my intention now to write a biography of Sir Robert Pinsent; nor is it necessary that I should. Judge Prowse and other warm friends of the deceased jurist have long ago laid their literary tributes upon his bier and duly honored the memory of one of the most distinguished occupants of our Supreme Bench.

Metaphorically speaking, what I want to do here is to get the readers of the QUARTERLY in near the Yule-log, right under the holly and mistletoe, and make them really feel that "this *is* Christmas." But one feels *so* timid in writing for the first time to a paper whose talented contributors stand so high in the world of literature as do those of the NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY. Why, its roll of honor embraces archbishops, bishops, archdeacons, canons, curates, doctors of divinity, and all the other degrees and varieties of our universally-respected clerical persuasion; not to speak of our legal and medical professions. What a brilliant galaxy of literary stars you have twinkling upon your pages, to be sure! But my space is too limited to dwell upon the portraits and productions of the QUARTERLY's able staff of writers. They are already so well known and appreciated that they need no mention here.

By the way, in the Old Country, I notice, publishers are now complaining of the paucity of really good writers in the realm of fact as well as fiction. This, I think, can easily be accounted for. To-day literature is checked by the peculiar state of society—puritanism, hypocrisy and timidity pervading nine out of every ten books. This is because authors in our utilitarian age prefer gold to glory, the wind-bag of present popularity to future fame. One glorious triumph for literature in the future will be the adoption of a universal language. A French author has calculated that in a hundred years 860,000,000 persons will speak the English language, 120,000,000 German, and 69,000,000 French. When things come to this pass, the necessity for a universal language will be more and more apparent, and English, on account of its richness, power and expression, and growing use, may, with confidence, be pointed out as the ultimately chosen one. The arts, which to-day do not flourish because other interests than religion and patriotism predominate in the world, will, as soon as the political and social freedom of nations have been secured, be gloriously accelerated, and men will return with boundless enthusiasm to the pursuit of them, as they are doing in Japan and Egypt to-day.

But social misery must first be alleviated, and the actual wants of mankind be satisfied before they can be expected to prove that beauty, truth and goodness are not obsolete, but "spring eternal in the human breast." Thus the material and ideal in nature will be opened once more to them, and the arts, which depend strictly on these, will correspondingly flourish. One might carry on indefinitely in this strain, but I forbear. I shall probably (with the QUARTERLY's permission) have another chance of falling back on it before the year that is coming melts away into the year that is bidding us farewell. May it carry thee gently forward, good reader, whoever thou art, on Time's flowing stream towards that shoreless ocean where all the years are gone. But

"Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change."



"A deer was wont to feed."

* * * * *

"White were her feet, her forehead showed
A spot of silvery white
That seemed to glimmer like a star
In Autumn's hazy night."—*W. Cullen Bryant.*

Christmas Reflections.

By Rev. A. W. Lewis, B.A., B.D.

"CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS!" Let us the rather say, CHRISTMAS RAYS. In these days we hear much of the Finsen Rays, Cathode Rays, Roentgen Rays, Becquerel Rays, and what-not. But the Christmas Rays excel, as light outrivals darkness, as love excels force, as spirit transcends matter. These Rays can be seen by all. These Rays shine for all. These Rays heal all, to a degree, in body, mind, and spirit. It was the sheen of that light, coming into the world, that shone about the Shepherds of Bethlehem. The Christmas Rays are the scintillations of the very life of the great-hearted God, Who is light. Let us now allow some of these Rays, flashing forth in Revelation, to pass through the prism of our mind. Faint gleams of the spectrum will fall upon this printed page. Yes. These will be "CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS."

Christmas! Behold its BRILLIANCY! It sparkles with the Radiancy Divine. It is the most joyous day of the Christian Year. In the orange seed lies, wonderfully enfolded. the hidden beginnings of that life which develops into the tree, with its glory of bridal blossoms and golden fruit. So in the fact of which Christmas is ever reminding us there lay the unseen potentialities of the Tree of Life, now beginning to bloom in our little earth, whose "golden age" will shortly dawn.

A fact! Thank God, it is a FACT. Our birth-days are anniversaries of a fact, a vital fact to us. Christmas is the anniversary of the fact of Jesus, the God-man, a vital fact to us and to every child of woman born. It is fact we want. The present age takes little interest in the speculations of man. However beautiful they may be, they are like the mirage in the hot, dry desert, that is bleaching the bones of myriads so deceived. The sin-sick soul of man cries out for truth, for fact. Let the atheist scoff, and the infidel laugh us to scorn, and the wise critic smile a knowing smile, we care not. They cannot touch the fact of Christ. Upon this fact of God our souls rest in peace. May each reader so receive this fact that we can say with a sure confidence, "*Requiescat in pace.*"

A MYSTERIOUS fact. Who can understand the Incarnation? Some may think they do. The wise know they but glean a few small handfuls an infinitely wise God has let fall for them.

> "The first-born sons of light
> Desire in vain its depths to see;
> They cannot reach the mystery,
> The length and breadth and height."

Yet mystery does not weaken fact. All beginnings are mysterious. Of all kinds of life we must say, with bowed head, "IN THE BEGINNING GOD." No one can explain how the plant life is united with the starch of the seed. How much greater is our ignorance when we stand face to face with the truth of "God manifest in the flesh!" Yet this does not alter the fact. You cannot tell how the life is united with the body, but you believe in the body's life, which develops the body and preserves the body. All that are permitted to be "at large" believe in the fact of their birth, though our life is a mystery. How is the soul united with the body? You cannot say; yet all, except the "missing links" unrecognized, believe that man has a soul apart from the life of the body. So Christmas reminds us of the unexplained fact of THE UNION OF THE HUMAN AND THE DIVINE in Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ of God.

THE SON OF GOD BECAME THE SON OF MAN; but how can that enable the sons of men to become the sons of God? How? This does not concern us. We do not need to know how the seed transforms the mineral earth into the growing bush, with its thorns and bright leaves and fragrant blooms of surpassing loveliness. If we knew the philosophy of its development the rose could not be the sweeter. The Incarnation has proved its power to transform human life, as the water gushing up through the dry, glowing sands, makes the desert blossom as the rose. See the fruits of Christmas! Picture Central Africa, with its degradation, made by the Slave Trade "confusion worse confounded"; and then try to get a bird's eye view of Christian Lands. Why the contrast? Christmas explains. It is the INCARNATION WRITTEN IN LARGE, IRIDESCENT LETTERS.

The Christmas Rays spell out the same truth in millions of microcosms. THE INCARNATION GLOWS IN THE HUMAN LIFE. Consider yonder man. Yesterday his life was dark, black. His deeds were of the dark. His desires and passions marked him of the darkness dense. The future had no rays of light, but fell about him like a pall of a "horror of great darkness." For him there was no God above, no heart within. To-day—ah, who is this? It is the same and yet not the same. With beaming face and sparkling eye he answers our questioning gaze, "Whereas I was blind, now I see." The night-mare of the past rolls away like a dark cloud, driven far to sea by wind invisible. Light enshrouds him, and better still shines into his heart, illumining his whole life. He hates the ways of darkness; and a strange, new love is springing up for the pure things and the noble things that yesterday he scorned. He shrinks from looking backward, but ever gazes upon the light that is streaming over the heights, and slowly growing brighter and more glorious. Millions like this one can say, "Our citizenship is in heaven; whence also we wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: Who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of His glory."

Christmas calls up memories of "good things" to every one in Christian Homes. To the child and to the animal-like man or woman the Holy Season means little else than the gratification of the flesh. Many know Christmas-tide as "the ass his master's crib." The best and wisest rejoice in the gifts that flutter from hand to hand, "from the river unto the ends of the earth" on that day of days. We all should receive with gratitude and delight the pleasant things which God moves others to give us. They come from God's heart to us, His wayward children.

Gifts are valuable mainly for the thought that gave them, for the love they bring. All the gifts of earthly friends speak to us of God's greatest gift, on the first Christmas Morning. It will take all eternity for us to learn the greatness of the Gift. How much it meant to God! How much it means to us! It is the only possible remedy for human misery and degradation. It will be the great glory of God that he will have far more than effaced the evil wrought by Satan. Man shall be far higher and greater than if sin had not entered the world. Where sin abounds there will grace much more abound. Yet Christmas means more than this unspeakable gift. Its greatest value is in the motive that prompted the gift. The Divine Love stooped to share "the ills that flesh is heir to," that man might share the Divine Life. The gift of a Mother, however small, touches the heart, because it voices the Mother-love. The boundless love of God, that sparkles in the rippled life of our Christmas-tide, is the only power that can soften hearts of stone and make dead souls throb with joyous life. This is the love, more tender than a Mother's, that awakes an answering echo in our hearts. The faintest Rays of Christmas give us some hint of the world's great dynamic. As we rejoice in this true joy of Christmas-tide, the love of which it speaks will prove a perpetual joy, and we shall share the power of God in prevailing with our fellow men. Love is the light of Christmas; God's love the light of the world.

> "O Love, that will not let me go,
> I rest my weary soul in Thee;
> I give Thee back the life I owe,
> That in Thine ocean depths its flow
> May richer, fuller be."

Christmas Reminiscences.

By Rev. Charles Lench.

WHEN requested to write something for the NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY on the subject of "Xmas Reminiscences," I tried to recall some item of interest from my somewhat monotonous outport experiences of the world's great festive and popular holiday.

I was about to give it up when the thought occurred to me,—if you cannot write in a humorous strain, write for those who may be passing through sorrow at this Christmas time. With this, my mind carried me back, twenty years; to the early days of my Newfoundland pilgrimage.

In those days I would wander in imagination to the old land, and fancy would picture for me the members of the family gathering around the Christmas fire. How the old folks would refer to the "missing link" in that family gathering! Time passed on and the "old folks" were gone to a better home and laid to rest in God's acre. Christmas has its sad as well as gladsome memories, and while most subscribers to Christmas numbers prefer the sunny side, yet to pastors of Christ's flock, the festive season of the Wonderful Child who came to bring peace on earth and good will to men; there are various causes which tend to turn the thoughts into other channels than those of innocent mirth and happiness, to sympathize with the bereaved and sorrowing, for the loss of the head of a family or the cherub who filled the household with its innocent prattles. At this happy season how many will be passing through the vale of tears and

> "Sigh for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

It was Christmas week of 1885, but the travelling preacher had spent his two Sundays at head-quarters and must move on to his numerous appointments, entailing a journey of sixty miles to and from the extern fishing village of the Mission. We had called at Garia, where the kind-hearted people were always glad to welcome "The Monthly Visitor." By Christmas Day we were fifteen miles farther east, and had arranged to make the best of the world's holiday at Grand Bruit, named by the French, probably from its beautiful waterfall. We preached in the morning and planned to have an enjoyable time in the afternoon, by singing and talking to the fisher-folk of other lands, and doings of other people at Christmas time. As the neighbours were gathering to Skipper Sam's Cottage, a fishing boat rounded the point of the harbor. What could be the business of those strangers at that holiday season?

On landing they soon explained that an accident had occurred by which a young man had lost his life, and the friends had sent for the minister to come to them in their hour of trouble. We started for Garia with little delay, and by the time we reached the house of mourning, after fifteen miles in a small fishing boat on a cold winter's day, the evening had closed in upon us. But how shall we describe the scene we witnessed in that sorrow-stricken fisherman's dwelling?

At early morn of December 24th, a father and two sons left home in a fishing punt for a distant settlement at the head of the bay. They decided to leave the eldest son on an island, where he must spend the day watching for seals to make their appearance. For his comfort and convenience a gaze had been built of stones, to answer for warmth and shelter. Some two or three hours later another boat left Garia, containing two fishermen, with the object of visiting the aforementioned island, on the same business of securing seals. They never stopped to think that others could be before them, and as no boat was hauled up in the land-wash, they concluded they were first in order that day. On landing they hauled up their boat, shouldered their guns and started around the island in opposite directions. Soon after came the report of a gun, followed shortly by a scream of terror. The young man asserted that he heard a noise in the direction of the gaze, and seeing a fur cap at once concluded that it was the head of a water-bear, and taking deliberate aim he put the load into the object. Instantaneous death was the result, and when the father and son returned to the island, they found the poor lad cold in death. It was Christmas eve when they landed at their stage head with the body of poor Wm. Smith, and the world's great festival was no happy day for that sorrow-stricken family. I shall never forget the grief of that household, especially the broken-hearted parents, and the neighbours of that sorrow-stricken hamlet. We found it hard to get away from the place of weeping where we tarried for several days. Magistrate S——, of C——, came on a mission of investigation, and finding it to be a case of pure carelessness, forbade the young man using a gun for five years. This is by no means a solitary case of death emanating from the careless use of fire-arms in this Colony. Too often has death resulted from indiscretion, and gloom and sadness been self-inflicted that could easily have been avoided.

How many homes in St. John's and immediate neighbourhoods will be suffering this Christmas time through the victims of the traffic in strong drink during the past year? If a "Merry Christmas" cannot be secured without the social glass, that brings ruin and misery and domestic infelicity and sorrow, then we will change the expression, and wish the readers of THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY—A Very Happy Christmas.



THE MIDDLE POOL, UPPER SALMONIER RIVER.

"I care not, I, to fish in seas—
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate."

—*The Angler's Song.*

Newfoundland Postal System.

By Wm. Campbell.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY has recorded in its pages many interesting truths concerning matters of public interest, therefore a few facts respecting the much abused Postal System will, I am sure, interest its readers. My connection with the Post Office hardly numbers a score of years, but from its records I have been able to compare its activities previous to my connection with it.

History records that in 1805, just a century ago, the first Post Office was established in Newfoundland. Its operations at first were of course insignificant, and until the system of handling mail matter was modernized by Inspector Hawkins from Ottawa much unnecessary work was performed by the officials. There were no Travelling Post Office in those days; letters from harbor to harbor passed through the place where addressed on their way to St. John's, where the sealed bags from the different Post Offices were opened and the contents assorted, and later returned to their destination. To have a letter recorded or registered was a very great undertaking and necessitated much entering of address on forms of different coloured papers, fastening with wax and sealing. Money Orders were unknown, and all Parcels came as freight. There being no house to house delivery of mail matter the work of the staff at the old Post Office must have been manifold, and the many anxious and persistent enquiries for letters that never came did not tend to the answer being "the soft word which turneth away wrath."

The opening of the Railway line to Harbor Grace and the placing of mail clerks on that line, and on the Coastal Steamers North, West and Labrador, who transacted the business of a Post Office, in specially fitted compartments, enabled letters to be sent and answered from place to place without having to come into St. John's. The registering of letters was made a much less difficult undertaking, and the inauguration of the Money Order and Parcel Post branches were great helps to the successful transaction of business by post.

There being, until recently, no Banks outside St. John's the transmission of money from place to place was only possible by means of the Registration and Money Order System, and up to the present, with a few exceptions, the Outport Post Offices conduct the whole financial business of the community.

Of the two million letters handled by the Post Office Department last year, a very small percentage of them were reported as delayed or lost, and the fact that those missing may have been lost or delayed before receipt at or delivery from the Post Office seems not to occur to the critics of post office methods.

There is now more mail matter landed by the steamer *Bruce* at Port-aux-Basques, per trip, three times each week—that is two days mail—than arrived once a fortnight twelve years ago when brought from Halifax to St. John's by the Red Cross line steamers. Only the mail matter for St. John's and its suburbs, about one-tenth of the whole, reaches the General Post Office; the remainder being despatched from *Bruce* and Train by the Mail Clerks en route. A constant stream of mail bags are thrust out from the mail cars to the intermediate offices, and to Bay and Coastal Steamers from each of the Express Trains from Port-aux-Basques. The St. John's city letters and papers are also assorted into sections, so that reassorting of them by the staff at the General Post Office is not necessary. Carriers for the extreme East or West sections of the city, for instance, may obtain the bundle of letters and papers for the ward served by them at once as it comes into the office from the train with the number of his district marked upon the wrapper. The clerk in the General Post Office tabled off to attend to the placing of mail matter into the section of rented mail boxes, situated on the East, West or Central side of the office, may at once obtain the mail matter for his section, which also comes into the office divided and labelled with the number of the box section served by him. In this way there is no delay, and less than half an hour after arrival of trains the box holders may obtain all of their letters, and in half an hour their newspapers. This is a record that any post office may well feel proud of. The mail from trains and steamers coming into the cities in Canada and the United States go into the offices unassorted, there to be sub-divided, and thereby delayed for hours before being ready for delivery. Time was in St. John's when letters placed into boxes remained there uncalled for for days, but competition in trade is now so great that messengers from the same firm cross one other on the way to the General Post Office for their letters.

The Registered Letters also are recorded by the Railway Mail Clerks; three copies, by carbon, of the addresses of those for St. John's being made out, one copy being retained by the clerk, the second being for the St. John's office, and the third is the form of receipt presented for signature with the letter It is not unusual for the clerks to have five and six hundred such letters each trip, many of them being packages of money. If you think it is easy to make the necessary entries for these, try writing when next you take a trip by rail and be convinced.

The unpaid or short prepaid matter which come frequently from the United States causes much delay in carriers delivery, as the amount of money to be collected on each has to be computed and charged to the carrier responsible for its delivery. This also is a matter which the Canadian and American offices have not to the same extent to contend with. The Universal Penny Postage scheme will be the cure for this.

It has so often been stated that many registered letters are lost during transit that it would seem to be for some reason that an effert to discredit the Registration of letters was purposely made, the loss of an unregistered letter, alleged to have been mailed, being made to appear to have been a registered letter. The fact that out of over one hundred thousand registered letters handled by the Newfoundland Post Office officials last year two only were lost—the amount of contents being made good by the Department—should go far to alleviate the minds of any who may have doubts of its safety. More than half of the above large number of registered articles were really packages of coin.

The advantages of the Money Order System are very largely availed of by the great number of our people who leave Newfoundland for Canada and the United States for parts of each year.

By the courtesy of the Canadian Post Office Department and the Bank of Montreal, the services of the Postmaster at Sydney, and of the branch of the Bank at the same place has been put at the disposal of the Post Office of Newfoundland, and the advices of all Money Orders issued in American and Canadian cities for places in Newfoundland are sent to the Post Master at Sydney who obtains from the Bank there the necessary funds and sends it by Registered mail direct to the offices on which the orders are drawn. Thousands of dollars from our roving population, who spend many days of each year away from home, is transmitted in this way, and the work performed by the Post Master at Sydney, for the benefit of our people is well worth the $50 allowed him by the Government. To appreciate the present system, however, we have to contrast it with the former method, when the money to pay an order issued at Sydney or New York would have to be sent from St. John's, necessitating a delay of weeks after the orders themselves had reached the owners, but which the Post Master was unable to cash until he later received the money from St. John's.

With a few exceptions people in the outports are compelled to use the Post Office to transmit money to the Banks or elsewhere, therefore the establishing of a Postal Savings Bank Branch will be one of the earliest improvements in the service that may be expected. In no part of the world is there greater need of Savings Banks than in Newfoundland. Our people are blessed at certain seasons with abundance, but the many alluring devices to obtain their money increases day by day. The newspapers which reach them are full of "get rich quick" ads., and

the records of the Dead Letter Branch show that many dollars sent to Foreign firms must be lost for ever to the senders, as only a small proportion of those sent can be discovered in time. Many are returned to the senders when it is ascertained that the addressees are conducting a fraudulent business.

The Parcel Post mails are weighty with patent medicines, ordered by healthy people convinced of illness, and for which they have expended their hard earned dollars, hence the need of establishing Postal Savings Banks in every settlement to care for the surplus earnings of our people. Many of the Outport Post Offices have been made Telegraph Offices, and with the Savings Bank Branch added, and later the long distance Telephone connection, we may consider ourselves up-to-date.

There is no branch of the Civil Service that so comes into contact with all classes of the community as the Post Office. Any improvement in its methods, or increase of its facilities, is for the benefit of all, and judging from the past it has a great future for usefulness ahead of it.

There are many who think that the European mails for North America will soon cross Newfoundland by rail and through the Gulf by tunnel. Possibly, later, mails will be forwarded by air ships. The reindeer will take the place of the dog for hauling mails in winter, and the motor car will take the place of the old mail waggon. Free house to house delivery of mail matter in the outports will take the place of the present unsatisfactory method of leaving letters in offices until called for. St. John's, which is so rapidly growing in population, will require a Mail Delivery Office in the East End; for why should the residents there be obliged to come up to the General Post Office to obtain the contents of the letter boxes? The bags of mail for this box section could, by an extra swing of the arm of the Railway Mail Clerks, be placed into other bags and go to the East End Post Office direct from the Train. We may also hope to see the mails transferred from the Railway Station to the General Post Office and its branches underground by Tubes as in some of the large cities in America instead of by waggon. All Post Offices will do Telegraph and Savings Bank business, and will also permit Telephone conversations with subscribers hundreds of miles distant.

It is not necessary to have the gift of Prophecy to see these improvements; ordinary observation and the lessons of history are sufficient to help us anticipate them.



MURPHY'S FALLS, SALMONIER RIVER.

"No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant, as the life of a well governed angler, for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we stand on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and posses ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us." *The Compleat Angler.*

The First Eucharist

In the Restored Cathedral, St. Matthew's Day, 1905.

THE Prelate hath pronounced in Jesus' Name
The words of Consecration, and before
This Mystery we silently adore:
And kneeling here among us if we claim
Feild, Spencer, Bridge, in spirit, who shall blame?
And multitudes who worshipped here before,
Whose feet have trod the Paradisal shore,
Just men made perfect, and who follow the Lamb
Where e'er He goeth. Ah! we do not need
A Cloud or bright Shekinah to impart
A glow of holy reverence to our heart,
While we can realize in our Faith's plan,
Communion with the Saints, our vital creed,
And feast on Christ, forever God and Man.

—*Robert Gear MacDonald.*



THE STAG.

THE Hunter marked that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deem'd the stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barr'd the way.
* * * * * * *
For jaded now, and spent with toil,
Emboss'd with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew
The labouring Stag strain'd full in view.

—*The Lady of the Lake*

First Settlers at Twillingate

And Their Conflicts with the Red Indians.

By A. A. Parsons.

EARLY in the seventies, the late Mr. T. D. Scanlon (one of the best informed Newfoundlanders of his day) found under the ruins of a "West Country fish-flake" at Back Harbor, Notre Dame Bay, a tin canister containing a very old and highly interesting "Diary of Events." Some of the entries, he assured me, when talking the matter over with him a few years before his death, were made by members of the Peyton family, one of whom took a prominent part, on March 5th, 1818, in the capture of Mary March, "the last of *our* aboriginals." According to this diary, some two hundred years ago Twillingate was first settled by four Englishmen, namely: Moore, at Back Harbor; Smith, at the Point; Young, at South Side, and Bath, at Jenkins' Cove. Their social visits were few and far between—not oftener than three or four times a year, and never without their guns. The woods which covered the island were infested with thieving Indians, constantly on the watch in the neighborhood of the settlers' tilts, seeking what they could carry off. Moore, of Back Harbor, usually carried two guns, one in each hand, when crossing to the South Side, and frequently had occasion to use them, to the terror of the Red Men. They dreaded the White Man's "thunder," and were known to have remarked that whilst they could kill but one man at a time, the White Man frequently brought down two and sometimes three at one shot. Bath, at Jenkins' Cove, when an old man (and long after the Red Men had ceased from troubling), in recounting the exploits of his youth, could never be got to acknowledge the actual killing of an Indian, but trimmed very closely at times. Lying in his bed one night, enjoying a soothing pipe, he heard a slight noise outside, close to his head, as if some one were picking out the moss with which the tilt was "stogged," to get a view of the interior. Suspecting that Indians were around, he quietly seized his seven-foot Poole gun, charged with "twelve fingers," softly opened the door and fired. What was the result of that shot? Even garrulous old age could never draw him beyond the fact that he fired. The result of that reconnaissance was never known!

Mr. Peter Pickett, the oldest inhabitant of Fogo, used to tell his friends that he often, when a boy, heard the old folks talk of a peculiarity of the Red Men in putting out their fires; and that, in his opinion, something really worth knowing in this respect was never discovered by the white settlers. It seems that, no matter how suddenly an encampment was met with, the fire would instantly be put out, and nothing be seen but the steam from the hot embers. When surprised they never left a fire burning behind them.

An old fisherman named Pilley, who came from Dorset to Slade & Co., some eighty years ago, said he often saw the Red Indians running along the strand of the Exploits as he sailed up the river in quest of wood. They always ran from the White Man.

Apropos of Slades: The founder of the house was "old Captain Tommy," a mighty fisherman and a bachelor. His dress comprised a swanskin pants and blouse, protected, when "on the ground," by a leathern barvel. Cape Anns and rubber coats were not then invented. His habits were as simple as his dress, and his frugality surpassed both. An apprentice boy was his chief and sole companion. The domestic duties were of painful sameness. First thing after breakfast was "out dog-irons" to cool before the door; they were never allowed to remain in the fire after a meal and to thus uselessly waste away. The same operation took place after dinner and supper, and stray crumbs left on the table by the boy afforded an excellent theme for a lecture, during the delivery of which the old gentleman would carefully lift the crumbs to his mouth with the tips of his moistened fingers, admonishing the boy to do likewise and waste nothing.



Newfoundland.

The glorious forests echo,
The ringing sound of song,
As his axe the woodman swinging
Its giant trees among.

Where in the not far-distant future
We see fair homesteads stand;
And kine, instead of caribou,
Blessing our happy land.—*Isabella.*



The Humber.

'Tis where the Marble Mountain in majestic grandeur reigns,
With his glinting crown of sunlit vernal snows;
Where the bosky woodland verdure carpets all the woodland plains
'Tis there serene the lordly Humber flows.—*Walton, jr.*

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Prescott Street & Duckworth Street.

1905 Greeting 1905

JAS. J. CHANNING, desires to publicly thank his many friends for their kind patronage during the past year, and wishes them, one and all, a **Very Merry Xmas.**

We respectfully draw your attention to our Stock of

PERFUMERY!

It is the very choicest obtainable, and being put up in fancy boxes, baskets, &c., would make ideal Xmas Presents.

We also carry a full line of

Perfume Sprays, Shaving Brushes,
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Hair Brushes, Washing Gloves,

in fact a complete assortment of everything necessary for Toilet and Medicinal purposes.

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We defy competition in goods or prices.

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Lenox Chocolates, in fancy boxes, from 30c. to $3 each.
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Our own make Chocolates, from 20 to 50c. lb.
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A large assortment Sugar Toys, etc., all fresh and first class.

FRUIT:

Florida, Valencia, and Jamaica Oranges.
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Kings, Spys, Baldwins, Vandevere and other choice Apples.
California and Nova Scotia Pears.
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Large Bananas, Figs, Dates, etc. Fresh Nuts of all kinds,

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Notice to Mariners.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

No. 8 of 1905.

St. John's Narrows, Cahill's Rock, and Pancake Shoal.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Spar Buoy painted White, has been moored in 3 fathoms, to show the position of Cahill's Rock; and a Spar Buoy painted black and white horizontal bands, surmounted by a white painted cone, in 3 fathoms, to indicate the position of Pancake Shoal, both on the South West side of the Narrows, or Entrance to the Harbor of St. John's.

Buoys will be removed when ice is on the coast without further notice.

ELI DAWE,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
St. John's, Newfoundland, Sept. 12th, 1905.

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Photo. by James Vey.

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The Late A. M. Mackay.

By D. W. Prowse, LL.D.

IT has long been known in the community that Mr. Mackay was seriously ill, but owing to his strong constitution and great mental vigor, his friends hoped that his valuable life might still be preserved. Several years ago he had a very dangerous attack from which he made a wonderful recovery. The 24th of November, 1905, he passed peacefully away, surrounded by all the members of his family. His death will be mourned all over the Colony. The sad news of his decease spread a gloom over our whole community, he was so closely associated with the business community, the Masonic body, as Provincial Grand Master, and the Kirk. No man in Newfoundland was more universally known, no one had more friends amongst high and low, rich and poor. It is no exaggeration to say that no one was more beloved. His career was a very remarkable one. Born in Pictou, Nova Scotia, he was educated at the famous Pictou Academy, one of the best schools in North America. From his early youth he was distinguished for his quickness in learning, a wonderful memory and a positive genius for figures and mathematics. He began life very early—first as a school teacher, next as a telegrapher. His proficiency as an operator won him such rapid promotion that he was a Manager when he was only seventeen. He was one of the first to read a message by sound. His memory was so wonderful that he could let a despatch get ten or even twelve words ahead of him and yet keep the whole in his mind and write out the full message. He knew the distinct touch of every operator in his service; and I remember once in a Telegraph office in Montreal his telling Mrs. Mackay and myself who was then operating—It was one of his sons, and he knew his touch.

After filling several positions as superintendent at Hamilton, in Canada, and elsewhere. In 1855 and 1856 he became head of the telegraphs in his native county of Nova Scotia. At the time Cyrus Field was looking for a manager for his New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company, then newly formed, he put himself in communication with D. H. Craig, founder of the New York Associated Press, and asked him and some other friends to select the very best man to fill the difficult position of manager in Newfoundland. They recommended to him young Mackay, then only 22. When the new Manager paid his first visit to the Colony in January, 1857, he found everything in confusion. The line was broken, not a single section was in working order. With the small steamer *Victoria* he repaired the break in the cable between Cape Ray and Cape Breton; walked over the whole line; organized a new staff of operators and repairers, and put the whole concern in working order. We must bear in mind that from this period, 1856, to 1866, the concern was only a land line with a cable to Cape Breton, but with no trans-Atlantic connection. Their only receipts, outside of local telegrams, were from precarious and most difficult and dangerous service of messages intercepted by a daring boats crew at Cape Race, from thence transmitted to America. Cyrus Field's partners became sick and tired of the enterprise, and but for Field's enthusiasm and Mackay's activity and economic efficient workiug of the line it would have been abandoned over and over again, these two kept it alive.

No one can rob Mackay's memory of this undying honour. Like Cyrus Field, he had firm belief in the ultimate success of the great project. The outside world were uubelievers. The London *Times* voiced the sentiments of the great world when it declared that the project was a wild scheme, a phantom of hair brained enthusiasts, and never could be of any practical value. For nearly ten years this time of hope deferred went on. It was the most trying period in Mackay's life. It was during these hard times in 1860 that Mackay married. His income was small, his work most laborious and harassing. Never did any one secure for himself a better consoler, companion and helpmate than he found in his young and beautiful wife. The happiness of his home life helped him to bear the worry and struggle of these days. For Mackay there was no one like his wife. His affection and admiration was only equalled by her devotion. With the successful laying of the Atlantic cable all was changed. It put life into the local lines, and from a poor, starved business it became a most prosperous, successful undertaking, and has continued so ever since. Many of us can now remember the 27th July, 1866, when the Atlantic cable was landed, and the excitement and enthusiasm that pervaded all classes. The cable is to-day no longer a wonder and a marvel, but as one sits at Heart's Content through the long watches of the night with both Continents at rest and notes the beginning of the business day in Europe, and later on, the rush from America. Watching by the cable instrument we appear almost to hear the eager steps of the busy multitude in two worlds. To the tired operator it is mere ordinary business, but to the onlooker this joining of the Hemispheres and the complete annihilation of time and space will always appear as the most wonderful human achievment in an age of scientific marvels. This Colony owes a deep debt of gratitude to our dear deceased friend, and the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, whilst other colonies were



This plate was kindly lent us by News Pub. Co., Ltd.] LATE A. M. MACKAY.

spending millions on Telegraph Lines we got ours for nothing, with cable connection thrown in. Where the old Company had spent a million dollars on the land line to Cape Ray, Mackay rebuilt it for $90,000. From first to last, over and above all its receipts, the Anglo-American Telegraph Company has spent for salaries, renewals and repairs more than Four Million Dollars. Between Mackay and the eminent men who were Directors in New York, Cyrus Field and the great philanthropist, Peter Cooper, there was not only appreciation of his valuable services, but a warm personal friendship which showed itself in a presentation of plate and other valuable gifts.

One of the most stirring events in the life of the deceased, was the monopoly scare of 1872–3. This offer to buy out the Cable was a pure stock-jobbing trick of the renowned Labouchere, by which he and his friends cleared £400.000, sterling. Mackay and some more of us kept our heads level, also the late Hon. A. W. Harvey, Sir F. B. T. Carter, N. R. Vail and a few more; but all the rest of the community, from the Governor

down, went mad over the proposal. The whole thing was a barefaced fraud and our most respected citizens simply dupes.

As an employer of labor and manager of men, Mackay was unrivalled. It was largely due to his kindness, his tact, and his wonderful way of handling men that our first railway was pushed ahead in the teeth of a most deadly opposition, and it is largely due to his energy and the expenditure of his own money that the first line to Harbor Grace was eventually laid.. The contractor and the work was always breaking down. Over and over again he had to come to the rescue. Mackay took a very prominent part in our public and social life. As a member of the House of Assembly and in the Council he took the deepest interest in the welfare of the colony. For nearly forty years he filled a leading place in the Masonic body and in the Kirk. His kindness and charity was simply unbounded. No one in want, or in trouble ever appealed to him in vain. In all his benevolent work he was most ably assisted by his wife, like himself large hearted, generous and good to the poor, and the afflicted, whether it was the outharbor friend kindly welcomed at their home or the poor tramp picked up on the road and carried on their weary way. There was no condescention, no patronising airs in all their various acts of kindness. It was purely a labour of love to them both to help and comfort. His popularity was not only amongst his companions and friends at the City Club, but also amongst the humble classes. He was everybody's friend and every one liked him. He will be greatly missed and widely mourned by all his acquaintances. Into the sanctuary of his home-life we cannott approach. Words are poor, feeble and ineffectual to express the loss of the most affectionate husband and father to his beloved wife and children. No outsider can enter into the full measure of their grief or their life long sorrow. Time the great consoler may mitigate their bereavement, it will comfort them to know how widely, how tenderly, the deceased was beloved. It is my melancholy duty to record the death of all the dear old companions of my youth. I feel only too keenly how inadequate, how incomplete is this short and imperfect sketch of the life of my dear old friend. Of all the gay company who welcomed Mackay nearly fifty years ago, only Mr. T. R. Job, Sir R. Thorburn, Mr. William Bowring and myself survive. Only Lord Kelvin, better known as Sir William Thompson, remains of the illustrious body who created ocean telegraphy. Of his own immediate associates in the old company, T. Scanlan, Waddel, Saunders and all are gone, only Mr. Gaden, Leslie and a few more are still in harness. I should add that Mr. Mackay, altho' the most tolerant and liberal of men, was also a most perfervid Scot devoted to his ain countrie and his Kirk. A staunch Presbyterian he took an active part and was a most liberal supporter in all the benevolent and educational work of his coreligionists.

Mr. Mackay was the father of a large family a dear little daughter died in infancy. His eldest son, Charles, also died many years ago. The survivors are his wife, four daughters—Mrs. Rendell, Mrs. Melville, Mrs. Charles Marshall and Mrs. McNeil; three sons—Gower, William and Eric.

Centenaries and Celebrations in 1905.

By D. W. Prowse, LL.D.

THIS is an age of celebrations and the keeping of anniversaries, varied by bi-centenaries or ter-centen aries, &c. Many persons think the thing is overdone, and that we are having too much of a good thing.

However, it will go on. The worship of ancestors was the very earliest form of the beginnings of religion amongst savage tribes, and the desire to commemorate the virtues and achievements of our illustrious departed ones is inherent in human nature. It is well known to antiquarians, and students of folk lore, that many of the festivals we keep now, as Christians, were originally of pagan origin. For instance, St. John the Baptist's Day, 24th June, otherwise Midsummer day, commemorated here and elsewhere with bonfires on the hills, is an old relict of the ancient fire worshippers.

One very humorous instance came under my notice many years ago, of the way old customs, derived from our English ancestors, are kept up in this Colony, notwithstanding complete changes in the religious character of the community where they were first introduced. Guy Faux's day, 5th November, known in history as the Gunpowder Plot to blow up King James I., his Lords and Commons, is essentially a Protestant celebration, like the Battle of Boyne. It was introduced into Bay Bulls from the West of England, where the people all belonged, like their forefathers, to the Church of England. Notwithstanding the conversion of the whole community into good Roman Catholics, the 5th Nov. is still celebrated in that interesting little community.

Some years ago the boys of the village lit their bonfire too near the constable's house, and he asked to have it removed, and as this was refused he put out the fire himself. The celebrators were so indignant with the Government Officer for this outrage that in revenge they went and damaged a Government bridge and nearly injured some poor travellers.

In the present year, 1905, there have been many celebrations, some in honour of less known people, such as the Poet Crabbe, and Bro ne, the Author of Religio Medeci; but two are conspicuous. The quar-centenary of the publication of the greatest and most celebrated humorous work in the world—Don Quixote, and the centenary of the death of Nelson and the victory of Trafalgar. Both are worthy of all honour.

Early in the year 1604 there was issued from the press at Madrid the shabbiest specimen of a book, badly printed on the poorest paper—the first edition of the first part of Cervantes's immortal work. It took the world by storm. Within the year three more editions were got off, and it has been going on edition after edition ever since. In every language and every tongue the world still reads about the Gallant Knight of La Mancha and his squire—Sancho Panza.

The marvel of it all is that Don Quixote is an untranslatable book. It is not only pure Spanish, but all the allusions are Provincial. The bloom, the beauty, the delicate touches of wit and humour, the play upon words, all the splendour of the sonorous Castilian is lost in translation. Niagara drained through a jelly bag. Yes, marvel of marvels. This bowdlerized emasculated version of the great work, even translated into a foreign jargon, is still the most popular book in the world, and to-day in the English boy's library it holds its own with Robinson Crusoe and Stephenson's Treasure Island.

Cervantes is one of the few men of letters whose life is greater and nobler than his most famous work. Other great writers career are most uneventful. Don Miguel's was most horoic, not only as a hero in battle and as a captive, but he displayed the still higher qualities of patience and cheerfulness under the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune that would have subdued a lesser soul.

The most amusing book in the world was commenced when its author was in prison. There is one splendid characteristic of Cervantes which has escaped the notice of all his commentators—his attitude to England. Remember, he was a Spaniard of Spaniards, a devout Catholic, intensely proud of his great country. How would any ordinary Spaniard of that day fell towards the fierce Islanders who had wantonly invaded Spain, destroyed her invincible Armada and persecuted her religion. The Espanola Inglesa is a poor little novel, but it reveals the magnanimous noble character of its author. Though his worst enemies, Cervantes does full justice to the high character and courage of the English, his only complaint is the hard usage of his co-religionists.

To the world in general Velasquez and Murillo represent Spanish Art, while Don Quixote stands for Spanish Literature. If it is given to the world of spirits to know what passes on earth—how Don Miguel's proud heart must swell with triumph when he knows that his influence and his two brother artists swayed the whole cultivated world of Europe in favour of Spain during the late war with America. Every painter, artist and writer in the Old World was Spanish to the core during the struggle.

About Nelson the great sailor—the greatest naval tactician the world has ever seen. What more is there to say? He saved England, and Englishmen all over the world did honour to his memory this year.

We did the celebration nobly in St. John's. The trade would allow no holiday for the great seaman—the saviour of the Empire. They did better, they turned the occasion to profit, and used the hero as a shop advertisement for the Trafalgar ties and Nelson bows and scarves, cheap splendid value at twenty cents. A cheap and shoddy and happily a unique way of commemorating a great event and a matchless hero. D. W. PROWSE.



Photo. by S. H. Parsons. THE HANDSOME RESIDENCES OF HON. JAMES S. PITTS, and J. OUTERBRIDGE, ESQ.

Our Greeting.



We know our readers will be pleased, that instead of the usual editorial reflections, we give in this Number, copious extracts from "that one entire and perfect chysolite," Dickens' Christmas Carol. This was written specially by the Master to glorify the season: "The life, spirit and enthusiasm which the author infused into his work was extraordinary; the contrasts between the humourous and pathetic portions are alternated like changes of scene, while the Christmas flavour is almost obstreperous."

So sympathetic is it with the best Christmas sentiment, and so aptly does it breathe of the Love and Charity and Peace which the season begets in the bosoms of all Christian peoples, that now after the lapse of a half a century it is read and enjoyed by a larger circle of readers than at any time since its publication. The best Christmas gift we could give our readers would be to give them a desire at this season to read and enjoy the Christmas Carol.

Our Contributors.

OUR Contributors speak for themselves. We pride ourselves on the selections of subjects, grave and gay, and all appropriate to the season, and believe that no better Souvenir could be sent to friends abroad. We are confident all our friends and readers will join us in thanking the ladies and gentlemen who have prepared such a dainty number. Most of them are busy people, but we greatly acknowledge their kindness in giving of their best. to make this, as other numbers of the QUARTERLY, a success.

Our Photo-Engravings.

WE are indebted to Messrs. C. O'N. Conroy, W. Edgar (of the Gas Co.), A. Hiscock (Vice-President Regatta Committee), and W. E. Hamilton (of Reid-Newfoundland Co.) for the photographs that illuminate our pages. A glance at any of them is sufficient to beget pleasant memories, and we express our sincerest gratitude to the gentlemen above named for their contributions.

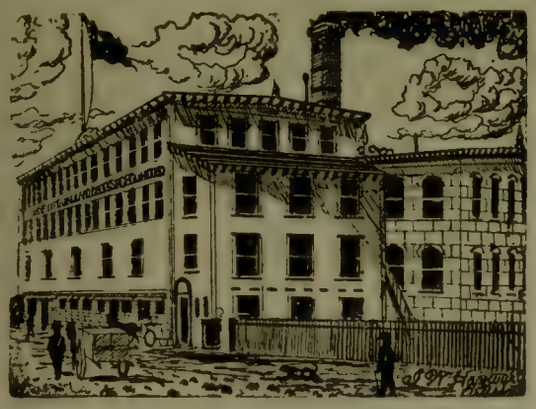
Our Advertising Patrons.

To the "Founders of the Feast"—our Advertising Patrons—the success of the QUARTERDY is due. Without them it would be impossible for the QUARTERLY to grow and expand. They will be pleased to know that these advertisements are read and scanned not only in the city and outports, but also in Canada, United States, England, South Africa, and Australia. By a curious coincidence within the last week we have had one letter from a subscriber in Chicago, and another from Boston, and both the writers have been over forty years out of the country, but the advertisements in our number recall the old times and the old familiar faces, and are read by them with as much interest as the letter-press. A glance at our Advertisements will convince our readers, that the leading business men in the community are represented, and we ask our friends to read carefully, and when patronizing them, say, that you saw their "ad." in the QUARTERLY.

In conclusion we tender to readers, contributors—literary and artistic,—and last, but not least, our advertising patrons, A Happy Christmas and Prosperous New Year, and in the words quoted in our greeting, we add

"God Bless Us, Everyone!"







HON. JAMES BAIRD, President. **Established 1875** *C. R. THOMSON, Manager.*

THE NEWFOUNDLAND BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTURING Co., Ltd.

Manufacturers of Boots, Shoes, and Slippers. Dealers in Canadian and American Rubbers.

WHOLESALE ONLY. ☞All Reliable Dealers keep our Goods in Stock.

BAINE, JOHNSTON & Co.

Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland,

General Merchants and Ship Owners.

..EXPORTERS OF..

Codfish, Cod Oil, Seal Oil, Seal Skins,
Codliver Oil (Norwegian process),
Salmon, Split Herring, and Lobsters.

Sealing Steamers for Arctic hire. Steamers on Labrador requiring COALS can be supplied at Battle Harbor, at entrance to Straits of Belle Isle, where there is telegraphic communication.

NEWMAN'S

Celebrated Port Wine,

In Cases of 1 doz. each,
at $8.25 in Bond; also,

in Hogsheads, Quarter Casks and Octaves.

Baine, Johnston & Co.,
AGENTS.

BAIRD, GORDON & Co.

THE CORNER SHOP:

A full stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Lines, Twines, Cordage, and Cotton Duck.

THE PROVISION STORE:

Entrance from Cove. Always on hand—**Flour, Pork, Beef, Molasses, &c.** Good value and at lowest market rates. ☞Outport friends will please notice that we are prepared to handle

Fish, Oil, Lobsters, Furs,

and other produce on the most favourable terms. Storage and Wharf facilities.

Baird's Building, East side of Clift's Cove

150,000 Lbs. of

Cotton and Wool Fents,

....COMPRISING....

Misprints, Patches, White Shirtings,
Grey Calicoes, Lawns, Flanneletts,
Cotton and Wool Tweeds, Velveteens,
Art Sateens, Percales, &c., &c.

ALSO, A SPECIAL LINE OF—

Men's Fleece-lined UNDERWEAR, Overalls,
Top Shirts, Sweaters, &c., &c.

☞**WHOLESALE ONLY.**

Call and see us or write for Price List.

W. A. SLATTERY,

Wareroom: Seaman's Home Building, Duckworth Street.

Customs Circular

No. 15.

WHEN TOURISTS, ANGLERS and SPORTSMEN arriving in this Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Angler's Outfits, Trouting Gear, Fire-arms and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions:—

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Trouting Poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes, and tent equipage. A receipt (No. 1) according to the form attached shall be given for the deposit and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt as well as in the marginal cheques. Receipt No. 2 if taken at an outport office shall be mailed at once directed to the Assistant Collector, St. John's, if taken in St. John's the Receipt No. 2 shall be sent to the Landing Surveyor.

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the receipt. The Examining Officer shall initial on the receipt the result of his examination and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits or provisions of any kind will be admitted free and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
Assistant Collector.

CUSTOM HOUSE,
St. John's, Newfoundland, 22nd June, 1903.

The Public are reminded that the

GAME LAWS

OF

NEWFOUNDLAND

Provide that:

No person ..... shall pursue with intent to kill any Caribou from the 1st day of February to the 31st day of July, or from the 1st day of October to the 20th October in any year. And no person shall..... kill or take more than two Stag and one Doe Caribou in any one year.

No person is allowed to hunt or kill Caribou within specified limits of either side of the railway track from Grand Lake to Goose Brook, these limits being defined by gazetted Proclamation.

No non-resident may hunt or kill Deer (three Stag) without previously having purchased ($50.00) and procured a License therefor. Licenses to non-resident guides are issued, costing $50.00.

No person may kill, or pursue with intent to kill any Caribou with dogs, or with hatchet ..... or any weapon other than fire-arms loaded with ball or bullet, or while crossing any pond, stream or water-course.

Tinning or canning of Caribou is absolutely prohibited.

No person may purchase, or receive in barter or exchange any flesh of Caribou between January 1st and July 31st, in any year.

Penalties for violation of these laws, a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars, or in default imprisonment not exceeding two months.

No person shall hunt, or kill Partridges before the first day of October in any year. Penalty not exceeding $100.00 or imprisonment.

Any person who shall hunt Beaver, or export Beaver skins before October 1st, 1907, shall be liable to confiscation of skins, and fine or imprisonment.

No person shall hunt Foxes from March 15 to October 15 in any year.

No person shall use any appliances other than rod, hook and line to catch any Salmon, Trout, or inland water fishes, within fifty fathoms from either bank on the strand, sea, stream, pond, lake, or estuary debouching into the sea.

Close season for salmon and trout fishing: 15th day of September to 15th day of January following.

ELI DAWE,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
7th November, 1905.

NEWFOUNDLAND PENITENTIARY.

BROOM DEPARTMENT.

Brooms, Hearth Brushes, Whisks.

A Large Stock of BROOMS, HEARTH BRUSHES and WHISKS always on hand; and having reliable Agents in Chicago and other principal centres for the purchase of Corn and other material, we are in a position to supply the Trade with exactly the article required, and we feel assured our Styles and Quality surpass any that can be imported. Give us a trial order, and if careful attention and right goods at right prices will suit, we are confident of being favoured with a share of your patronage.

☞ All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.

Newfoundland Penitentiary, December, 1905.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

WHEREAS considerable difficulty has been experienced in Departments of His Majesty's Government in England in connection with the attestation of signatures to documents executed in this Colony and required for use by Foreign Governments, by reason of a lack of knowledge of the genuineness of the signatures to the same;

Those of the Public, therefore, who may have occasion to send certificates, or powers of attorney, or judicial acts to any of the Departments of His Majesty's Government in England for legal use in England or in any Foreign Country, are hereby notified that in future they will require to have such documents authenticated in this Colony by His Excellency the Governor or the Officer for the time being administering the Government.

R. BOND,
Colonial Secretary.

Colonial Secretary's Office,
May 11th, 1905.

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THE . . .
NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY.

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. V.—No. 4. MARCH, 1906. 40 CTS. PER YEAR.





THE NEWFOUNDLAND NAVAL RESERVE.

PHŒNIX



Assurance Co., Ltd.,

OF LONDON, - - - ESTABLISHED 1782.

Annual Premiums	$7,500,000
Fund held to meet losses	9,000,000
Uncalled Capital	12,000,000

W. & G. RENDELL,

ST. JOHN'S. Agent for Nfld.

150,000 Lbs. of

Cotton and Wool Fents,

....COMPRISING....

Misprints, Patches, White Shirtings,
Grey Calicoes, Lawns, Flanneletts,
Cotton and Wool Tweeds, Velveteens,
Art Sateens, Percales, &c., &c.

ALSO, A SPECIAL LINE OF—

Men's Fleece-lined UNDERWEAR, Overalls,
Top Shirts, Sweaters, &c., &c.

☞WHOLESALE ONLY.

Call and see us or write for Price List.

W. A. SLATTERY,

Wareroom: Seaman's Home Building, Duckworth Street.

Queen

Fire Insurance Company

FUNDS $40,000,000

INSURANCE POLICIES

Against Loss or Damage by Fire
are issued by the above
well known office on the most
liberal terms.

JOHN CORMACK,

AGENT FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

NEWFOUNDLAND PENITENTIARY.

BROOM DEPARTMENT.

Brooms, Hearth Brushes, Whisks.

A Large Stock of BROOMS, HEARTH BRUSHES and WHISKS always on hand; and having reliable Agents in Chicago and other principal centres for the purchase of Corn and other material, we are in a position to supply the Trade with exactly the article required, and we feel assured our Styles and Quality surpass any that can be imported. Give us a trial order, and if careful attention and right goods at right prices will suit, we are confident of being favoured with a share of your patronage.

☞ All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.

Newfoundland Penitentiary, March, 1906.

Phenix Insurance Co.,

Of Brooklyn, New York.

☞ Insurance effected at lowest Current Rates of Premium on all kinds of property in Newfoundland.

A. O. HAYWARD, K.C.,
Agent for Newfoundland.

H. M. Customs.

WHEREAS it is provided in Section Twelve of "The Revenue Act, 1905," that:—

"It shall be lawful for the Governor in Council to remit the whole or any portion of the duties imposed by this Act upon Port or other Wines, Currants and Sultana Raisins, or other articles imported from the country of production into this Colony, when it shall appear to him that the duty on Codfish, the product of the Colony, imported into such country, has been or will be reciprocally reduced;"

And whereas the Kingdom of Greece has agreed to reduce the duty on Codfish imported from this Colony into the said Kingdom;

I do, therefore, by this my Proclamation, declare that from and after the 1st day of October instant, Currants and Sultana Raisins, when imported from the Kingdom of Greece, shall be admitted into this Colony free of duty, and that the aforesaid articles shall be included in Schedule B. of the aforesaid Revenue Act under the Table of Exemptions, and that when such Currants and Sultana Raisins are imported into this Colony, they shall be given free entry, upon the production to the Customs Department, by the importer of the same, of a certificate under the hand and seal of competent authorities, showing that such Currants or Sultana Raisins are the product of the Kingdom of Greece.

Of which all persons concerned are hereby required to take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the Government House, Saint John's, this 3rd day of October, A.D. 1905.

By His Excellency's Command,

ARTHUR MEWS,
Deputy Colonial Secretary.

Post Office Department

Parcels may be Forwarded by Post at Rates Given Below.

In the case of Parcels, for outside the Colony, the senders will ask for Declaration Form, upon which the Contents and Value must be Stated

	For Newfoundland and Labrador.	For United Kingdom.	For United States.	For Dominion of Canada.
1 pound	8 cents	24 cents	12 cents	15 cents.
2 pounds	11 "	24 "	24 "	30 "
3 "	14 "	24 "	36 "	45 "
4 "	17 "	48 "	48 "	60 "
5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	75 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	$1.05 "
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	
9 "	32 "	72 "	$1.08	Cannot exceed seven pounds weight.
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.20	
11 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	
	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U. K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York; Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by "Bruce" train.

General Post Office.

RATES OF COMMISSION ON MONEY ORDERS.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding $10	5 cts.
Over $10, but not exceeding $20	10 cts.
Over $20, but not exceeding $30	15 cts.
Over $30, but not exceeding $40	20 cts.
Over $40, but not exceeding $50	25 cts.
Over $50, but not exceeding $60	30 cts.
Over $60, but not exceeding $70	35 cts.
Over $70, but not exceeding $80	40 cts.
Over $80, but not exceeding $90	45 cts.
Over $90, but not exceeding $100	50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order to any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, $100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, March, 1906.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office. ✳ Postal Telegraphs.

CABLE BUSINESS.

HEREAFTER Cable Messages for all parts of the world will be accepted for transmission over Postal Telegraph lines and cable to Canso, N. S., at all Postal Telegraph Offices in this Colony.

INLAND.

TELEGRAMS for the undermentioned places in Newfoundland are now accepted for transmission at all Postal Telegraph Offices in the Colony and in St. John's at the Telegraph window in the Lobby of the General Post Office and at Office in new Court House, Water Street, at the rate of Twenty Cents for Ten words or less, and Two Cents for each additional word. The address and signature, however, is transmitted free:—

Avondale	Carbonear	Hant's Harbor	Lower Island Cove	St. John's
Badger	Catalina	Harbor Breton	Manuels	St. Lawrence
Baie Verte (Little Bay N.)	Change Islands	Harbor Grace	Millertown Junction	Sandy Point
Baine Harbor	Clarenville	Harbor Main	Musgrave Harbor	Scilly Cove
Bay-de-Verde	Come-By-Chance	Heart's Content	New Perlican	Seldom-Come-By
Bay L'Argent	Conception Harbor	Herring Neck	Newtown	Sound Island
Bay Roberts	Crabb's Brook	Holyrood	Nipper's Harbor	S. W. Arm (Green Bay)
Beaverton	Fogo	Howards	Norris' Arm	Terenceville (head of Fortune Bay)
Belleoram	Fortune	Humber Mouth (Riverhead, Bay of Islands)	N. W. Arm (Green Bay)	Terra Nova
Birchy Cove (Bay of Islds.)	Gambo	King's Cove	Old Perlican	Tilt Cove
Bonavista	Gander Bay	King's Point (S.W.A.,G.B.)	Pilley's Island	Topsails
Bonne Bay	Glenwood	Lamaline	Port-au-Port (Gravels)	Trinity
Botwoodville	Grand Bank	Lewisport	Port-aux-Basques(Channel)	Twillingate
Britannia Cove	Grand Falls	Little Bay	Port Blandford	Wesleyville
Brigus	Grand Lake	Little River	Stephenville Crossing	Western Bay
Brigus Junction	Grand River	Long Harbor	St. George's	Whitbourne
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THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY

VOL. V.—No. 4. MARCH, 1906. 40 CTS. PER YEAR.

Candidates for the Coming Municipal Election.

Hon. George Shea,

Mayor of St. John's.

IT was with some difficulty that the friends of Mr. George Shea induced that gentleman to allow himself to be put in nomination as a candidate for the Mayoralty under the new Municipal Law relating to St. John's. He had enough to do to attend to his large mercantile business, and was not eager for civic honours. A committee of representative citizens at last succeeded in getting him to reconsider his decision, assuring



HON. GEORGE SHEA.

him at the same time, on behalf of the rate-payers, that his election was sure. He was elected by a large majority as first Mayor of St. John's. He, himself, is a large property holder and rate-payer in the city, and the citizens knew that no wild-cat scheme for the squandering of the taxes would have much chance while he presided in the Council. The fact that in his hands the city's finances were in safe-keeping, influenced many property holders, who differed from him politically and in other respects, to support his candidature; and the further facts, that he was universally popular, his reputation as a business man was among the very highest; that he was unostentatiously charitable; and that his gifts as a singer were always at the disposal of every charitable or philanthropic affair in the city,—all these considerations affected his candidature favourably and caused him to be elected by a large majority. He is so well known that it seems superfluous to dwell at any length on the chief events of his life. An old St. John's boy, son of the venerable and esteemed President of the Legislative Council—Sir Edward Shea, and nephew and business partner of the late Sir Ambrose Shea, he has lived all his life in the city. As Member for Ferryland District he sat in the Executive Council during the Winter Ministry. At the last election he was elected for St. John's East, and now holds the unique position of Councillor for the City and Member for the District of St. John's East, with a seat in the Executive Council. He has filled the office of Mayor of the City with dignity and efficiency. Its first occupant of that office, he has had to establish many precedents. His training in the Legislature and his well known business ability, were of great advantage to him in solving the problems that would naturally present themselves to the first Mayor of the City. As Mayor of the City, it is admitted on all hands that he has been a decided success. So true is this that the probability of any opposition to him in the coming election is very remote. It is more than likely he will be elected by acclamation, as there is no party or faction arrayed against him. In the event of a contest, there is not at present a man in sight who would come near him. He has proved a worthy official, and citizens of all degrees believe in him, so that it requires no gift of prophesy to foretell that Mr. Shea will fill the chair of the Mayoralty with acceptance to the citizens for some time to come.

A Word to Prospective Visitors.

THE quickest, cheapest and most comfortable route, from New York or Halifax, is by the Red Cross Line—s. s. *Rosalind* and s. s. *Silvia*. These are luxuriously fitted and staunch seaboats, and the trip on them is immensely enjoyable. The fare is very modest, and the table appointments and attendants are efficient and up-to-date. Tickets and all information can be had in New York from Bowring & Co., 17 State Street; in Halifax, G. S. Campbell & Co.

An ideal trip from St. John's, is either North in the s.s. *Portia* or South and West in the s.s. *Prospero*. The sailing is calm and enjoyable; the scenery beautiful; the trip chock full of variety, touching into numerous quaint little towns on either route. The return fare West is $22.50, and North $17.50. It occupies about ten days, and gives the visitor a chance to see either way more than half the bays, towns and villages in the Island. The tickets *include meals* and all attendance. Fuller information, as to either of these trips may be had on application to Hon. John Harvey, or Hon. Edgar Bowring, who are rated as among the leaders of our younger and more progressive business men in Newfoundland. They, or their firms, Harvey & Co., or Bowring Bros., will furnish reliable information as to passage, etc., to any intending visitor.

John R. Bennett, M.H.A.,

Deputy Mayor.

ONE of the most popular men in the City is John R. Bennett. Born in the West End of St. John's, and doing a large brewing business for years, he came in daily contact with men in all walks of life, and with his engaging personality he made hosts of friends. Some years ago he took over the ærated water business of Gaden & Co, the largest concern of its kind in the Colony. This necessitated his removal to St. John's East, where he now resides and carries on business, and gave him the opportunity to double up the number of his friends and admirers. In the first Mnnicipal Election he proved his popularity, he polled the largest vote of any of the candidates, and thus became *ex officio* Deputy Mayor. As a business man Mr. Bennett has the reputation of being cautious, reliable and successful, just the kind of man in the opinion of the citizens in whose hands it would be safe to trust the collection and distribution of the city rates. The fact that he has large interests in the city would make him careful in all matters effecting the taxing and rating of the City; his well known business ability and integriiy devoted to the welfare of his native town are qualities that money cannot purchase. During the occasional absence of Mayor Shea, Mr. Bennett has presided at the meetings of the Council, and as Deputy Mayor has displayed marked ability. His experience in Societies and Clubs, has made him familiar with all modes of procedure as a presiding officer and this has on more than one occasion been used for the benefit of the Council and City. Among the "Brethern of the Mystic Tie" Mr. Bennett is highly esteemed and holds a high place. As a Councillor he gained many new friends and lost none. In 1904 Mr. Bennett was elected for St. John's West with a large majority, and holds a similar place in relation to his district and the city that Mayor Shea does in St. John's East.



JOHN R. BENNETT.

William J. Ellis, M.H.A.,

Municipal Councillor.

MR. ELLIS was born and has lived in St. John's all his life. As a contractor and builder he has a first class reputation. A life-long abstainer, for some years he has been Vice-President of the Total Abstinence Society. Sober, honest, industrious, with a reputation for reliability and integrity, is it any wonder that Mr. Ellis has earned the esteem of citizens of all classes and creeds. As a contractor he has done some of the best work in the city, notably the Imperial Tobacco Building, in Electric Avenue, and the rebuilding of the towers of the R. C. Cathedral. This latter job entailed care and skill; and the manner in which Mr. Ellis executed it may be seen by a glance at the towers as they now are,—a monument to His Grace Archbishop Howley who planned and superintended the work, and to Mr. Ellis who executed it. Mr. Ellis has also to his credit the solution of the vexed question of the Water Supply of Placentia. Various schemes were mooted for over-coming the immense pressure of the tide on the pipes, as it surges in and out of the "Gut" every six hours. Several efforts to complete the work failed. Mr. Ellis took the job in hand, and his practical experience and skill overcame all difficulties, with the result that at present Placentia enjoys all the benefits of a first class water supply. In the last Municipal Elections Mr. Ellis rolled up a large vote, Deputy Mayor Bennett beating him by only five or six votes. This was the best possible proof of the esteem in which he was held by his fellow citizens. A large property holder in the city himself, no citizens has greater reason than he to see that the city's finances were wisely and economically administered. In 1904 Mr. Ellis, with Mr. Cashin, was elected by a large majority to represent Ferryland district in the Legislature. In this position he has manifested the same qualifications that he had already displayed as a representative citizen in the Municipal Council.



WILLIAM J. ELLIS.

Hon. John Harris, M.L.C.,

Municipal Councillor.

BEFORE the city had obtained as large a franchise as it now enjoys, former Governments reserved the right to nominate representatives to the Municipal Council. It was not an easy task to select a man who would please citizens of all shades of political opinions. Party feeling ran high, and the fear existed that an irresponsible, or incompetent party man would be selected, but this feeling was allayed by the appointment of Hon. John Harris to the Council. A man of sterling worth, a keen business ability, the controlling member of a large and prosperous firm on Water Street, and withal a very popular man, his selection was hailed with acclamation by the whole city. Afterwards when the citizens of Ward 1 prevailed on him to accept a nomination, he was elected by a large majority. He



HON. JOHN HARRIS.

was also elected under the larger franchise in the last election. Mr. Harris is therefore the oldest member of the Council, and has devoted a lot of time and more than ordinary business ability and energy to the welfare of the City. It is to his initiative that Bannerman Park was first converted from a neglected swamp into its present state. He was also the first to recognize the claim of the civic laborers and on his motion the rate per diem was raised for the first time from 80 cts to $1.00. While safe-guarding the interest of property holders he has had an eye for civic improvement, and for the entertainment of the citizens. As a member of the Park Committee he has displayed great interest in the concerts given during the summer evenings, and in the embellishment and improvement of those recreation grounds for the citizens. Mr. Harris is a Member of our local House of Lords, and speaks with weight and dignity on the various measures that come up for discussion before that august body. Mr. Harris was one of the founders and for years Vice-President of the Academia Institute,—the forerunner and pioneer of all the excellent clubs we have in the city at present. No man stands higher in the esteem of his fellow citizens than Hon. John Harris.

Michael J. Kennedy,

Municipal Councillor.

THE citizens of St. John's exercised rare discretion in the election of their representatives under the new Municipal Act. The selection of practical business men with large property interests within the city, is the surest and safest plan of safeguarding the civic interests. It is admitted on all sides, that the most satisfactory and economical distributions of the rates, that we have ever experienced, has been accomplished by the present council and to the exertion of no single Councillor has the gratifying result been obtained, than to those of Mr. Kennedy. A shrewed successful business man himself, he has devoted a good deal of time, energy and business talent to the affairs of the city. Mr. Kennedy was born in St. John's, and served his time, with his father, one of the real old time, old



MICHAEL J. KENNEDY.

world mechanics who built for future generations, and put honest workmanship and conscientious effort in all things that came to their hands to do. Mr. M. Kennedy and his brother E. Kennedy started the firm of Kennedy Bros., shortly after the decease of their father, and very soon earned the reputation of being thoroughly reliable and satisfactory men to do business with. After the great fire the Kennedy Bros., of which Mr. M. Kennedy is senior partner, erected some of the finest of the buildings that sprung up, and thus earned increased reputation for good workmanship. The latest building constructed by them is the O'Donel Wing for the Benevolent Irish Society. The Building Committee speak in terms of unstinted praise of the satisfactory manner in which the work has been accomplished. When it is said that Mr. Kennedy has been prominently identified with the Total Abstinence Society all his life, that he is a smart brainy and successful business man, that he is intensely patriotic as a Newfoundlander, and takes an honest pride in the betterment of the city of his birth, there is not much left to say, except that it was the perception of these qualities by his fellow citizens that gave Councillor M. J. Kennedy such a splendid vote as that which he polled in the last Municipal Election.

James T. Martin.

New Candidate.

JAMES T. MARTIN was born forty years ago in the City of St. John's. At an early age he was apprenticed to the trade of Cabinet-Maker. After finishing his apprenticeship, he worked as Journeyman for a number of years until he went into business on his own account in 1900. By dint of energy, sobriety and attention to the details of his business, Mr. Martin has built up a splendid trade. He is looked upon as a successful mechanic and embodies within himself that type of workman who is beginning to make his influence felt in



JAMES T. MARTIN.

the country, and whom the labouring classes are more and more every day lookiug up to as representative of their type and who will in the future bring about many reforms which are so necessary. The backbone of every country is its middle class, not the privileged few. Being workmen ourselves, it is with a certain amount of pleasure that we introduce Mr. Martin to the notice of our readers as a successful mechanic and a good citizen. We understand that it is his intention to be a candidate for Municipal honors. We wish him every success, feeling assured that the citizens generally will stand by him in the coming Election.

John J. Carew.

New Candidate.

MR. JOHN CAREW is the latest aspirant for civic honours. Mr. Carew was born in St. John's and is well known to his fellow citizens as a good, solid man. He is one of our most popular townsmen, and has been very successful in his business as a builder and undertaker. He is a man of large property interests and one who has always taken a great interest in all matters pertaining to the welfare of his native city. Mr. Carew has the reputation of being careful, painstaking and thorough in his work, and possesses all the qualities requisite to make a good civic representative. Mr. Carew in the last election, consented to allow himself to be put in nomination, and late though he was in the field, the large vote he polled testified the esteem in which he was held by his fellow townsmen. A large and influential body of citizens have again requested Mr. Carew to allow himself to be nominated in the coming election and he has consented, and his friends are all sanguine that he will be returned with a large majority. The QUARTERLY wishes him success, and feels confident that if he is entrusted with a voice in the councils of the "Fathers of the City" that Mr. Carew will give a good account of himself, and prove to the citizens that their trust was not misplaced, that he will turn out to be a "just steward" and that the civic interests are safe in his hands.

THE "plates" of Mayor Shea, Councillors Harris, Bennett, Ellis, and J. T. Martin, A. A. Parsons and J. S. Munn, were made from photographs by S. H. Parsons. Councillor Kennedy's was made from a photograph by James Vey.



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[*Vey's Photo.*]

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Newfoundland Name-Lore.

By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D.

XIV.

BONAVISTA.

I NOW approach the name of Bonavista around which a controversy almost world-wide in its extent has been waged for centuries past. I must premise, however, that in this present essay I am considering the name not from a historic standpoint, but from a purely nomenclature point of view. Hence I will avoid any trespass on the disputed domain of the

CABOT LANDFALL QUESTION.

I intend to consider solely the meaning of the name and trace as far as possible its origin and history without prejudice to the question, whether this particular Cape or point of land was really the first land seen, or touched at by Cabot or not.

Now, as regards the naming of the Cape, I maintain that, whether it was or was not the first land seen by Cabot, it is certain that the Cabots

DID NOT GIVE THE NAME OF BONAVISTA.

The Cape which bears the name, and has borne it ever since the beginning of the XVI. Century, on all maps known to exist which have been made subsequent to the year A.D. 1500, is a very prominent headland forming the southern entrance to the great bay which takes the same name, situated in Latitude N. 48° 41' 56". It is "a bold cliffy point" (Sailing Directions). The coast scenery around is grand and magnificent. Bishop Mullock, in his Lecture (l. 12) gives the following description of it: "We "may imagine the anxiety "of Cabot looking out for "land on the western ho- "rizon, when from the "lofty mast a sailor cries "out 'Land!' The Italian, "perhaps often deceived "by fog-banks, sees at "length the Cape well de- "fined, the surges break- "ing on the Spillars, the "dark green of the forest, "gives expression to his "feelings, in his own mu- "sical tongue, and cries out 'Buona Vista!'"



CAPE BONAVISTA.

I give this quotation merely to show what was the tradition in Newfoundland, and also on account of its breezy and sunshiney eloquence. I regret, however, to be obliged to dissipate its historical halo by my hard and critical facts. We have no proof whatever that Cabot gave this name, while we have abundant proofs that he did *not*.

We have accounts of Cabot's first voyage (1497) from several contemporary writers, such as Don Raimondo Soncini, Ambassador at London of the Duke of Milan. A letter of his exists of date 18th December, 1497, a few month's after Cabot's return. We have also a letter from Lorenzo Pasqualigo (or Pasquaglio?) a venetian merchant in London (23rd Aug. 1497) not quite three weeks after Cabot's return (Aug. 6). We have a third letter written by Pedro de Ayala, Prothonotary and Assistant to the Ambassador of Spain in England, dated 25th July, 1498. This was while Cabot was absent on his second voyage. These are the only letters extant, or at least yet discovered, which treat of Cabot's first voyage only. In these letters there is

NO MENTION OF THE NAME BONAVISTA.

The only names mentioned are "New World," "New Land," "Baccalaos," "Cape St. Marc's," "St. John's," "Terra Firma" (Greenland). Nor is there any mention of the name Bonavista in the writings of the contemorary Historians, who wrote between the date of Cabot's voyages (1497-8) and the year 1500, such as Peter Martyr de Anghiera, Ramusio, Galvano, Oviedo and others.

Again, with regard to maps. The only map we have extant of this period (from 1497 to 1500) is that of

JUAN DE LA COSA.

De La Cosa was pilot with Columbus on his voyages. In the year 1500, he made his famous map, in which he drew that portion of the coast discovered by the Cabots. We know that John Cabot made both a map and a solid globe, showing his course and his landfall. Unfortunately both are lost. It is most probable that they were sent to Spain by the Spanish Ambassador De Puebla, or his assistant De Ayala, and they may some day yet be brought to light. If such should be the case, the long disputed question of the landfall would be settled once for all, and also the question of the nomenclature.

In the meantime we have the map of La Cosa. As La Cosa himself was never in those northern latitudes, it is thought that he must have got his information from Cabot's map, or from Cabot himself. Now on that map there is shown a prominent Cape, but it is not called "*Bonavista*," but

CABO DE LOS INGLESES,

"Cape of the English," and along the coast-line south-westward from this Cape there is the legend "*Mar descubierto por Ingleses*" (Sea discovered by the English). This of course alludes to the Cabot's, who sailed from England. There is no such name as Bonavista on this map. In the year 1843, a map was discovered purporting to have been made by Sebastian Cabot in 1544; but it is now rejected by all intelligent critics as a clumsy forgery. It places the Cabot Landfall in Cape Breton! At all events what ever may be thought of it, it does not give the name of "Bonavista," but

PRIMA VISTA.

But, as I have said, this map is not authentic. Its genuineness has been completely demolished by Harisse, one of the most expert writers on this question, in his recent work—"John and Sebastian Cabot." Having thus far I think clearly proved that the Cabots did

NOT GIVE THE NAME OF BONAVISTA.

I now come to consider the question, who *did* give it? Shortly after Cabot's voyages. viz., in the first quarter of the XVI. Century, we have a series of maps by various cartographers, which, while retaining the original names of the Cabots, such as St. John's, Baccalao, St. Mark's, New land, New Island, New World, &c., introduce also a new set of names of Portuguese origin such as Fortuna, Fogo, Freilio, Bonavista, Bonaventura, Capo Spera, San Francisco, Capo Raso, &c., every one of which still exists on our shores.

In order to explain the origin of these names it will be necessary to make a short digression into the Realms of History.

In the days of which we are treating the Portuguese were undoubtedly the most enterprising navigators and colonizers in the world, while England had not yet at all developed that wondrous talent for discovery and colonization which afterwards made her the Mistress of the Seas. When Cabot reported his wondrous "find" of the New land in the west, he was hardly taken seriously in England. No interest was taken in the discovery for nearly a hundred years after. Cabot was given a present by the King of *ten pounds!* to go and enjoy himself and have a "good time." (*far buona zira*, as Soncini says).

Not so, however, with the Portuguese. They eagerly drank in the story of Cabot's discovery, and organizing an expedition in the year 1500, two years after Cabot's return, Gaspar de Cortereal came out to Newfoundland, discovered the country anew and claimed it for the Crown of Portugal. Cortereal was Governor of the island of Terceira in the Azores. It was from thence he sailed to discover Newfoundland. He had doubtless informed himself well concerning Cabot's voyages. He may probably have seen John Cabot's map and Globe. He sailed Directly for the point of Cabot's landfall between 47½° and 48½° N. Latitude, and having made the prominent Headland seen by Cabot, he gave it the name of

BONAVISTA.

This naming was not, as Bishop Mullock poetically imagines, an outburst of enthusiasm on the part of these Southern excitable mariners. It was simply an example of a custom most prevalent among those early navigators, of calling the places discovered by them in the New World by the names of places they had left behind them in the old. The name Bona Vista was a favorite one with the Spaniards and Portuguese. It occurs frequently in the Atlantic groups of the Cape Verde, Canary, and Madeira Islands, under the forms of Boa Vista, Buena Vista etc. This point on the Newfoundland shore is particularly mentioned by Ramusio, the historian of Cortereal's voyage, as "Bona Vista the northern point of Baccalaos." It was the goal of all Western Navigators. Hence a few years later (1534) we find Jacques Cartier making this Cape as surely, and unerringly, as the captains of our ocean liners make it to-day. Cartier speaks of the name of Bonavista as if thoroughly well known in his time. Again still nearer to Cabot's time—viz., in 1527, Verazzano, an Italian, voyaging for France, came out and discovered "New France" (afterwards Nova Scotia). "He coasted north," we read, "until he came to the land which in times past (i.e., 1497) was discovered by the Britons (viz., Cabots) and which is in latitude 50°." Bonavista is very near that latitude. All this of course, while depriving Cabot of the honor of having given the name and disillusionizing us of our childhood's dream of Cabot crying out in a burst of enthusiasm "O, Buona Vista," nevertheless tends to strengthen the theory of this point having been Cabot's Landfall.

Coming Southwards from Cape Bonavista we immediately arrive at

THE SPILLARS.

This is an interesting name. It seems to me to be a corruption of the Italian word *spilla*, which means *a pin*. This, of course, conveys the same idea as the English name, "The Needles," a generic name applied constantly to any sharp pinnacle of rock rising out of the ocean. The well known "Needles" on the western point of the Isle of Wight, English Channel, is an example. The "English Pilot," 1755, describes the Spillars Point as "indifferent high, steep up, and bold." It is possible, though not probable, that this name is derived from the old English name "Spiller," which means a boulter or trawl, a word which has been corrupted by our local fishermen into

BULL-TOW.

As we come along the shore we encounter other names, which are common to almost every Bay in Newfoundland, and which have already been discussed in former articles of this series, such as Bird Island, C. L'Argent, Flower's Rocks, Green I., Stone I., Gull I., &c., &c. We now enter The Great Bay of Trinity, the nomenclature of which will be considered a little later on. In the meantime the first harbour we meet is

CATALINA.

This name appears on very early maps, such as Thornton's (1689). Lotter's (1720), Moll (1735). Sometimes it appears with mistaken spelling, as in Seller's map (1671) we have Castilion, in Thornton (1689), Castalion, &c. In all the French maps it is given as the "Havre de Ste Catherine."

The first mention (as far as I know) of this harbour is by Jacques Cartier in 1534.

Cartier set out on his first voyage from St. Malo in Britanny on Monday, April 20th, 1534. He arrived off Cape Bonavista (*Cap de Bonneviste*) on May 10th, a very good voyage of 30 days. On account of the ice, he was obliged to put into the harbour of

SAINT KATHERINE'S.

The Abbé Ferland, a Canadian Historian, say Cartier gave the name to the Harbour. That is not correct. He found it already so named, and speaks of it as if it were well known at the time. "We entered a harbour named St. Katherine's." Catalina is the Spanish or Portuguese form of the name Catherine, as Bishop Mullock explains in his Lecture. "The soft Spannish word for Catherine—*Catalina*, like *Kathleen* in Irish." For a full account of the origin of this name, I refer my readers to what I have written in Article V. of this series, when speaking of an island near Cape Norman, to which Cartier actually did give the name of St. Katherine's, a name, however, which is now lost. A little south of Catalina is

RAGGED HARBOUR.

The name is expressive. "It is so called," says the British Pilot, "by reason of the abundance of ragged and scraggy rocks which lie before it and in the harbour. . . . There are many rocks above and under water." The name is found frequently repeated on our coasts, as in the "*Ragged Islands*" in Placentia Bay on the west side of Merasheen Island. In French maps it is translated "*Iles Coupees*," that is cut-up islands, and in an Italian map in my possession (no date) this harbour is called "*Port Stracciato*."* That word, however, hardly expresses the idea, as it applies principally to clothes torn to rags. Coming towards the harbour of Trinity we meet a very prominent and remarkable point called

"THE HORSE CHOPS."

This headland is thus described in the "Sailing Directions": "'The Horse "Chops,' an over-hanging cliff, sloping from a saddle-shaped hill 265 feet "high, having off it, close to the shore, a detached islet, 6 feet above high "water." On the French maps this headland is called "*Les Machoirs de Cheval*." There are several other names before reaching Trinity, such as English Harbor, Salmon Cove, Robin Hood's Bay, Foxes' Island, Sherwick or Sherwinck Point, &c., but they are not of any historical interest. I will commence my next article with the harbour of Trinity.

*At a recent meeting of the Nomenclature Committee, this harbour, at the request of the people of the place, has been named Melrose.

The Dirge of the Deep.

By Dan Carroll.

A BOAT went out the bay one summer's morn,
By three well tried and hardy fishers manned;
Three brave and stalwart fishers by the fierce
Sea breezes tanned.

The evening saw that fishing boat's return:
With listless dragging sail she drifted on;
Two sad and silent fishers sat apart,
Their mate was gone.

And he was youngest of the men who'd sailed;
The brightest where the merry jest was passed;
We recked not that that morning's cheery hail
Should be his last.

Ah! many a fishing crew has come to grief,
When their taut bark was riding most secure,
By squalls that strike, as strikes the ambushed foe,
Subtle and sure.

And yet, glad wavelets kiss the sombre shore,
Unmindful of the lost, brave, fishermen,
And then as if the rocks rebuked their glee
Shrink back again.

They shrink as if but then aware of woe—
Of hearts awaiting loved ones from the deep,—
Of breaking hearts of wives and mothers doomed
To wait and weep.

They go to seek the deeps of ocean caves,
And ever 'till old ocean's storms are o'er,
Beside the hardy fishers deep-sea graves
They'll sigh for evermore.

Means of Acquiring Distinction.

By F. H. Scott.

ORIGINALITY is rare. Thought, the motive power of human progress in all ages, casts its shadow upon the looking-glass of men's minds in such a way as to produce an infinity of images. These images differ only in the clearness of their outline and the apparent details of their construction. All are the same: shadows of one substance, pictures of one scene. In all their essential points they correspond. The object which produces these images separates its possessor from the rest of mankind; it marks him out as being in many respects superior to ordinary men. This is what constitutes distinction. To originate an idea, whether in the arts or in the sciences, and to make that idea known and appreciated by the rest of the world is a ready means of gaining distinction. But this means is confined only to the few who are fortunate enough to possess what we generally call a "gift." Very few indeed would attain any degree of fame or notoriety if originality were the only means of success.

To stand out above and beyond one's fellows is an ambition dear to many human hearts, and it is well that it is so; but that it is given only to the few to attain such a position is but according to nature. The Earth would be a dreary waste if undulating plains did not alternate with rugged mountains, fertile valleys with elevated table lands. It is the beauty of a country that it contains forests and fields, lakes and rivers, highlands and lowlands in charming contrast one with another. The song of the bird is never so sweet as when accompanied by the babbling of the little brook that gurgles and trickles down the rocks of the hillside, or passes between banks clothed with trees or bordered with flowers to the larger body of water beyond. Without valleys there could be no hills and without the even sweep of the plain, the rugged beauty of the mountain would not be one-half so delightful.

So it is with man. Ever since the world became a collection of individuals this alternation between lofty and low, great and small, has been perpetually apparent. Adam, in the Gardeu of Eden, assumed superiority over Eve, and both over the beasts of the field. Noah, in the ark, assumed control of all dwelling in it as the captain of the ship and all looked up to him to guide and direct them. A father assumes superiority over his household by a natural right and in all departments of life men are divided into different degrees according to their rights or capacities. It is as natural for some men to receive respect and for other men to render it as it is for all men to desire sleep. In many cases this assumption of a superior or inferior position is in the ordinary sequence of events; it is a process of evolution, whereby men rise or fall gradually and of necessity from one point to another without any direct interference by their own will. But advancement in this manner is an attribute of genius alone. Mediocrity can only rise by industry and tact. In the great majority of cases, as any careful reader of history will find, a man's position and circumstances are largely of his own making; the result of the manner in which he set about to mould the conditions under which he lived so as to reap an advantage to himself either directly or through the community in which he lives.

The means of advancement, or the different channels through which ordinary men have been enabled to pass to a high position in human affairs, increase in numbers as the centuries pass and as the field of supplies for man's ever increasing needs broadens. At present there are traceable four distinct paths by which men, not possessed of any particular or exceptional talent, have travelled, who have sought to establish a name for themselves among their fellows. These are through military, social, religious and political life.

In the early stages of human existence the necessity of providing and securing food for himself made man a fighting animal. While the word military, both in its derivation and present use applies only to soldiers, yet, for convenience' sake, we shall include under the word military, all that part of humanity which in any way deals with fighting. Primitive man had a very small brain capacity. His needs were but those of the ordinary animals, and his means of supplying those needs were exceedingly limited. But as soon as man became spread over the face of the earth and the various members of the human family became scattered, a rivalry sprang up between man and his fellows. This rivalry is the real cause of human progress. In those days, and for long after, man's brain was unceasingly active devising means whereby he could overcome his neighbour or get some decided advantage over him. It was then that two divisions of men arose: those who serve and those who are served. Men who were not strong enough to defend themselves, or whose peculiar position or location made organization more advantageous to the several individuals, banded together under one man who was much stronger than the rest, and who eventually became their king, clothed with absolute power and authority over them. Thus the system of Kings and subjects and the different orders of men, which are now gradually losing the marks which distinguished them one from another, developed. While a nation remains barbaric distinction in arms is the only or almost the only distinction obtainable.

Next in the ordinary course of events, as a means of advancement, comes religion or science. As man became further and further removed from the time of his origin in the Universe, he began to forget or become estranged from his Maker. But a mind containing the seeds which have developed into such gigantic plants, bearing their seeds in themselves, began to seek for something to explain its existence. With one-half of his nature spiritual and the other half carnal, man began to wonder where the one began and the other ended. To supply this want religion sprang up and partook of its different forms to satisfy the tastes of different classes of men. Those whose minds were keen enough to perceive the beauties of nature, and to explain, or in any slight degree control its workings, became respected, then revered by their fellow men. Truth gradually became more and more obscured as the time of the creation receded, and was preserved, in varying degrees of purity, only by the better and deeper-thinking minds. Thus the different ethical systems of the world sprang up. Temples were erected to the gods, and those who advanced the best or most plausible theories in relation to the supernatural, attained great distiuction among their fellows. When the Great and Pure Light of the World appeared He taught the true principles upon which religion should be based, and His, the only religion of Divine origin, eventually and naturally became the religion of the best and most progressive sections of mankind. In the Government and propagation of this religion men became of different degrees of fame and distinction according to the different provinces and positions in which they worked, as well as in the zeal which they displayed in that work. In modern days true religion and true science go hand in hand. One provides the groundwork on which research is to be based, and the other removes from the structure which has formerly been built upon that groundwork, the useless vines and weeds which have entwined themselves around it. This is a province in which many men who seek the welfare of mankind both by religion, in its commonly accepted significanc, and by original research attain distinction.

As men began to divide up into tribes and large families certain rules of procedure among themselves when in one another's company became recognised and obedience to them required, and out of these have grown the somewhat complicated social systems of the world. These rules generally included deference to certain men or classes in the tribe or family, and men became distinguished as they attained a position which would command this from the rest. In modern days, however, distinction in social life, unless won by distinction in some other department of life, is of little value. It may, however, be a means of retaining distinction once held, or be a stepping stone to

higher and more worthy fame, and thus merits a place among the other means to that end.

Political means of advancement is of much later date. It could not and did not come into any wide use until the great majority of mankind came to be made up of rational beings, who were no longer content to think as their father's had thought and were determined to seek and to find for themselves, solutions to the various problems of life. Ere politics became a department of life in which men might find an outlet for their superfluous thought and power, the light of intellect had begun to shine clearly and warmly upon the various institutions of life and to decompose them into their component parts. The introduction of politics was the introduction of new blood. An opening had to be made to admit it, and hence the advent of politics amongst human institutions was accompanied by unusual uproar. Military, religious and social life all developed naturally and were accompanied by a fair share of violence and disturbance, but none changed the habits and modes of thought as the introduction of politics did. Man's claim to be free and his hatred of those who would bind him down, developed slowly but surely to a crisis, but when that crisis came it changed the face of the civilized world. The renascence of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was a revival of letters; but in its most violent and noteworthy feature, it was mainly political. It sprang from a desire on the part of kings and subjects to be free from outside influence in their civil and religious affairs, as a stepping stone to the freedom of the individual, which later developed. To achieve distinction in politics is to obtain control of public affairs, and to direct them in such a way as that they shall be a credit to the man and to the nation.

And now we come to the last branch of human effort: business. This has long been looked down upon by the so-called higher orders of men. Trades-people and merchants were, for a long time, in the older countries, considered as unfit for membership in "Society." But they have forced themselves to the front. The body and sinews of the nation, for centuries they have supplied the power whereby the nation is worked, and now they claim and obtain a share in the application of that power. Gain can only be obtained when the means at one's disposal are properly used and applied, hence merit is to a large extent the only means of proper and substantial advancement in business life.

We have thus touched upon the five main means of attaining a high position in the estimation of men. But there is one great and true means of advancement running through all these. Success in any department of life is not real unless it has been acquired by proper and righteous means. Men may stand head and shoulders above the ordinary crowd, but unless the pedestal which enables them thus to stand is of good material and firm, unless the foundation, as well as the main structure of their career, is strong and thick, they are bound to fall, and when they have fallen, they are stretched at the feet of the meanest men in the crowd. The great and essential means of acquiring distinction is by strict, but reasonable, adherence to truth and honour in the building of character. Philanthropy is a right conception of what one owes to one's fellow men. It does not consist merely in bestowing favours upon those with whom we are brought into contact. To do real and lasting good we must understand man and form such a conception of him as will enable us to do for all men some substantial benefit. This is the true means of acquiring distinction whether employed by the genius or the ordinary man, and distinction thus acquired is one of the few things in this world worth holding. It may be only amongst a few, or it may be amongst the whole of mankind, but wherever it is and however limited is its scope, to be distinguished for a love of one's fellow men is to be distinguished indeed.



From the Reid-Newfoundland Co's] [*Collection of Photos.*

BURIN.

Books About Newfoundland.

History of the Government of Newfoundland, London, 1793.

By John Reeves, F.R.G.S., Chief Justice.

Amongst the distinguished men who made Newfoundland, there is no more honoured name than John Reeves, our first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. He was neither brilliant nor eloquent, but he was the man for the crisis in our history. A good lawyer, honest, and capable; an upright Judge, thoroughly impartial and fearlessly independent. No rent-collecting Irish landlord was ever so villified, abused and persecuted as the Chief Justice. The West Country merchants of that day hunted him down like a criminal. Not content with attacking him on all occasions when in office, they pursued him into his retirement and published infamous libels about him, which, on investigation, only displayed more clearly his upright and honourable character. One of the vilest charges made against the Chief was that he had secured the appointment of his successor in office in order to share half his salary.

John Reeves, before coming to this country, filled a high position in England as legal adviser to the Board of Trade. It was then designated as "Law Clerk to the American Department," but was really a branch of the Imperial Privy Council. The records of the first Courts are still preserved in the beautiful handwriting of the Chief Justice, and are the best proofs of his admirable character, his learning and judicial impartiality. Besides the history to which I shall briefly refer, he gave most voluminous evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1793. It is of a most interesting character and throws a vivid side-light on the affairs of the Colony.

Reeves' best known work is his "History of the Government of Newfoundland." It is a paltry little book poorly bound and printed on very inferior paper. (I should feel much obliged if the gentleman who has appropriated my copy of this work—valuable to me not only for my own notes, but also as a presentation copy from the author to the Attorney General—would return it to me.) Everything is written down in rather a dry sort of manner. The Chief had no literary graces and he seems also to have been denied the divine gift of humour, all the same it is one of the most useful and informing works on some dark pages in the history of the Colony.

In no country in the world were there ever such humorous experiments made in creating Courts of Law without any legal authority or means to execute judgments.

Leaving out old Sir Richard Whitbourne's so called Court of Admiralty, without even a bum baliff to serve process or any executive officer whatever. Reeves describes to us a still more remarkable tribunal created in 1711 by Captain Crowe, R.N., and subsequently by Captain Sir Nicholas Trevanion. It was a most extraordinary blend of Legislative, Judicial, Municipal and Executive functions. A Town Council without a Mayor or a Coat of Arms, or a water rate; a House of Assembly without an election, and an executive that dealt with all things great and small from local defence and the Parson's salary down to the impounding of pigs.

Captain Crowe had been in New England and from the New England Town meeting he took his ideas. There the citizens of each Township assemble in general meeting once a year, or oftener, levy taxes, decide on improvements and appoint the necessary executive officers to carry out their arrangements during the ensuing twelve months. This curious motly Assembly worked well in Newfoundland for several years. In New England, as the towns became more populous, it passed out of the preliminary stage of the Town Meeting into real Representative Government. In our Colony it owed its brief existence to the times. A state of war compelled the inhabitants to unite; when the danger passed all the old rivalries and dissensions returned in full force.

Between 1712 and 1791 all sorts of expedients were resorted to for the creation of a Court of Justice. The Crown lawyer at last advised that an act of Parliament was necessary for the legal constitution of such a tribunal. So after much searching of heart, at the instance of Admiral Mark Milbanke and his very able Secretary Aaron Graham (who afterwards became a London Police Magistrate), the House of Commons passed an Act in 1791, 31. Geo. III., C. XXIX., creating a Court for one year in Newfoundland designated, "The Court of Civil Jurisdiction of our Lord the King at St. John's in the Island of Newfoundland."

Next year it was properly set forth as "The Supreme Court of Judicature of the Island of Newfoundland." All these Acts were only for one year, and were continued annually until 1809. The opposition of the West Country merchants was so fierce and determined that it was treated by the Imperial Parliament as a possibly evil thing, and only timidly renewed annually as a dangerous experiment. Reeves first sat as Chief Justice in St. John's in 1791, his two Assessors were Aaron Graham and D'Ewes Coke.

Amongst the most bitter opponents of the New Tribunal were one Peter Ougier, a Devonshire merchant, carrying on business at Bay Bulls. He writes, "They have got a lawyer and judge now in Newfoundland; next thing we shall hear that they have built roads and are rowling about in their carriages!"

William Newman of Dartmouth, was sued on a bill of exchange for £12—servants wages. He would not pay because the bill was endorsed by a marksman. Reeves held on the evidence that the endorsement was good and as the Defendants agent would not pay execution had to issue. Newman considered himself most cruelly used because the Privy Council would not send home as prisoners to England the Chief Justice, the Sheriff, the witnesses and all the officers of the Court.

Reading over Chief Justice Reeves' judgements which are on the whole most excellent, one sees plainly that he is not exempt from the prejudices and defects of his age. Corporal punishment was the great remedy for crime. We live in a different era, so we must not be surprised to learn about one of his amazing Judgments. He tried some fishermen for taking eggs at the Funks, which had been forbidden by Proclamation. It was proved that one of the prisoners, Clarke, lived at Greenspond. He was in absolute want of food for his family and the eggs were taken solely to keep them from starving.

Whilst sentencing the other prisoners to be *publicly* whipped. He solemnly ordered that out of regard to those mitigating circumstances in *Clarke's* case he was only to be *privately* whipped.

I am afraid poor Clarke would not appreciate this delicate distinction. Reeves only filled the office of Chief Justice for two years. He spent the summer in St. John's and went home in the man of war each fall.

They could not induce him to try a third term. His salary was £500 a year, and the Assessors £200 each. After Reeves' retirement a Notary—one D'Ewes Coke—was appointed, with only £300 per annum; and continued until 1797, when he was succeeded by Richard Routh, who had been Collector of Customs—a really able man. Routh was drowned in 1800. There was no appointment in 1801, but in 1802 Jonathan Ogden, Surgeon's Mate, was exalted to the Supreme Bench. Then came Tom Tremlett, a broken down merchant, whose reply to charges made against him by his fellow merchants will ever remain immortal.

"To the first charge, Your Excellency, I answer that it is a lie. To the second charge, I say that it is a d—d lie; and to the third charge, that it is a d—d infernal lie. And, your Excellency, I have no more to say.

Your Excellency's obedient servant,

THOMAS TREMLETT."

Tremlett was the last of the unlearned Judges. He was swopped off for Cœsar Colcough, an Irish barrister of an old family. Subsequently a real Supreme Court, with three lawyers, came into existence.

Reeves spent the evening of his days near London. He occupied himself with a great work in four volumes—The History of English Law. It is a learned and laborious treatise, shows research and wide reading. Without gifts of style it fell dead flat. It is distinctly learned, but the damning attribute of dulness was fatal to its popularity. Comparisons were made between Reeves' production and the elegant classic commentaries of Blackstone. The Chief took a warm interest in the distressed French Protestant clergy driven from home by the Revolution, and all the proceeds of his various literary works were devoted to their support. He died unmarried at an advanced age.

D. W. PROWSE.

February 8th, 1906.

Littledale.

By a Member of the Littledale Literary Club.

IT has been truly said that "Nature unadorned is most adorned," and we need no further proof of its truth than to look around us and see the landscape in its wintry apparel, and we are obliged to confess that in spite of all inventions, arts and sciences, it is beyond the power of man to deck the trees in robes of glittering white, to arrange in artless heaps and hollows the trembling, melting snow-flakes, or even to add one touch of art which would make the unadorned snow-clad earth more perfect.

From my desk, I can dimly discern the golden hues of sunset, and as those brilliant, penetrating rays flit across the meadows through the trees and sparkle on the windows, I think that even if I were an artist, it would be very difficult to do justice to this beautiful scene. Yet this is only one of the many beautiful views which our Littledale presents. Situated on Waterford Bridge Road, it is neither too near the busy city, nor too far away from it, for it commands a very pleasant view of Waterford Bridge and the river, the delightful scenery of which invites many citizens to take a stroll along its grassy banks during the summer season. Littledale, with its verdant lawn and shady avenues, is too well known to be again described, but many people are ignorant of the various improvements that have been made in the Academy, among which the most striking is the new wing. This is a large stone building containing a fine class-hall, a chapel, a corridor and music-rooms. With its polished floor and oak prie-dieux, over which the sunbeams play and reflect gorgeous tints from the stained-glass window. Our little chapel merits the admiration of all who visit it. The other features of architecture and beauty, space will not permit me to mention, but it is necessary that a few remarks be added about the class-hall, which in its dimensions and general appearance commands the approbation of all our friends. Several years ago the school could scarcely boast of such a pleasant aspect as it now wears, for at the entrance we are greeted by the beautiful proscenium, which was presented to us by His Grace, the Archbishop. The drop-curtain is a view of the City of St. John's in 1858, and its beautiful colouring and fancy border reflect great credit on the artist—Mr. D. Carroll. There are many other things worthy of note, but these must be kept for another time, in order that we may pass from the interior to the beautiful scenery which surrounds us, of which the following is a faint and very imperfect description:—

Scarcely have we entered the eastern gate when we perceive indistinctly the Convent hidden in the trees. At present those trees are bent beneath the snow, that sparkles in the sunlight and gives the place an air of purity, but in summer their branches droop with a weight of green, and fill the air with the songs of our little birds. The avenue is lined with trees on either side, and in front extends the lawn, which is often the mute witness of many gaities and parties. Behind the school is what we school-girls have always called the "Mount." This is a hill which is quite overgrown with ferns, moss and other wild grasses and flowers and is one of the sweetest spots I have ever seen. Through a grove of spruce, over a path of turf, we pass into an open field, around which is a circular path, opening from a rustic gate and lined all along by wild pear trees, ferns and wild roses, untill we reach the other end. Through an other gate we pass into a grove, but one quite different from the first. Instead of spruce trees, others of not so formidable aspect strike our view; our path soft and velvety, consists of moss and trailing maiden-hair with purple violets, white stars and tiny pink bells strewn in fragrance all around. This walk leads down to the "Lake," which is almost hidden is a circle of very tall trees. As we come nearer the bank, we are attracted by the bronzy tints of its surface, but when we stand near, we see that the trees reflect their shadows on the water. But here we must not tarry, for we have quite a long journey to make to get back to Littledale.

We return by the same mossy path, and go down a steep, little hill of turf, and we find ourselves south-west of the Convent. The avenue continues unbroken as far as the western main gate, and here we must pause and take a look at the surrounding scenery; northward, we see the "Mount"; eastward, the splendid lawn and avenue? southward, the "dear old Southside Hill," and westward the smiling country basking in the glory of the setting sun.

Words can but inadequately express the beauty of this charming view, and I think that further writing wou'd be useless, as so many have seen the place before, and to visit it will be a pleasure for many more next summer. During the winter, of course, the trees and fields are covered with snow, but this renders the spot still more beautiful, because it reminds us of the purity and spotlessness which belong to an innocent soul.

Space will not allow me to say anything more, and finally I would appeal to all our ex-pupils and friends who may have passed a time in the happy school circle of Littledale and ask if my little essay does not bring back to their minds the impressions formed of our "Fernland Home" and make them feel just one little pang of regret, as they see new forms and faces in the spot where passed their golden school-days?

The Political Morality of Revolutionists.

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, Ph. D.

MARMONTEL relates a conversation with Chamfort, some time before the meeting of the States-General (May 5, 1789) of France. "Repairs" said Chamfort, "often cause ruins, . . . and assuredly here the edifice is so decayed that I should not wonder if it became necessary to demolish it altogether. . . . And why not rebuild it on another plan? . . . Would it be, for instance, so great a misfortune if they were not so many stories, and everything were on the ground-floor? . . . The advantage on the side of the people in revolution is, that *it has no morality*. How can you resist men to whom all means are good?" Marmontel repeated this noteworthy speech to Maury on the same evening. "It is but too true," said Maury, "that in their speculations they are not far wrong, and that the fashion has chosen its time well to meet with few obstacles. . . . I am resolved to perish in the breach; but I have at the same time the melancholy conviction that they will take the place by assault, and that it will be pillaged." The history of the French Revolution is the most forcible commentary on words of the spokesman of the Republican, party; and the history of France since is the best proof how Providence in the course of time punishes a people destitute of political morality. It would be easy to point instances of political immorality in the American Revolution, not merely in the duplicity of the Revolutionary leaders in their professions of loyalty, not merely in their misrepresentations concerning the designs of the Imperial Government, but in their persecution of the Loyalists, before and after the war of Separation, and in their violation of the Treaty of 1783, by which they bound themselves not to ill-treat the Loyalists who where then in the United States. Revolutionists are always tyrants. "The two forces which are the worst enemies of civil freedom," said Lord Acton, in a memorable sentence, "are the absolute monarchy and the revolution." To the rule that revolutionists, when they succeed, are tyrants, I cannot make an exception even of the revolutionists of 1688, necessary as I know that revolution to have been. Of Whiggery, when they triumphed, Lord Rosebery says: "Liberalism represents less the succession to, than the revolt againt, Whiggery. . . . The Whig creed lay in a triple divine right; the divine right of the Whig families to govern the Empire, to be maintained by the Empire, and to prove their superiority by humbling and bullying the sovereign of the Empire." Macaulay, the hagiologist of the Whigs, admits that "Whiggism had contracted a deep taint of intolerance during a long and close alliance with the Puritanism of the seventeenth century." Lord Beaconsfield pronounces that the Whigs established oligarchy under the name of political freedom, and sectarian bigotry under the mask of religious freedom."

It would be superfluous to point out that the revolution which was made in the name of civil and religious liberty was followed by a more severe persecution of the unhappy Catholics, though both the Head of the Church and the majority of English Catholics had protested against the conduct of James II. In America, there was an outburst of Protestant bigotry; and in Maryland, the Protestant immigrants took advantage of the liberty granted by its Catholic founders to seize the government and deprive the Catholics of all political liberty. The condition of the Irish Loyalists is thus described by one who, though naturally fair and liberal, had no great love for the Celt or the Catholic:—

"The exiles departed to learn in foreign camps that discipline without which natural courage is of small avail, and to retrieve on distant fields of battle the honour which had been lost by a long series of defeats at home. In Ireland there was peace. The domination [of the Revolutionists] was absolute. The native population was tranquil with the ghastly tranquility of exhaustion and despair. . . . The iron had entered into the soul. The memory of past defeats, the habit of daily enduring insult and oppression, cowed the unhappy people. . . . We have never known, and can but faintly conceive, the feelings of a people doomed to see constantly in all its public places the monuments of its subjugation. Such monuments everywhere met the eye of the Irish Catholic. In front of the Senate House of his country, he saw the statue which [the Revolutionists] had set up in honour of a memory, glorious indeed and immortal, but to him an object of dread and abhorrence. If he entered, he saw the walls tapestried with the most ignominious defeats of his fathers. To him every trophy set up by the State was a memorial of shame, and every festival instituted by the State was a day of mourning."*

The author of "The Irish Abroad and At Home" says:—"Within my own recollection and even till the period of the Union, King William's birth-day was observed with great ceremony. The troops composing the garrison of Dublin marched from their respective barracks to the Royal Exchange, and then turning to the right up to the Castle, and to the left to the College, lined the streets, Cork Hill, Dame Street, and College Green, on each side of the way. At the same time, the Lord-Lieutenant would be holding a levee. . . . The levee over, he issued from the Castle, in his state-carriage and with great pomp, followed (also in carriages) by the great officers of state, the bishops (of the established church), the House of Lords and Commons, the judges, the provost and fellows of Trinity, the Lord Mayor and Alderman, and the gentlemen present at the drawing-room; they passed down the line of streets and round the statue of King William, and then returned to the Castle."

The official celebration of anniversaries insulting to the mass of the population was not the least among the evils from which the Union relieved Ireland. Is it too much to hope that the growth of Christian Charity, of good feeling, and of good sense among Protestants will finally do away with the celebration by any body or society of the subjugation of one part of the population of Ireland by the other? In Scotland, the defeat of the Celt at Culloden is not commemorated by the Saxon of the Lowlands; and what would be the state of things if it were? "In Scotland," says Macauly, "the Anglo-Saxon and the Celt have been so completely reconciled that nothing is more usual than to have a Lowlander talk with complacency and even with pride of the most humiliating defeat (Killiecrankie) that his ancestors ever underwent. When Sir Walter Scott mentioned Killiecrankie he seemed utterly to forget that he was a Saxon, that he was of the same blood and the same speech with Ramsay's foot and Annandales' horse. His heart swelled with triumph when he related how his own kindred had fled like hares before a smaller number of warriors of a different breed and of a different tongue." In Canada, the French-Canadian is not insulted by the Anglo Canadian; and only last year, an American Governor of a state, after a visit to Canada, exhorted the Northerners to learn to honour the Southerners as the sons of the men who fought under Wolfe honour the sons of the men who fought under Montcalm. Nay, in South Africa, immediately after the civil war of Boer and British is over, the vanquished are never insulted by the celebration of victories which were their defeats. Why in Ireland is not the memory of "old unhappy far-off things" allowed to die? Magnanimity is for victors. How can there ever be peace in Ireland while the memory of the Boyne is annually renewed and the Protestant pulpits resound on that day with the tones not of Christian Charity and peace but of hatred and insult? Those who call the green "rebel" ought to remember that another colour was "rebel" in 1688. They may also recall that the green is the colour of the gallant regiments that stormed Pieter's Hill, on the road to Ladysmith, and who were addressed by Queen Victoria of happy memory as "my brave Irish Soldiers."

"The Protestant masters of Ireland," says Macaulay, "while ostentatiously professing the doctrines of Locke and Sydney, held that people who spoke the Celtic tongue and heard mass could have no concern in those doctrines. There were Irish Catholics of great ability, energy, and ambition; but they were

*Macaulay, History of England.

to be found everywhere except in Ireland.—at Versailles and at Saint Ildefonso, in the armies of Frederic and in the armies of Maria Theresa. Scattered all over Europe were to be found brave Irish Catholic Generals, dexterous Irish diplomatists, Irish Counts, Irish Barons, Irish Knights of Saint Lewis and Saint Leopold, of the White Eagle and of the Golden Fleece, who, if they had remained in the house of bondage, could not have been ensigns of marching regiments or freemen of petty corporations. One exile became a Marshall of France. Another became Prime Minister of Spain. If he had staid in his native land, he would have been regarded as an inferior by all the ignorant and worthless squireens who had signed the Declaration against Transubstantiation. In his palace at Madrid, he had the pleasure of being assiduously courted by the Ambassabor of George the Second, and of bidding defiance in high terms to the ambassador of George the Third."*

It is sometimes urged by Irish Protestants that they did not persecute their Catholic countrymen as severely as the English Protestants persecuted *their* countrymen. It is quite true that the English Catholics had to endure a religious persecution which began earlier and which was more continuous, more systematic, and more severe, though it ended sooner. But in the first place, the Irish penal laws, though they began a century and a half later than the English, were a direct breach of faith. The Parliament of Ireland, filled with Revolutionists declaiming about liberty, refused to vote supply so long as the ratification of the Treaty of Limerick was urged upon them by the Crown, and refused to support the war in defence of the Revolution unless allowed to legislate in violation of the treaty. In the next place, the English Protestants cared enough about the souls of their countrymen to wish to change their religion, and consequently, the persecution was accompanied by persuasion, by appeals to their nationalism, their "patriotism," and their loyalty, by arguments which were certainly full of sophistry and misrepresentation, but which at least treated the English Catholic as a being endowed with a reason and a conscience. The Revolutionists of Ireland did not wish to convert, but only to impoverish and make ignorant, that they might oppress and degrade. "From what I have observed," writes Burke, "it is pride, arrogance, a spirit of domination, and not a bigoted spirit of religion that has caused and kept up these oppressive statutes. I am sure I have known those who have oppressed the Papists in their civil rights, exceedingly indulgent to them in their religious ceremonies; and who wished them to continue, in order to furnish pretences for oppression, and who never saw a man by conforming, escape out of their power, but with grudging and regret. I have known men to whom I am not uncharitable, in saying that they would become Papists in order to oppress Protestants, if, being Protestants, it was not in their power to oppress Papists." It is idle, therefore, for the descendants of those persecutors to deny their guilt.

Macaulay observes that there were in those times fierce disputes between the Anglo-Irish and their Mother-Country. "But in such disputes the aboriginal population had no more interest than the Red Indians in the dispute between Old England and New England about the Stamp Act, or if they had an interest, it was for their interest that the caste which domineered over them should not be uncontrolled. The ruling few, even when in mutiny against the government, had no mercy for anything that looked like mutiny on the part of the subject many. . . . Neither Molyneux, nor Swift, neither Lucas nor Boyle, ever thought of appealing to the native population. . . . Neither Flood, nor those who looked up to him as their chief, and who went close to the verge of treason at his bidding, would consent to admit the subject class to the smallest share of political power. The virtuous and accomplished Charlemont, a Whig of the Whigs, passed a long life contending for what he called the freedom of his country. But he voted against the law which gave the elective franchise to the Catholic freeholders; and he died fixed in the opinion that the Parliament House ought to be kept pure from Catholic members. Indeed, during the century which followed the Revolution, the inclination of a Protestant to trample on the (Catholic) Irishry was generally proportioned to the zeal which he professed for political liberty in the abstract. If an English Protestant uttered any expression of compassion for the majority oppressed by the minority, he might safely be set down as a Tory and High Churchman."

It is certain that the Nationalists respect the English Conservatives and despise the so-called "Liberals." "It was on behalf of the Tories of the last century," writes Gavan Duffy, "that the first offer to repeal the penal laws was made. Pitt, prompted by Burke, projected the complete emancipation of the Catholics; but a cabal in Dublin, in the interest of Protestant ascendency, thwarted the design of the statesmen. . . . The Irish wing of the Tory party were bitter Whigs of the original type, and they gave to the policy of the entire connection an Orange tinge. When emancipation came at last, it was the English Tories who carried it against another revolt of their allies in Ireland." Mr. T. P. O'Connor lately said in the House that the same kind of thing which is called an Orangeman in Ireland calls itself a "Liberal" in England. When I first came to the United States I received much kindness from the Professor of Gaelic in Washington University, an Irishman who had lived several years in England and had there commenced the study of Gaelic at the University of the town in which he lived. He was an extreme Nationalist, but he always closed every tirade by saying: "But mind, dont *you* be under any delusions about English politics. The Conservatives are the only decent people in England. The others are only hypocrites." In the year 1882 or 1883, an Irish-American friend of mine, a priest, said to the editor of the *Irish World* (N. Y.): "Ford, is it not a shame for you to be carrying on this dynamiting when the Liberal party are trying to redress the wrongs of your people?" "Now, father," said Ford, "in the first place, did my dynamite ever injure any *person*? and in the next place, did the liberals ever do anything for Ireland except when they were scared into it? and," he added with a laugh, "they certainly are the most easily scared animals that I am acquainted with." Unjust as this opinion may be (and yet the fear of dynamite was confessed in 1886, since it exists in the Irish, nothing that is conceded by the "Liberals" can have any other effect than to encourage the Irish to put the screws on them again for more. In fact, what that party have to explain to us, is, why all the rivals and all the enemies of their country abroad wish to see them in power, and why all Britons living abroad, including the members of the embassies, are absolutely unanimous against them.

The Conservative Party has now two advantages. (1) It has shaken off the Duke of Devonshire, the "Old Man of the Sea." (2) It is in opposition. The nation has voted for a rest, for it is too tired for any heroic effort, and wants a sleep. When it wakes, in perhaps two years' time, the Conservatives being not tied down to office, will become the party of movement. Twenty years ago, when the Liberals were beaten at the general election, Lord Acton, Mr. Gladstone's greatest friend, wrote to him: "I suppose that the secret of the situation is that Chamberlain looked far ahead, and did not care to come back to office, in the old combination." That is the explanation now. The Duke of Devonshire, too slow and too conservative for the "Liberals" in 1885, is to day their real leader and their master. His position is a proud tribute to the value of character in English politics, even if it is also a tribute to the value of intellectual sluggishness. I pay him a tribute all the more readily because of an unshaken conviction, in this darkest hour of the policy he opposes, that this policy is destined to triumph. When the Nationalist party was led by a renegade Anglo-Saxon, hating the land of his fathers with the hate of hell, and their sting to humble England in the eye of the world, the Liberals apostatized and surrendered to him. Now, when the Irish masses are in a reasonable and conservative temper, and when the Nationalists are led by a man opposed to Repeal and believing in Imperial Federation, the (Il) Liberals apostatize in a reverse direction to gain the alliance of the Duke of Devonshire, which makes him their master as Parnell was their master. The history of that party shows this fact clearly, that, where the object is to put their party in office, the end with them justifies the means. The Conservatives have now their chance. "So I looked then, as I look now," wrote Disraeli to Sir John Skelton in 1864, "to a reconciliation between the Tory Party and the Roman Catholic subjects of the Queen. This led, thirty years ago and more, to the O'Connell affair; but I have never relinquished my purpose, and have now, I hope, nearly accomplished it." The Conservatives are now guided by a man who having been reared in the (Il) "Liberal" camp, is as unscrupulous as they are. The cry against "Home Rule" no doubt affords the best stick to beat the dog; but it may be hoped that as soon as they have discredited the Government, they will begin to prepare for a reconciliation with the Nationalists, who much prefer them.

*I must observe that Wall, the Minister in question was not blindly anti-English, and was in fact accused by the Spaniards of sacrificing Spanish interests for the sake of England

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In Cases of 1 doz. each, at $8.25 in Bond; also,

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300 brls. Five Roses Flour.	200 brls. Hungarian Flour.
260 " Emperor Flour.	200 " Rl. Household Flour.
100 " Galaxy Flour.	100 " Queen Flour.
50 " Boneless Beef.	25 " Family Mess Pork.

Ceylon and China Teas, in half chests and boxes from 5 lbs. to 25 lbs. each, from 20c. lb. upwards.

100 brls. American Granulated Sugar, 25 brls. Cane Sugar, Irish Hams and Bacon, American Hams and Bacon, and a large stock of Fancy Groceries.

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JACKMAN The Tailor

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PUBLIC NOTICE.

UNDER the provisions of Cap. 23, 2 Edward VII., entitled "An Act to amend the Post Office Act, 1891," and upon the recommendation of the Board appointed for the purpose, notice is hereby given that, three months after this date a Proclamation will issue for the alteration of name, or re-naming of places as under, that is to say:—

1. Ragged Harbour, District of Trinity, to be re-named Melrose;

2. Western Arm, Rocky Bay, District of Fogo, to be re-named Carmanville;

3. Grand River Gut, Codroy Valley, District of St. George, to be re-named Searston;

4. Flat Islands, District of Bonavista, to be re-named Samson;

5. Spaniard's Bay, District of Trinity, to be re-named Spaniard's Cove;

6. Fox Island, Bay D'Espoir, District of Fortune, to be re-named Isle Galet;

7. Cat's Cove, Conception Bay, District of Harbour Maine, to be re-named Avondale North;

8. Middle Bight, District of Harbour Main, to be re-named Codner;

9. Crabb's, District of St. George, to be re-named Crabbe's.

R. BOND,
Colonial Secretary.

Colonial Secretary's Office, St. John's, Nfld.,
March 6th, 1906.

St. John's Municipal Council

1906

In accordance with the Terms of Section 143 of the Municipal Act, 1902, the following Statements of Estimated Expenditure and Revenue for the Year 1906 are Published.

Estimated Revenue St. John's Municipal Council for Year 1906:

Interest Credit Balance at Bank	$ 500.00
Interest on Coal Bonds	500.00
Watering Vessels	3,200.00
Auctioneers Tax	175.00
Lighting and Sanitation	8,000.00
Telegraph Company Tax	400.00
Roads East	2,815.00
Roads West	2,512.00
South Side Road	430.00
Water Department	500.00
Water Rates	36,500.00
Sewerage Rates	8,500.00
Arrears	15,500.00
Vacant Lands	600.00
Crown Rents	3,000.00
Customs Water Rates	2,750.00
Customs Coal Duties	59,000.00
Bank Tax	3,500.00
Life Insurance Company Tax	1,000.00
Fire Insurance Company Tax	2,700.00
Horse, Cart, Carriage and License Tax	3,200.00
Brokers on Margins	250.00
Marine Insurance Company Tax	300.00
Accident Insurance Company Tax	200.00
Billiard Table Tax	200.00
Steamship Tax	1,300.00
Fire Insurance Company Special Tax	2,000.00
Pound Account	75.00
South Side Lighting	250.00
Loan Association	100.00
Sanitary Department	1,000.00
Pedlars Tax	350.00
Street Co's. Tax and 2 per cent. on Gross Receipts	1,100.00
	$162,407.00

Estimated Expenditure of St. John's Municipal Council for Year 1906:

Interest Account City Debt	$ 48,000.00
Interest Account Savings Bank	64.00
Watering Vessels	550.00
General Appraisement (proportion)	1,000.00
Watering Streets	1,500.00
Flushing Gulleys	500.00
Open Spaces	100.00
Roads East	7,500.00
Roads West	8,000 00
Salaries Account	10,000.00
Road Making Machinery and Salary Engineer of Steam Roller	1,500.00
Sewerage Department	5,000.00
Legal Expenses	1,200.00
Contingencies	250.00
Fire Department	12,000.00
Engineers Office and Contingencies	300.00
Printing and Stationery	750.00
Water Department	15.000.00
Miscellaneous	250.00
Customs Water Rates	100.00
Customs Coal Duties	3,000.00
Fish Markets	300.00
Public Closets	250.00
Offices	1,300.00
Lighting Streets	8,500.00
Horse Tax, Cart and Carriage Tax	100.00
Pound Account	100.00
South Side Lighting	500.00
Sanitary Department	26.000.00
Bannerman Park	1,500.00
Victoria Park	1,500.00
Water Street Block Paving	100.00
City Health Officer	1.000.00
Election Expenses (proportion)	500.00
Riverhead Stream Diversion and Protection Wall	750.00
Street Crossing	500.00
Arbitrations Town Improvement	2,000.00
South Side Road	500.00
	$161.964.00

GEO. SHEA, Mayor. **JNO. L. SLATTERY, Secretary.**

Municipal Offices, February 27th, 1906.

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All orders for same promptly filled at very lowest rates.



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CAPT. CLARKE

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Rates—To New York, Single....$34.00; Return....$60.00; Steerage....$13.00; Return....$26.00
" " Halifax, " .... 18.00; " .... 34.00; " .... 6.00; " 12.00

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Theatricals, Operas, Concerts, and Lectures.

Stage—with a complete set of Scenery to suit all Dramatic Performances—is, height, 26 feet; depth, 25 x 56 feet. Tie-floor Gallery, Five Dressing Rooms, One Piano; Two Private Boxes. Opera Chairs, 400; Gallery, 350; Pit, 600; Total, 1,350 seating capacity. Heated by Steam, Lighted by Gas and Electric Light. Entrance to all parts of Theatre by Henry Street.

For further particulars as to open dates, rent, etc., apply to

JAMES J. BATES, President.
or **GEO. J. COUGHLAN, Secretary.**

NOTICE TO
Lobster Packers.

NOTICE is hereby given that Rule 18, of 1905, has been rescinded, and the Regulation substituted therefor:—

RULE 18.—Every packer or canner of lobsters shall cause to be attached to every can packed by him, a paper label not less than 1 inch long and ¾ of an inch wide, which label shall contain, printed in clear and distinct figures, the number corresponding to the number of the Lobster License of said packer. The said label shall be attached and pasted on each can firmly and securely. Any person in this Colony selling or purchasing, or being in any way a party to any transaction in the nature of a sale or purchased of any can containing lobsters without such label as above described, shall be deemed guilty of an offence against these Rules and Regulations.

The labels shall be issued, upon application, by the Department of Marine and Fisheries. The cost to be fixed by the Department and defrayed by the Licensee.

No labels other than those obtained from the Department of Marine and Fisheries shall be used.

ELI DAWE,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Marine and Fisheries' Department,
St. John's, Nfld., March 15th, 1906.

J. J. O'GRADY,

Painter, Glazier,
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ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

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No. 1 & No. 2 Hard Bread,
Soda, Pilot, Lunch, and
Fancy Biscuits.

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COD LIVER OIL
is refined by the Freezing Process. This Freezing Plant is the most up-to-date in the world.
W. A. MUNN, Gazette Building, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Harbor Grace as a Summer Resort.

By Judge Seymour.

HARBOR GRACE, the second town of importance in the Island and Capital of Conception Bay, with a population by the last census of 5,184 persons, has one of the finest harbors in the Island, being four miles long by one-half mile wide,—a magnificent sheet of water, safe anchorage, with deep water nearly up to Riverhead. The view of the town on a fine summer's day is beautiful, especially if viewed from the south side of the harbor. Its clean streets and well laid out squares, and the trees showing between the residences and along Harvey St., make the place look what it is, an ideal town, and one of the prettiest places in our Island. It would make an ideal summer resort for tourists who like quietude, rest and health, pleasant walks and drives, fine roads, no hills, and a bicyclist's ideal for riding—the roads being level, hard and nicely kept. As a health resort it would be hard to equal it, being clean, well drained, lying as it does on a slope, with pure air both from land and sea. In years gone by it rivalled St. John's both in business and social life. The old (and to this day highly respected) firms of Ridley & Sons, Punton & Munn, Rutherford Brothers, and W. Donnelly, carried on a supplying business not equalled by any of the St. John's firms (so I have been informed). Alas, what a difference between then and now?



ALFRED H. SEYMOUR,

Judge of the Harbor Grace District Court.

The Second City, however, is now slowly but surely recovering from the great bank crash of 1894, and all those of its inhabitants who take an interest in its welfare hope the day is not far distant when it will rise to the position it should occupy owing to its suitability for manufacturing and mercantile purposes. This town has given birth to some of Newfoundland's most distinguished sons, and others have received their education here; for under the late Mr. Roddick, Principal of the Harbor Grace Grammar School (and father of Dr. Roddick, the distinguished Dean of McGill University), came young men from all parts of the Island; yes, even from the Capital, to get the finishing touch in educational matters. [The portraits of Dr. Roddick and his father appear elsewhere in this issue.]

Perhaps, for the benefit of some of your readers abroad, I may be permitted to give a few facts regarding the town, which may be of interest to those who have not yet had the pleasure of a visit. I have already spoken of its harbor and streets. I will



Beach Premises—with John Munn & Co's. steamers. Formerly Ridley & Co's., now R. D. McRae & Sons' premises. The *Vanguard*, *Iceland*, and *Greenland* are now among Baine, Johnston & Co's. fleet of sealing steamers. *Photo by S. H. Parsons.*

now speak of its buildings: Commencing with the churches, we have some very fine buildings. The Roman Catholic Cathedral is a handsome building of stone, but not such a beautiful one as that destroyed by fire some eighteen years ago. There is also a very nice Roman Catholic Church at Riverhead. The Church of England has three churches. The Parish Church (St. Paul's) is a fine old stone building lately rebuilt by the energy of Canon Noel and his willing helpers. Christ Church, a chaste, little building and a great credit to its congregation; and also, the Church on the south side of the harbor. The Methodist body have a building which is an ornament to our town, and one which I am sure every Methodist must justly feel proud of. There is also a Presbyterian Kirk; and last, but not least, the Salvation Army has lately erected a very neat and creditable little Citadel. We have also fine Halls,—the British and Masonic, Irish, St. Paul's, and Coughlan Hall. There are three Roman Catholic schools, including Convent School and and one Academy; one Methodist High School; one Church of England High School and three other schools; one Church and Continental School Society school, making in all ten schools. A fine old stone Court House and Gaol adorn the place, and a Custom House and other public buildings; four Factories, two Tanneries, Reading and Billiard Rooms. We have also a splendid supply of water not excelled in the Island; a Volunteer Fire Brigade, and the town lighted by electricity.

The town is especially suited for the establishing of Manufactures, there being plenty of waterside property available, and the cost of running would be very considerably under that of St. John's, having no taxes to pay, with exception of water rates—a very small tax for value received,—and with our water and rail facilities, reaching as we can any place in the Island equally with St. John's, I cannot see what is to hinder this place from becoming a great manufacturing centre. For the tourist who likes trout-fishing there are plenty to be caught in the ponds and lakes near by, and if he wishes to catch a whale he can now be accommodated!

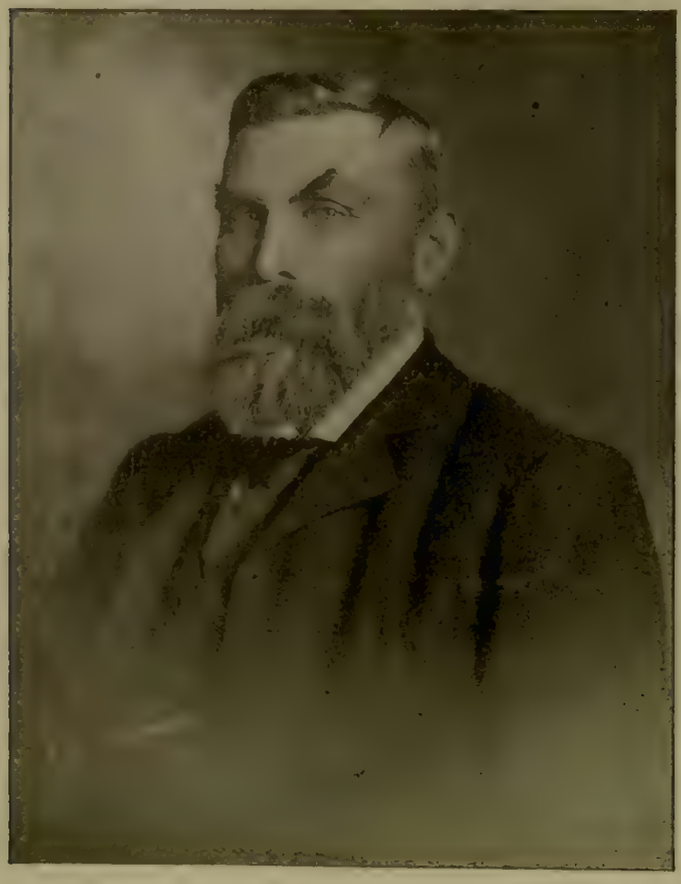
One thing only is lacking to make this town the resort of Tourists, and that is a first class up-to-date Hotel. If we had such I feel safe in stating it would be filled every summer; I have been told by some tourists that they think Harbor Grace an ideal town, but it lacks hotel accommodation. We have two trains running daily to and from St. John's, a fine park donated to the towns-people by John Shannon Munn, Esq., pleasant drives around the town, to nearby towns of Bay Roberts, Brigus, Carbonear, and Heart's Content, the latter the terminus of the Atlantic Cable; so with an up-to-date hotel and a small steamer plying between here and Bell Island suitable for excursion parties, I think the town would be well filled with visitors during the summer months.

Those of us who love Harbor Grace look forward to the day when it will once again be clothed with its old glory, and even if we have lost the old-time trade, we at least have the satisfaction of knowing we cannot be deprived of its beauties of scenery and health giving properties.

In conclusion I have only to add that I wish you had asked some abler pen than mine to write an article on Harbor Grace, "as to its possibilities as a summer resort—its situation and advantages as a health and sporting country," for I fear I have not done the slightest justice to it; but I can only assure you it is a work of pleasure to me to advance, if I can in any way, this town which I love so well, and for which I would feel proud to do everything I could to advance the interest of it and its law-abiding inhabitants.

A. H. SEYMOUR.

Harbor Grace, February, 1906



HON. ELI DAWE, M.M.F., MEMBER FOR HARBOR GRACE.



W. A. OKE, MEMBER FOR HARBOR GRACE.

Shannon Park, Harbor Grace.

By J. T. Lawton.



JOHN SHANNON MUNN.
Photo. by S. H. Parsons.

THOUGH Shannon Park may not yet be considered an institution of sufficient importance to have a special description of it in your QUARTERLY, still as the historian of the next century in writing his "History of Harbor Grace" may wish to know how we got a Park, and who planted the rows of stately elms, maples and horse-chestnuts that will then be casting their shadows over Long Hill, it may not be out of place to record a few facts in connection with the Park.

Previous to the donation of the Park to the town, we had no field for athletic sports. One or two games of cricket were played during the summer on a vacant field on the outskirts of the town; but owing to the long distance of this field from the town, it was impossible to maintain an interest in either cricket or football. About five years ago some cricket-players held a Concert in the Academy Hall with the object of providing a fund to purchase a suitable recreation ground. Owing to the lack of funds to purchase a field no further effort was made, and when the Park was donated by J. Shannon Munn, the Trustees of the fund handed over to the Park Trustees whatever funds they had on hand.

Everyone interested in athletic sports for the young, recognised the gift of Mr. Munn as a very generous one. The town was donated a fine piece of land, about ten acres, to be used as a park and recreation ground. Of the great value of athletic sports, when properly and rationally carried on, it is unnecessary to dwell here.

That the Harbor Grace people appreciated Mr. Munn's gift was evident from the large number of citizens who assembled at the Park at its formal opening by Mr. J. S. Munn, August 27th, 1903. An address, expressing appreciation of Mr. Munn's generosity, was presented by Judge Seymour. The event was also commemorated by Mr. James D. Munn, in the following lines:—

Ode on the Opening of Shannon Park, the Gift of John Shannon Munn, Esq.

On Gracia's slope there stands a Park—
The gift of one whose name
Will long be borne in memory here,
And known, I trust, to fame.

The act will call to mind a Firm
That flourished in our town,
The good deed will for ages long
Their enterprises crown.



TRUSTEES OF SHANNON PARK, HARBOR GRACE.
Top Row—John Tapp, W. A. Oke, T. Hanrahan, Dugald Munn, Willis Davis.
Second Row—O. V. Travers, Judge Seymour (Chairman), Ed. Parsons, J. T. Lawton (Sec.-Treas).

I see in coming days, fair grounds,
Adorned in Nature's dress,
With trees, and flowers and grassy turf,
Secure from winds' distress.

Its ample breast and outlook wide,
With bosky windings near;
Beyond, the sea; while far-off hills
In purple haze appear.

Here in gay summer time will youth,
Will beauty and will age,
Stroll, rest in ease 'neath shady trees,
In manly sports engage.

Hail, then, our new-acquired Park,
Hail to the donor kind,
As we partake its pleasantness,
We'll call his deed to mind.

Harbor Grace, August 27th, 1903.

The nine gentlemen whose photos accompany this article were named Trustees. Judge Seymour, who had manifested much interest in the acquisition of the Park for the public, was elected Chairman.

Though it is only two years since the Park was donated, the Trustees have collected and spent $700 on improvements. The Park has been fenced with nearly half a mile of Page Woven Wire. About one hundred trees were imported and planted last spring. A band stand has been erected. A considerable sum has been spent in levelling the Park. The buildings have been repaired, and other minor improvements made.

When Dr. Roddick was in Harbor Grace the past summer, he intimated to the Trustees that he would like to make a donation to the Park that would in some way perpetuate the memory of his father, who for many years was principal of the famous Harbor Grace Grammar School. He finally adopted the idea of a Fountain as a suitable means of realizing his intention. He gave the Trustees $100 to defray the expenses of bringing water to the Park, and as soon as everything was in readiness, he promised to supply a Fountain that would be an ornament to the Park and a lasting tribute to the memory of his father. A search was made for water in the Park, but the supply was insufficient to keep a fountain going, and the project remains suspended till the coming summer.

The work of improving the Park is handicapped by the want of funds. The two chief sources of income are an annual concert and gate receipts, and the proceeds from these two sources are not sufficient to enable the Trustees to beautify the Park as rapidly as they would wish. But they are doing a good deal with small resources, and perhaps in the near future some wealthy lady or gentleman who has more money than he or she needs will come to their assistance.

The Trustees purchased a large six-feet Zonophone Horn last spring, and Judge Seymour, during cricket and football matches, very kindly gave selections on his Zonophone from the bandstand.

The Park is also a great advantage to excursionists from St. John's and elsewhere. For the past two years cricket and football matches have been arranged between St. John's and local teams, and excursionsists have been enabled to pass pleasant hours watching the sports. During the coming year walks will be made; some ornamental shrubs and hedges will be added, and in a few years it is hoped the Park will be a "thing of beauty," and a pleasant and enjoyable recreation ground for young and old.



DR. RODDICK,
Dean of McGill University.



JOHN I. RODDICK (DR. RODDICK'S FATHER),
Late Principal of Harbor Grace Grammar School.

The Newfoundland Naval Reserve.



A GROUP OF R.N.R. MEN ON BOARD H.M.S. "CALYPSO."

ANYONE who has seen a Review of the Newfoundland Naval Reserve must have been impressed with the appearance of the men who compose it. Our young fishermen are naturally smart, active fellows, but a period of service in the Naval Reserve seem to "lick them into shape," and give them a smart trim appearance that no other agency could affect. It is encouraging to learn that our boys hold their own in the arts of gunnery, rifle and bayonet drill, while as seamen they are matchless. In the aquatic contests in the South, they now boast that the only rivals the crack Reserve crew fear are those composed of their own fellow reservists, the rest of the fleet not being in it.

The Service has been fortunate in its selection of Officers. On the personnel of the Commanding and other officers, largely depend the future success of the movement in this Colony. So far the official staff has left nothing to be desired. Probably the most popular officer among the Reservists is Commander Hill. He has proved to be well qualified for the position of managing, with great tact, the Volunteer naval men.

He is not only popular amongst the men with whom he comes in daily contact, but is also a great favourite with the general public. In the grand success that crowned the splendid efforts of the talented ladies and gentlemen who gave the dramatic performance some time ago, for the benefit of the Church of England Restoration Fund, and the Catholic Cadet Corps Fund, none contributed more largely than Commander Hill. He was indefatigable in his efforts to bring the matter to a success, and succeeded beyond the hopes of the most sanguine. We feel sure we, as Newfoundlanders, can give Commander Hill the unstinted and unqualified praise he deserves, in this connection, without in the least detracting from the merits of the other talented performers; and we are confident that when we do so, we have the hearty approval of all the other ladies and gentlemen of the troupe.

The Commander's action in these and other matters, tends to keep him and the movement with which he is identified, very popular with Newfoundlanders of all shades of opinions.

It is proposed here to give some idea of the organization and inner workings, &c., of the Reserve for the benefit of those interested, and we herewith give the following notes, which together with the photographs, were kindly given us by Commander Hill.

The arrival of H.M.S. *Calypso* in these waters in 1902, was the realization of the idea advocated by Naval Officers for some years past. While cruising round the coast during the fishery season, their attention was attracted to the fine body of men that composed the crews of the countless small craft engaged in the fishery, and they realised what a valuable addition such a body of men would be to the defences of the Empire, if taken in hand and trained under Naval discipline.



Vey's Photos.] A CLASS AT RIFLE EXERCISE.

A Candidate to be eligible for the Reserve, must be a seaman or fisherman who regularly follows his calling, and must be between the ages of 18 and 30; he must also come up to the Standard Measurements, viz., 5 feet 4 inches in height, and not less than 32 inches round the chest.

The Reserve consists of two classes, "Seaman" and "Qualified Seaman." On entry a man belongs to the former class



A CLASS AT HEAVY GUN DRILL.

which entitles him to a Retaining Fee of £3 5s. per annum, and pay at the rate of 1s. 1d. per diem while performing his drill in the *Calypso*, and 1s. 3d. while embarked for Naval Training.

To render a Reserve Man belonging to the "Seaman" class eligible for Promotion to the "Qualified Seaman" class, he must undergo Naval Training in one of H. M. Ships at sea (more familiarly known as "going South"), at the termination of which he is examined as to fitness for promotion; and if found qualified is duly rated "Qualified Seaman," when he is entitled to a Retaining Fee of £6 per annum, and daily pay at the rate of 1s. 4d. while on board H. M. S. *Calypso* and 1s. 7d. while embarked.

All Naval Reserve Men while thus embarked receive, in addition to their pay, a gratuity of £1 per month for every month embarked, and £2 additional on completion of every three months; provided they have performed their drills satisfactorily. Thus a "Qualified Seaman," at the end of three months afloat, receives in Pay and Gratuity £12. 4s. 1d., a "Seaman" £10. 13s. 9d.

All men enrol for a period of five years, at the expiration of which they can re-enrol for a further period, or obtain their discharge, as they wish. They must perform 28 days drill each year in the *Calypso*, and embark for one cruise in order to become "Qualified Seamen." Should they re-enrol after their first period another cruise must be undergone in their second period in order to become eligible for a pension.

Qualified Seamen, subject to the due performance of their duties in the Reserve, are granted a Deferred Pension Certificate on completing their last term of drill, (i. e. after 20 years service in the Reserve), which entitles him to a pension of £12 per annum at the age of 60.

The training on board the *Calypso* is purely a Gunnery Training, and consists of Instruction in Squad drill, Rifle, Pistol, Heavy Gun, Maxim, Light Quick Firing and Ammunition, each man having to fire during his 28 days course a certain number of rounds at a target from each of the weapons named in the above list.

The Preliminary Drills take place on board the ship; the Rifle and Pistol Firing at the Rifle Range, and the Heavy Gun, &c., at Fort Amherst, at the battery recently constructed for the purpose, where practice is carried out at a target laid out at sea at a distance of about 800 yards. The guns at the battery consist of two 5-inch breech-loaders, and two 3-pounder Hotchkiss quick firers.

Drill commences on board the ship at 9 a.m., when the Reserve men are fallen in at "Divisions." They are then inspected by their Officers as to their personal cleanliness, dress, &c. This being completed Physical Drill, with Rifles or Dumb Bells, is carried out until 10 o'clock, when they are divided up into classes for their various instructions; the senior instructor taking the recruits by themselves. Drill is then continued up to 11.30 (with the exception of a quarter of an hour's "Stand Easy" at 10.30) when the classes dismiss and the decks are cleared up and swept and preparations made for the important function of Dinner, which is piped at 12 o'clock. It will not be out of place here to give the Daily Rations of a Reserve man allowed for each meal.

6.30 a.m.: ½ pint cocoa, 4 oz. bread. 8.00 a.m.: ¾ pint tea, 8 oz. bread, 2 oz. corned beef. At noon: ¾ lb. beef, 1 lb. of vegetables.

4.00 p.m.: ¾ pint tea, 8 oz. bread, 2 oz. jam. 7.30 p.m.: ½ pint cocoa, 2 oz. corned beef, 4 oz. bread.

In addition to these there is a Canteen on board, which is in reality a small grocer's shop, where men may supplement their daily fare by the purchase of any small luxuries they may wish for. The Dinner Hour expires at 1.15, when drill is again resumed until 3.30 when the decks are cleared up, and at 4 o'clock the men are again fallen in for inspection, and the whole Ship's Company and R. N. R. Men are exercised at Fire Stations, when all the pumps are manned as for an outbreak of fire. This ends the drill for the day, and the men are free to go ashore if they wish until the following morning.

There is, however, one more instruction—an optional one—viz., Reading and Writing, for the benefit of those who are illiterate, which takes place every evening under the tuition of the Chief Writer. Many men avail themselves of this advantage, and it is remarkable the rapid strides made by many of them in the short time at their disposal.

The total strength of the Force is at present 573—the maximum allowed being 600—so there are still 27 vacancies.

Much more could be said of such an organisation as this, which in its working is bound to prove mutually beneficial to the Navy, the Colony and to the Reservists themselves. Every encouragement should therefore be given young fishermen to join, upon whom at any rate to some extent the future of the Colony depends.

She Lives in Memory Still.

By William J. Carey, East Boston, Mass.

DEPARTED poetess, from thy native hills
With soul absorbing love thy music thrills
Sweet melodies, that so enchant our ear,
We roam again adown thy valleys fair;
Distinct in vision on our fancy rise
The youth we spent neath Terra Nova's skies.
Bright be thy memory—angel forms above
Shall whisper oft "They think of thee with love."

[The foregoing tribute to our late poetess "Isabella" (Mrs. J. J. Rogerson) was written by William J. Carey, an aged Newfoundlander in Boston, who, notwithstanding his long years of absence, is mindful still of the old land and its people. Those lines were composed by Mr. Carey after reading a poem on the same subject by Mr. D. Carroll, which appeared in the March (1905) number of this magazine.]

Alexander A. Parsons, Esq., J.P.,

Superintendent Newfoundland Penitentiary.

ONE of the most adaptable men in the world, is an old newspaper man. A training in the school of journalism seems to fit him for any position of responsibility. Our American cousins realize this, and some of the best gifts in the Government fall naturally to the journalists. Where tact, experience and knowledge of mankind are essentials, the journalists lead. Hence America's Ambassadors to Foreign Courts, and a goodly proportion of the officials of the Consular Service are largely recruited from the ranks of the journalists.

When the experiment was tried, in appointing a journalist to the position of Superintendent of His Majesty's Penitentiary, Mr. Parsons's numerous friends and admirers had no doubt of his ultimate success. The results have more than justified them.



ALEXANDER A. PARSONS.

Mr. Parsons is a practical printer. He published a paper in Harbor Grace, and worked for some time as a printer in the United States. In 1879 he and Mr. W. J. Herder revolutionized journalism in this country. Up to that time the newspapers were only weekly or bi-weekly, and though they served their turn, they were poor affairs, when compared with our present up-to-date dailies. The readers and subscribers numbered a few hundred, and except in times of political or other excitement, very little interest was displayed in their publication.

The coming of the *Evening Telegram* changed all that. It was more newsy; it had readable, pertinent paragraphs on everything of interest to the citizens. It soon caught on, and created the taste for reading, so that now there are fifty papers circulated to the one disposed of in those days. The time was ripe for a change, and Mr. Parsons made the most of it. One element in the creation of a new class of readers was the advent of the Christian Brothers. This event synchronized with the issue of the first numbers of the *Telegram*. This paper created the taste, and the Brothers turned out, yearly, thousands of readers who represented households who never before had read or subscribed to a local paper. The *Telegram* soon caught the public taste, and weilded a great power in moulding public opinion. In the revolution of 1889, from the old conservative political methods of our forefathers, to the larger and more liberal franchise we now enjoy, all the credit is due to the *Telegram* and its editor, and the knot of brilliant young writers he gathered around him.

In all political crises since, the *Telegram* has taken a leading part, and has become one of our institutions.

Naturally of a kind disposition, he never "dipped his pen in gall," no matter what the provocation; but he often had to shoulder the blame and responsibility for many utterances for which he was not responsible.

In 1893, and again in 1900, he was elected member for St. Barbe, a district he represented with credit to himself and with advantage to its various interests. In 1904 he was tendered the position of Superintendent of H.M. Penitentiary, and the press and the politicians, opponents, as well as friends, all agreed that no better selection could have been made, and that no one in the Island was more deserving of a good political appointment than A. A. Parsons, who had been in the thick of every political contest for a quarter of a century.

He has well proved his fitness for the position. The various Grand Juries that have visited the Prison have spoken in unqualified terms of praise of his management. He contemplates several new industries that will prove a boon to the establishment and the prisoners. His treatment of the unfortunates who come into his keeping is humane in the extreme. While the law is carried out to the letter, he has always had an eye to the future of the convict, and he tempers justice with mercy. There are many that came through his hands who are now earning a decent living, instead of becoming confirmed offenders, principally through his advice and kindly offices.

Like lots of other Newfoundlanders, he is modest and retiring, and it is only the official records show in what a capable and painstaking manner his work is done.

We understand that he intends to gather and publish some notes dealing with the political and social changes of the last quarter of a century. No one is in a better position to do so. He has the data and the ability, and we think it a duty he owes to himself and his fellow-citizens to complete this task at an early date. In the meantime the QUARTERLY wishes him length of days to administer the office he now fills so acceptably.

THE QUARTERLY, in common with all patriotic Newfoundlanders, views with pleasure the genuine spirit of Brotherly Love, evoked by the celebration of the Benevolent Irish Society's Centennial. All classes and creeds have vied with each other in their expression of good feeling, and the leading citizens of every denomination seem to have embraced the opportunity to put themselves on record in favour of a broader and more liberal line of thought and action, in respect to each other as Newfoundlanders, regardless of difference of creed or politics.

Limericks.

Wong Lee, An Occidental—Oriental Tale of a Tail.

By Eros Wayback.

WONG came, like the lynx, o'er the Strait,
From Canada entered our gait;
And the style of his queue
You daily may vieueue,
As for wash he will patiently wait.

He was welcomed by chums who wore queues,
And they brotherly paid all his dueue,
Now he goes with soft feet
Up and down Water Street,
And has taken to "Fisherman's brueues."

When our Wong goes to church in his queue,
He takes a front seat in a pueue,
And each gamin beguiles
The service with smuiles
At Wong, in the church in full vieueue.

When they sniggled and smirked at his queue,
It wounded his feelings, 'tis trueue;
And in wide flowing slieve
He would often times grieve,
At unchristian like acts, wouldn't yueue?

'Tisn't right, now, to laugh at a queue
In the church, where respect is quite dueue,
To every preacher
And other good teacher,
Whether heathen, or christian, or Jueue.

But, then, at a chap with a queue
Broad smiling will often ensueue,
And people will laugh,
And indulge in some chaugh,
It is sad, it is naughty, but trueue!

Once, a yallow dog played with his queue,
Tho' the tail wasn't his, he well knueue,
Then this man from "Far East"
Just determined to feast
On "dimnition bow-wow" in a stueue!

Some chaps from the town taught him Euchre,
Then, to win, if he could their loose leuchre,
With a smile that was "bland"
Would he deal out each hand,
Whilst he slipped up his sleeve the gay Juechre!

Now, he wondered and coughed down some sighs
At the language addressed to his ieghs,
That the trick, as he saw
Should touch on the raw,
Or prove any cause for surprieghs.

But he, later, was red-handed caught
And about to be hailed out, p'raps, shaught,
When in stepped a bobbie,
Od the crowd got the "drop" he,
And remarked that 'twas all "Tommy raught!"

Now, here endeth this Tale of a Queue,
As the heathen at length met his dueue;
For, "a game" played awry,
From the "beam" in his eye,
He was hung by his tail or his queue!

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St. Patrick's Day

In the Year of the B. I. S. Centenary.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

SHALL we not wear the Green to-day,
English, and Scottish, and all?
And join with our Irish brethren here
In answer to their call.
To joy and thankfulness and pride;
That spreads above the city wide.

Sons of men who in spite of all
Made our country, are we;
Newfoundlanders, whatever our race,
Prosperous, happy and free.
Then with our fellows let us rejoice
Voice re-echoing jubilant voice.

For the Society's century
Ups, and levels, and downs,
Small beginnings to ends achieved,
Crosses exchanged for crowns,
All are jubilant, all will vie
In celebrating it gloriously.

Let us bury forever now
All of the shameful past,
Here in this Western Isle at least
With its faith in a Future vast;
Brothers together to stand or fall,
Hearts true to each other and God over all.

Rose and Thistle let us entwine
With the Shamrock's quieter green,
Let all come true in the future days,
In the past that might have been;
And may our Country's new century
Be brighter still in her destiny!

St. John's, 1906.

To a Dandelion.

By Eros Wayback.

BRIGHT Dandelion, sun-hearted flower,
All hail thy golden disk
That flames out, first the spring-tide hour,
Doth lingering winter risk!

The children all, with glee repair
To weave in chaplets gay
Thy glaming buds in touseled hair,
Thro' opening month of May!

Oh! thou must love our human kind
And fain with us wouldst dwell
Sure thou hast sympathies that bind,
What else the potent spell?

For, where e'er man hath treked afar,
O'er plain or mountain crest,
Thou followest his rumbling car,
From east to glowing west!

Tho' thou'st no place in garden plot
Where rare exotics grow,
And waiting spring-tide finds thee not
By fragrant roses row;—

Where odorous scents my lady greet
From lavish southern bloom,
As tripping thro', come dainty feet
To breathe their rich perfume.

Yet, gladsome flower, with heart of gold,
Thou'rt ever found to dwell
By foot-worn path, by spreading wold,
By bosky lane or dell,—

Where country lovers breathe their tale,
Where simple hearts beat true,
Thou glad'st the eye thro' every vale,—
My fealty to you!

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Department of Agriculture and Mines.

THE following extracts from the CROWN LANDS ACT, 1903, are published for general information :—

Ordinary Sale of Crown Lands.

Crown Lands for agricultural purposes, and in 20 acre lots, are open for sale at 30 cents per acre and upwards.

Grants for more than 20 acres contain conditions for clearing and cultivating.

Licenses of occupation of areas not exceeding 6400 acres are issued on payment of a fee of $5 per 160 acres, subject to following conditions :—(1) To settle within two years one family for each 160 acres; (2) To clear, per year, for five years, two acres for every hundred held under license. If families remain on the land and cultivation continues for ten years, licensee will be issued a Grant in Fee.

Bog Lands.

Lands declared to be *bog lands*, under the Act, may be leased in 5,000 acre lots, for such term, at such rent, and on such conditions as may be determined upon by the Governor in Council.

Quarries.

Lands may be leased for quarrying purposes in lots of 80 acres for terms not exceeding 99 years. Rent not less than 25 cents per acre. (1) Lessee to commence quarrying within two years and continue effective operation. (2) Upon expenditure of $6000 within first five years of term, a Grant will issue in fee. (3) Lease to be void if work cease for five years.

Timber and Timber Lands.

The right to cut timber is granted upon payment of a bonus of $2 per square mile, an annual rental of $2 per square mile, and also a royalty of 50 cents per thousand feet, board measure, on all logs cut. Rent, royalty or other dues not paid on date on which they become due bear interest at 6 per cent. per annum until paid. *Rents become due and payable on 30th November each year.* Lands approved to be surveyed and have boundaries cut within one year. Persons throwing sawdust or refuse of any kind from mills into rivers, etc., are liable to a penalty of $100 for each offence.

Pulp Licenses.

Licenses to cut pulp wood may be issued for a term of 99 years, in areas of not more than 150 miles. Rent $5 per square mile for first year; $3 per square mile for subsequent years. Licensee to erect factory within five years.

Holders of timber or pulp licenses may not export trees, logs or timber in unmanufactured state.

Holders of timber and pulp licenses may not cut timber on ungranted Crown Lands.

Mineral Lands.

Any person may search for minerals, and on discovery of a vein, lode or deposit of mineral may obtain a license thereof in the following way: (1) Driving a stake not less than 4 inches square into the ground, leaving 18 inches over ground; name of person and date to be written on stake. Application for license to be filed with affidavit (see Act for particulars) within two months. Cost of license for first year is $10 for each location. Subsequent rentals: 1st year, $20; 2nd, to and including 5th year, $30; for next period of five years, $50; and for following years $100.

Upon expenditure of $6000 within five years, lessee shall be entitled to a Grant in fee.

Licenses for larger areas may also be granted upon terms set forth in the Act.

Further information may be had on application to

J. A. CLIFT,
Minister of Agriculture and Mines.

Department of Agriculture and Mines,
St. John's, Newfoundland, March, 1906.

Customs Circular

No. 15.

WHEN TOURISTS, ANGLERS and SPORTSMEN arriving in this Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Angler's Outfits, Trouting Gear, Fire-arms and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions :—

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Trouting Poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes, and tent equipage. A receipt (No. 1) according to the form attached shall be given for the deposit and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt as well as in the marginal cheques. Receipt No. 2 if taken at an outport office shall be mailed at once directed to the Assistant Collector, St. John's, if taken in St. John's the Receipt No. 2 shall be sent to the Landing Surveyor.

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the receipt. The Examining Officer shall initial on the receipt the result of his examination and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits or provisions of any kind will be admitted free and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
Assistant Collector.

CUSTOM HOUSE,
St. John's, Newfoundland, 22nd June, 1903.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

WHEREAS considerable difficulty has been experienced in Departments of His Majesty's Government in England in connection with the attestation of signatures to documents executed in this Colony and required for use by Foreign Governments, by reason of a lack of knowledge of the genuineness of the signatures to the same;

Those of the Public, therefore, who may have occasion to send certificates, or powers of attorney, or judicial acts to any of the Departments of His Majesty's Government in England for legal use in England or in any Foreign Country, are hereby notified that in future they will require to have such documents authenticated in this Colony by His Excellency the Governor or the Officer for the time being administering the Government.

R. BOND,
Colonial Secretary.

Colonial Secretary's Office,
March 5th, 1906.

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NEWFOUNDLAND





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In Cases of 1 doz. each,
at $8.25 in Bond; also,

in Hogsheads, Quarter Casks and Octaves.

Baine, Johnston & Co.,
AGENTS.

OFFICE AND STORE—Adelaide Street. STONEYARD—Just East Custom House, Water Street. Telephone, 364.

W. J. ELLIS,
Contractor, Builder, and Appraiser.

Dealer in Cement, Selenite, Plaster, Sand, Mortar, Brick, Drain Pipes Bends, Junctions and Traps; Chimney Tops, all sizes, and Plate Glass.

Estimates Given for all kinds of Work at Shortest Notice.

Parlor, Dining and Office Furniture.

Venetian Blinds Made to Order.

Church Seats.

J. T. MARTIN,
Cabinet Maker and Upholsterer,
38 New Gower Street.

Repairing Furniture a Specialty.

Horses and Vans for Removing Pianos, &c.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

THE attention of Butchers and Vendors of Fresh Meat is drawn to the following provisions of the Thirty-Sixth Chapter of the Consolidated Statutes (Second Series):—

"Any person who shall in any city, town or settlement in this Colony, kill, slaughter, scald or dress any animal for meat, **except with the permission of a Stipendiary Magistrate,** shall be liable for every offence to pay a penalty not exceeding **Twenty-Five Dollars** or imprisonment for a period not exceeding Thirty Days."

After one month from this date all persons in the Central District acting in contravention of the provisions recited, will be prosecuted, unless in the interval a certificate be obtained from the Health Inspector showing that the premises of such butchers or vendors of fresh meat are in good Sanitary condition, and that the regulations of the Board of Health with respect to the management of slaughter houses are being complied with.

Upon production of such certificate to the Magistrate a license for the period of one year will be issued free of charge.

R. ALMON BREHM,
Medical Health Officer.

St. John's, June 11th, 1906.

NOTICE TO
Lobster Packers.

NOTICE is hereby given that Rule 18, of 1905, has been rescinded, and the Regulation substituted therefor:—

RULE 18.—Every packer or canner of lobsters shall cause to be attached to every can packed by him, a paper label not less than 1 inch long and ¾ of an inch wide, which label shall contain, printed in clear and distinct figures, the number corresponding to the number of the Lobster License of said packer. The said label shall be attached and pasted on each can firmly and securely. Any person in this Colony selling or purchasing, or being in any way a party to any transaction in the nature of a sale or purchased of any can containing lobsters without such label as above described, shall be deemed guilty of an offence against these Rules and Regulations.

The labels shall be issued, upon application, by the Department of Marine and Fisheries. The cost to be fixed by the Department and defrayed by the Licensee.

No labels other than those obtained from the Department of Marine and Fisheries shall be used.

ELI DAWE,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Marine and Fisheries' Department,
St. John's, Nfld., June, 1906.

Post Office Department

Parcels may be Forwarded by Post at Rates Given Below.

In the case of Parcels, for outside the Colony, the senders will ask for Declaration Form, upon which the Contents and Value must be Stated

	For Newfoundland and Labrador.	For United Kingdom.	For United States.	For Dominion of Canada.
1 pound	8 cents	24 cents	12 cents	15 cents.
2 pounds	11 "	24 "	24 "	30 "
3 "	14 "	24 "	36 "	45 "
4 "	17 "	48 "	48 "	60 "
5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	75 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	$1.05 "
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	
9 "	32 "	72 "	$1.08	Cannot exceed seven pounds weight.
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.20	
11 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	
	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U. K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York; Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by "Bruce" train.

General Post Office.

RATES OF COMMISSION ON MONEY ORDERS.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding $10 ..... 5 cts.	Over $50, but not exceeding $60 ..... 30 cts.
Over $10, but not exceeding $20 ..... 10 cts.	Over $60, but not exceeding $70 ..... 35 cts.
Over $20, but not exceeding $30 ..... 15 cts.	Over $70, but not exceeding $80 ..... 40 cts.
Over $30, but not exceeding $40 ..... 20 cts.	Over $80, but not exceeding $90 ..... 45 cts.
Over $40, but not exceeding $50 ..... 25 cts.	Over $90, but not exceeding $100 ..... 50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order to any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, $100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, June, 1906.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office. ✳ Postal Telegraphs.

CABLE BUSINESS.

HEREAFTER Cable Messages for all parts of the world will be accepted for transmission over Postal Telegraph lines and cable to Canso, N. S., at all Postal Telegraph Offices in this Colony.

INLAND.

TELEGRAMS for the undermentioned places in Newfoundland are now accepted for transmission at all Postal Telegraph Offices in the Colony and in St. John's at the Telegraph window in the Lobby of the General Post Office, at Office in Court House, Water Street, and in Building at King's Wharf, at the rate of Twenty Cents for Ten words or less, and Two Cents for each additional word. The address and signature, however, is transmitted free:—

Avondale	Carbonear	Hant's Harbor	Lower Island Cove	St. John's
Badger	Catalina	Harbor Breton	Manuels	St. Lawrence
Baie Verte (Little Bay N.)	Change Islands	Harbor Grace	Millertown Junction	Sandy Point
Baine Harbor	Clarenville	Harbor Main	Musgrave Harbor	Scilly Cove
Bay-de-Verde	Come-By-Chance	Heart's Content	New Perlican	Seldom-Come-By
Bay L'Argent	Conception Harbor	Herring Neck	Newtown	Sound Island
Bay Roberts	Crabb's Brook	Holyrood	Nipper's Harbor	S. W. Arm (Green Bay)
Beaverton	Fogo	Howards	Norris' Arm	Terenceville (head of Fortune Bay)
Belleoram	Fortune	Humber Mouth (Riverhead, Bay of Islands)	N. W. Arm (Green Bay)	Terra Nova
Birchy Cove (Bay of Islds.)	Gambo	King's Cove	Old Perlican	Tilt Cove
Bonavista	Gander Bay	King's Point (S.W.A.,G.B.)	Pilley's Island	Topsails
Bonne Bay	Glenwood	Lamaline	Port-au-Port (Gravels)	Trinity
Botwoodville	Grand Bank	Lewisport	Port-aux-Basques(Channel)	Twillingate
Britannia Cove	Grand Falls	Little Bay	Port Blandford	Wesleyville
Brigus	Grand Lake	Little River	Stephenville Crossing	Western Bay
Brigus Junction	Grand River	Long Harbor	St. George's	Whitbourne
Burin	Greenspond		St. Jacques	

Postal Telegraph Message Forms may be obtained at any Post Office in the Colony, and from Mail Clerks on Trains and Steamers. If the sender desires, the message may be left with the Postmaster, to be forwarded **by mail Free of Postage** to nearest Postal Telegraph Office.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, June, 1906.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Avalon Steam Cooperage, Limited.

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL CLASSES OF

Tight and Slack Packages and Boxes, Pickle Barrels, Salmon Tierces, Berry Barrels, Oak Oil Casks, Drums, Fish Casks.

Special attention paid to Scotch Pack Herring Barrels.

Millmen Attention! Best Prices paid for all classes of Cooperage Material. **Call or Write.**

Office and Works: Brewery Lane, St. John's, Newfoundland.

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. . .that. . . .

Libby, McNeill & Libby's PRODUCTS

occupy

A FIRST PLACE

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CANNED MEATS and SOUPS.

HEARN & CO., Agents.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

GUARDIAN

ASSURANCE CO., LTD.,

Of London, England.

ESTABLISHED 1831.

The Guardian has the largest paid-up capital of any Company in the world transacting a Fire business.

Subscribed Capital - -	$10,000,000
Paid-up Capital - - - -	5,000,000
Invested Funds exceed -	23,500,000

T. & M. WINTER,
Agents for Newfoundland.

$4 A MONTH

Is not very much for a young man of 20 to put aside out of his salary, but if invested with the **Confederation Life** it will give

To his family, if he dies before age 40, . . . $1000.00
To himself, if he lives to age 40, from $1159.00
to $1372.00

according to plan selected.

Insure early, while your health is good. You will get your money back earlier in life, when you can use it better.

CHAS. O'NEILL CONROY,
GENERAL AGENT FOR NFLD,
Law Chambers, St. John's, N.F.

A. HARVEY & Co.,

St. John's, Newfoundland.

Manufacturers of

No. 1 & No. 2 Hard Bread, Soda, Pilot, Lunch, and Fancy Biscuits.

Be sure to ask for **HARVEY'S** Soda, Pilot, and Lunch Biscuits.

"They are Leaders."

THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY

VOL. VI.—No. 1. JULY, 1906. 40 CTS. PER YEAR.

Newfoundland Name-Lore.

By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D.

XV.

IN my last contribution I promised to take up the name of

TRINITY,

the capital of the magnificent bay bearing the same name. Before entering upon the history of that name, I will here give a summary of a very interesting letter recently received by me from from the Rev. W. R. Canon Smith, of Portugal Cove. This venerable and learned clergyman is one of the best authorities in the country on the Nomenclature of Trinity and its surroundings, having been born and spent the greater part of his life in the neighborhood.

Respecting the name

SHERWICK, OR SHERWINK POINT,

the bold headland which forms the northern entrance of Trinity Harbor, Rev. Dr. Smith writes:—

"It is a high bold cliff, and has always hitherto been dignified "by the title of a 'Headland,' and never spoken of as being a



ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

"mere point." "A point," he continues, "in Newfoundland "nautical phraseology is always used to denote a piece of land "jutting out into the sea of a much lower elevation than is (not "Sherwink but)

SKERWINK HEAD."

Not having any personal knowledge of the place myself, I gladly accept this correction. I took my information both as to the contour of the land and the spelling of the name from, what I considered an authentic source, viz., "The Sailing Directions for the East Coast of North America," London, Jas. Imray & Sons, 1898. This is how it is there mentioned: "Trinity Harbor lies westward of the *point of land* of which Sherwink Head is the southern extremity," &c. . . . Again, "*The English Pilot*," published by W. & J. Mount, T. Page & Son, London Tower Hill, M,DCC,LV (1755), speaks of it as "*Sherwick Point*," stating that the Point is "bold." I find, however, on old maps such as The French Imperial Map (after T. Lane), 1792, as well as on the modern school map of Murray & Howley, 1891, that it is given, on the former, as "Skerwink" simply without the addition of Point, Head, or any such word, while on the latter (Howley) it appears as "Skerwink Hd."

"The derivation of the name," continues Canon Smith, "has "been a puzzle to every etymologist, . . . the name is time-"honoured. When a boy I took much interest in the name. "Very old people told me that their grandfathers never knew it "by any other name than Skerwink. . . . I often heard the "fishermen call it 'Skerwink-O.' At the time I thought the "final O was a facetious or playful addition, . . . but lately I "am inclined to think that 'there was method in their mirth.' "The early frequenters of Trinity were not likely to have any "knowledge of Botany: they probably confounded our Indian "pipe (or cup) with a plant in their own country to which it "bore some resemblance, namely, the win-co-pipe or *anagallis* "*arvensis*. The Indian cup is found in abundance in a marsh "on the summit of Skerwink. Robin Hood Bay, lying within "a few miles of this Headland, induces me to think that some "at least of the first visitors to Trinity were Yorkshire men." There is a Robin Hood Bay in Yorkshire between Scarborough and Whitby. "The natives of the East Coast of Yorkshire are "largely of Danish descent. *Sker* is Danish for a headland. "Hence Scarborough, Skerborough. The borough lying under "the Head, and defended by its castle, hence also Sker-win-co "—the Head where grows the win-co-pipe." The learned Canon writes that this solution is entirely original, and he being himself of Yorkshire descent ought to be considered as an authority, and I am fully convinced of the truth of his conclusion.

I may here say that there is an island rock at the entrance to Acquaforte Harbor which is called by the people

SPURAWINKLE.

I had thought this a corruption of *Periwinkle*. But it is not improbable that it may be another corruption of Sker-win-co.

Other names to be found in the neighborhood of Trinity are mentioned by Canon Smith, but they are mostly names which are found in various places about our Cape, as for instance "Nudduck," which means a small hill, or tolt. "Ryder's, or "Gun, Hill holds the same relation to Trinity that Castle Hill "does to Placentia. Its summit was covered with earth-works "still to be seen"; some of the old cannon still remain.

Now to come to the name of

TRINITY.

In the year 1615 Sir Richard Whitbourne came out to Newfoundland empowered to hold Court, empannel juries, and so forth. There had been disputes between the fishermen and settlers of Guy's plantation at Cupids, and those of Mosquito.

Whitbourne writes as follow (page 65, Discourse): "I did then "arrive . . . in the Bay of Trinity opon Trinitie Sunday, being "the 4th of June," from which one would suppose he there and then gave the name of Trinity. That is not, however, the fact, for in speaking of this place as far back as 1579, on his first voyage to Newfoundland, he mentions it as even then having had the name of Trinity. He says, "In my first voyage about 40 years ago we were bound to Grand Bay (see Nos. I.–IV. of this Series) on the North, we bare with Trinity Harbour." This is written in his Preface about the year 1616. Forty years before that date would be about 1579, or '78. We find the name of Trinity also mentioned in Guy's letters dated 1611. I am inclined to believe that the name was given by Cortereal. It was a favorite one with the Spanish and Portuguese. Columbus, on his third voyage (May 30, 1498), set out "En el nombre dela Santissima Trinidad"—In the name of the most Holy Trinity—and made a vow to give that name to the first land he should see. By a coincidence which he considered a supernatural approval of his design, the first land he saw presented the appearance of three mountains united at the base.

Whether there is any such appearance in the land about Trinity, or whether the division of the waters of the Harbour into three arms may not have suggested the name, I am not prepared to say. +M. F. H.

The New Rubaiyat.

Omar Khayyam,

The Tent-maker,
(Rĕincarnate in Terra Nova)
inviteth his friend,

Ahmed Assar,

The Oil-Presser,
(also rĕincarnate *ibidem*)
to go a-Fishing.

I.

Describing ye Dawn, he exhorteth his friend to awake:

WAKE, for the ruddy streaks of laggard Dawn
Through the gray Eastern clouds are softly drawn
With splendid promise of a Summer Day,
And many a Dew-drop lies upon the Lawn.

II.

Ye signs of Dawn.

Wake, for methought a moment since I heard
The first faint twitter of a wakening Bird;
The breath of Subhi through the land suspires,
And whispering Leaves with Breeze of morn are stirred.

III.

Recommendeth ye Cocktail, with prospect of noon-day Beer.

Come, bring the Cup with Tail of Chanticleer,
Thy morning Draught; eftsoons the sparkling Beer
Will foam in larger Goblet, when the Sun
Glints o'er the Fore-Yard and the Noon is near.

VI.

Ye Journey's end, with preparations for ye Fishing.

But long ere this, Assár, O, Brother, Friend,
We shall have reached our Journey's joyous End,
And featly joined our supple Fishing-Wands,
And, haply, tasted of the "Highland Blend."

V.

He compareth ye Persian Waters with Waters of Terra Nova:

For not where Naishápûr's sweet waters run,
Nor in the Fish-Ponds of great Babylon,
Ever such Sport had we as Fate hath given
Us, 'neath the mild rays of this Northern Sun.

VI.

Compareth ye Persian Wines with Liquors of this Land:

Nor ever, in the Ruby-Kindled Wine
Of Persian grapes, did Ecstasies combine,
Such as this Boreal Nectar makes to course
Throughout our bounding Pulses, Mine and Thine.

VII.

Recalleth ancient Days, and noteth present compensations.

What though Irám be gone with all its Rose,
And Jamshyd's Seven-Ringed Cup, where no one knows,
Still shall we find the sparkling wines of France,
And many a Scottish Flagon, I suppose.

VIII.

Ye requirements of ye Fisher.

I often think that man, on Fishing bent,
Enjoys far more his sweet Environment,
Than that mere capture of his Scaly Prize,
If he have Meat and Drink to his content.

IX.

Ye same again.

A choice Havana underneath the Trees,
Sufficient store of Liquid Ecstasies,
A dainty Pasty, or a Leg of Lamb—
What more doth mortal Fisher need than these?

X.

Ye sport itself.

"But came we not to fish?" I hear you ask:
Nay, Friend, the Sport is but a tiresome task,
Art not content on this soft verdant Bank
To loll at ease, to eat, to drink, to bask?

XI.

He confesseth his former error:

Myself did sing, Eight Hundred Years ago,
"I came like Water, and like Wine I go,"
Nor dreamed I then my Dust should live again
In this far Land where cooling Breezes blow.

XII.

Tho' translated he is still ye same in soul:

For though in this far Land the Flaming Foal
Shines not on Us from yon inverted Bowl,
If Dust, again incarnate, doth survive,
"We change the Sky but do not change the Soul."

XIII.

He insisteth upon ye immutability of his soul:

And I, who breathe to-day this Pine Wood's Balm,
Am still the self-same I, the old KHAYYAM;
And Dust to Dust, again when I return,
I go to long, but not to endless, Calm.

XIV.

Anticipateth his next Passing:

Yes, I again shall reach the River Brink,
And meet the Angel of the Darker Drink,
And when, again, he bids my Soul to quaff,
Assár, thou knowest that I shall not shrink.

XV.

And afterwards his further incarnation:

And, after long, long Aeons of Repose,
My New-Life's Blossom shall again unclose:
Why then perplex myself with *When* and *Where*?
He knows about it all, HE knows, HE knows!

XVI.

He commendeth ye Bowl:

Enough! with liquid Transports fill the Bowl,
All else is Vanity; thé Immortal Soul,
Perfused with THIS, doth mount on Wings of Fire,
Nor heeds It how the rushing seasons roll.

XVII.

He forecasteth his Rest,

Yon Sun, who sheds on us his West'ring Gleam
How oft on this fair Prospect will he beam,
And seek Us Two; but one of Us shall lie
Sunk in a Sleep, too deep for any Dream.

XVIII.

And bespeaketh a Libation.

And when again, Assár, thy Friend shall pass
Beyond the Verge; and, leaning on this Grass,
Thou, still surviving, shalt recall thy Friend,
On this dear Spot turn down my Empty Glass.

TAMAM.

A. J. W. McN.



HON. JOHN HARVEY.
President of the Regatta Committee.



CHURCH OF ENGLAND CATHEDRAL.



THE CLUB HOUSE,
Game Fish Association.



L. E. KEEGAN, B.A., M.D.,
President Game Fish Association.

Signal Hill.

By E. C.

FROM thy bold rocks, thy splendid heights
I saw a ship pass hence;
A ship! nay, many a noble ship
Has gone that course! And whence?
Ah whence? And why return they not?
Fond hearts by grief are riven
Aye, ships sail in and ships sail out
But some bear freight to Heaven!

A bride stands on the deck of one—
She waves her hand "Good bye"! —
A volume's in the little word
That flutters ere it die;
The mists turn purple o'er the land,
The wavelets wisper low—
The good ship hastens on its course
Unheeding weal or woe!

Another bears away the dreams
Ambitions built so high!
Fond hearts are aching way inshore
A speck 'twixt sea and sky
Recede the ship! Where are the dreams?
Why comes not back the form
Who waved his bonny hand to her
Before that awful storm!

The EYE that watches each fair ship
And notes each pennant bright
Sees many dreams, hears many shrieks
Beyond the Beacon Light;
Our ships sail in, our ships sail out
By storm or tempest riven;
To-day *we* stand with waving hand,
To-morrow port is Heaven!



SALMONIER ARM, ST. MARY'S BAY.

The Beach.

By Dan Carroll.

WITH hoarse and threatening shout the angry sea
Smites at thy breast,
Yet, back of thee the lily's heart is free
From all unrest.
Thou knowest ocean's wrath, the tempest's foam
Is on thy face,
Yet soon 'twill steal to thee with sob and moan
And crave thy grace.
Here, the great waters bow in rev'rence low
To God's command, "No further shalt thou go;"—
And on thy span of sand they chant this song,—
"He's chosen the weak ones to confound the strong."



Rev. Andrew Robertson, D. D.

Rector Presbyterian Church, St. John's.

THE REV. ANDREW ROBERTSON, D.D., is by birth a Scotsman. Many a good man and true, many a faithful herald of the word, has come to us from Scotland, men who have left their mark indelibly upon our church and country. Witness James MacGregor, Thomas McCulloch, Duncan Ross; witness, Hugh MacLeod, Andrew King, A. Forrester, Alexander Farquharson, Robert Burns, and a splendid galaxy in more recent times. Andrew Robertson took us all by surprise. He came; he went cheerfully to work in our mission fields as a student catechist; whenever he went, wherever he laboured; to whatever task he turned his hand, it was easy to note that he was diligent, that he was efficient, that the people would hear him gladly. His theological course [not by any means his theological education] was completed at Edinburgh, where Professors and fellow-students at once recognized him as a young man of exceptional promise. As a preacher he was acceptable in the remoter mission stations as well as in the city pulpits. In 1888 he was calld to New St. Andrew's, New Glasgow, and speedily won the confidence and affection of the people and the Presbytery.

In 1896 Dr. Robertson was called to occupy a difficult and responsible post, the pastorate of St. Andrew's Church, Newfoundland. In the great Province of Newfoundland Presbyterians are but few in numbers, but they are influential, they are intelligent, and we may venture to add, they are wealthy. They know how to appreciate the ideal pastor, the man who is fervently evangelical, and who also is no stranger to the latest developments of theology and philosophy and the latest achievement in literature, a man of literary culture, taste and eloquence; who knows how to dispense the new wine in such a way as to avoid bursting the old bottles, and who dispises not the things that are new or old if only they are precious things of God. The Presbyterians of St. John's at once recognized in Dr. Robertson the man who could "find" them and appeal to the heart, the taste, the understanding and the conscience.

Dr. Andrew Robertson is the youngest of our Doctors of Divinity. He worthily occupies a somewhat lonely but highly important outpost of our Church. He worthily represents the scholarship, the pulpit power, the pastoral care and the wholesome theology of our Church.—*From the Presbyterian Witness.*

THE illustrations in this issue are from photographs kindly given to us by S. H. Parsons, James Vey, C. O'N. Conroy, Dr. Keegan, W. A. B. Sclater, L. F. Brown, and others. The front page illustrating Newfoundland Sport is made up as follows:—"Trout Fishing," photo by Jas. Vey; "Caribou Shooting," photo by S. H. Parsons; "Wilson's Snipe," photo by W. A. B. Sclater.

Shooting at Peter's River Grounds.

By W. A. B. Sclater.

SOMEWHERE in the early seventies a note from an old sporting friend, reminding me of a promise to take him to my favourite shooting ground viz., Peter's River, and saying that he had word from there, that there were plenty of birds and that they were in fine condition decided me, and after having got tents, guns, &c., packed and sent on with the dogs, we started on our long journey (over a none too good road) of eighty miles to St. Mary's. From there we took a boat down Holyrood Pond, and arrived at Peter's River on the second night, and put up at Mr. Lundrigan's hospitable home, known to every sportsman who visits the place. We sat up late that night with our host, talking over the St. John's news, and, what was of more interest to us, the chances of a good bag on the morrow. We made an early start next morning for Peter's Pond grounds, taking two guides with us. It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at the camping ground, as we did some little shooting by the way.

We pitched our camp in a well sheltered nook, by a babbling brook, close under the fir trees. Mike (one of the guides) soon



THE AUTHOR AND HIS GUIDE.

had some of the grouse (shot on the way in) cooking on sticks round the camp fire. The kettle boiled and tea made, we set to, with appetites sharpened by the long tramp from the coast. Supper over we were just starting our pipes, when Mike's sharp ear caught the Honk, Honk, of the Canada goose. Presently we all heard it, even the Doctor who had turned in; for a voice from the sleeping bag wanted to know why some of us young fellows could not go off and try to get a few of them. Mike said that the birds were in the lake, so he and I started to try and get a shot. However, he was not at all satisfied with the gun I carried (the Doctor's 12 bore Greener), and went back to camp for his; and scorcher it was, six feet long, one inch bore, the lock fastened to the stock with wire and screws, was fitted with flint and steel, or as Mike called it, *a fire place*. (Why it did not go to pieces at the first shot was the wonder). The muzzle was worn thin as paper; taken altogether it had a hard look. He had, as is usual with the fisherman, taken off the trigger guard, as he said it hurt his finger when firing heavy loads. "Hold on a moment, sor, and I'll just put a light load in her before going down to the pond." He proceeds to do so; first he pours a few ounces of powder from the horn into his hand, then into the muzzle, on top of that a wad of ship's oakum, then a handfull of B. B. shot, and then more oakum, all well driven as tight as possible. The flint broken with the back of his knife, touch-hole cleared, fresh powder in the pan, and off we start for the lake. "I say, Mike, you have too much in that gun; she will go to smash and give the Doctor a job." "No fear, sor, I have only six fingers in her," and placed four fingers of one hand and two of the other on the protruding rod, to prove what he said; but such fingers! It would take ten fingers of an ordinary man to fill the same space! We got down to the lake without accident, but no geese were in sight. Mike was, however, not at all put out. "We are all right, sor, they are over there on the mash and will be back in the pond soon." We had not long to wait, for in a few minutes the honk, honk, coming this time from the marsh told us that they were on the way. A startling honk, honk, close to my ear caused me to turn sharp round, only to see by the twisting of Mike's face that the last calls came from him. The geese heard and answered several times, and as the caller did not go to them they made up their mind to come to us.

"Here they come, sor! look out and take it easy, don't shoot till they get over the island, I will take them going off." Sure enough! here they come, calling all the time. Opposite the island they changed their minds and go over it, giving me a long shot which only scattered them, but just as they got in line again Mike's six-footer booms out. A cloud of smoke is the first result, Mike on his back (tripped over a boulder) the second: but on getting down to the lee of the island, we find six dark objects bobbing up and down on the waves, which a favouring wind helped us to gather. "Oh! sir," says Mike, "you had the laugh on my old fusee to day, but if we had to depend on that fancy little gun of the Doctor's we would have to go back to camp without a sign of a feather." I said nothing then as I thought it would have been a loss of time to try and convince Mike of the beauties of the Greener Gun after what had happened. We got back to camp tired but happy at our luck.

Voice from the sleeping bag: "Well, what luck? We heard you fire three shots, and Mike, I noticed that you got off that cannon of yours. Do you require my services to set your shoulder?" "Oh! no, your honor, I only had a small load in her; but she got six." "What, six geese?" "Yes, your honor, and it was the old fusee that got them; they were too far for that little gun of yours, I heard the shot strike on their feathers, but they were too far." (I think this last was added to let me down easy.)

We were up and had breakfast by dawn; the day was just right, very little wind, with a little dew on the ground. Mike and I were mates for the day, the Doctor taking the other man. After arranging to meet for luncheon at a place a few miles down the river, we started. The Doctor and his dogs were soon lost sight of, but we knew by his shooting that he was having good sport. We had only started from camp when the dogs drew up on a fine covey of grouse, the old dog "Sam" laying

close to the ground, and the young one backing beautifully. Mike started the covey which got up nicely, giving me two easy shots, which I got—old Sam still staunch—the young one ready for a chase; but Mike's big hand was on his collar, and a "No, you —— blackguard, you won't get the chance to run them up this time." A few "cuffs" from Mike's free hand and his lesson was learned. We followed up the rest of that covey, and got most of them, found others, and when we met the Doctor at noon we both had good bags. Mike's plan for cooking grouse came in very well here. We could not carry the bake-pot with us, but the ever ready Mike was at hand with a plan that I had seen used before. A hole was dug in the ground, and a fire built in it. After the ground had been heated, the grouse packed in wet clay was placed in the heated hole, and covered with the hot earth taken from the hole. A fire was then placed on top. and kept going for half an hour. When the birds were taken out the skin, feathers, &c., came off, some melted butter poured over them, made "a dish fit for the king."



WILSON'S SNIPE.

After luncheon, a smoke and forty winks, we started on our way back to camp, this time together. Shortly after starting we had the best picture of the day, our five dogs got the scent of a covey at the same time, and all brought up together, old "Sam" standing, and all the others backing, looking like painted dogs on a painted hillside. We shot most of the birds, and old "Sam" retrieved every one of them, after the last one was shot or gone away. We got back to camp before dark with good bags and at peace with all the world. We had one of the geese cooked by Mike for supper, and found it so tough that we were sorry we had not cooked the grouse instead. Though tired we sat up late over the big camp fire, shooting our game again, over our hot punch, which "by the bye" was always brewed by the Doctor, who was an adept at the job. We remained at that camp for a week and had fine sport all the time.

Mike, rather reluctanly, admitted that the little guns were not bad for some kind of shooting, but for geese, No. We saw tracks of caribou and bear, but never once got near enough for a shot. We had rather good sport with Wilson's snipe on the river flats. This was to have been the first of many shoots we were to have had with Mike as guide, but before we got there again poor Mike had gone over the cliff quite near where we were then camped, and has never been seen since. He was a good hearted fellow, a good guide, and we who knew him best, hope that he is now in the happiest of happy Hunting Grounds.

The one thing you never could depend upon was his idea of distances. Ask him "How far is it from camp Mike?" "Ah! no distance at all,—may be a mile or two." Well,—you would perhaps get the same answer an hour or two after, though you had been walking in the same direction all that time. He was a strong man, and thought nothing of packing 150 pounds with a strap across his forehead. If you asked if the load was not heavy? "No weight at all, your honor (this to the Doctor), but it is wonderful dry work." That always meant a glass of water well qualified with whisky, fifteen minutes rest and a smoke. On one occasion we were coming back by the cliffs. The way was only a sheep path, with a sheer fall of 100 feet if you missed your footing. Mike, who was in front, turned around saying, "Give me that fool dog he will be over the cliff," and catching him by the legs swung him up on top of his load, bringing him down in safety.

Newfoundland Summer.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

I.

FAR over the bay has the slow sinking sun
Shed its crimson and gold,
But the daylight has yet many minutes to run,
Ere its redness grow cold.
And the twilight will come—that calm hour of the day,
When, our hearts at their best,
Our spirits may roam, and our fancies may stray,
In a rapture of rest.

II.

And over our heads the gulls wing to the sea
From the marsh-hidden place
Where their nests are; and scream they aloud in their glee
As they join in the race.
And the stream prattles on, which the angler will leave,
With his basket of trout,
To the glory and cool of this magical eve
Ere the lights have gone out.

III.

Oh, days of the freshness and strength of the North
And of light in the night
From stars over head that shoot suddenly forth
Into rapt lover's sight:
Oh, hours by the bay o'er whose body of blue
Comes a change every hour,
A change in the pulse-beat, a change in the hue,
Made by Nature's vast power!

IV.

Ione, thy summer is fleeing apace
Take advantage of this;
While this glorious air brings the blush to thy face,
Despise not thy bliss.
Surrender thy proud heart, assaulted so long,
To another or me;
Surrender, and give me a theme for a song,
Full of sadness or glee!

June, 1906.

The Californian Rainbow Trout.

By A. J. W. McNeily, K.C.

OF all the fish which glorify the bright fresh waters of the world, the lakes and streams of this very pleasant earth, easily first, from the sportsman's point of view, we count *Salmonidæ*. The lordly Salmon by reason of his beauty and his strength is of course the King of them all, chief in the regal sept of this splendid clan. But still the lesser *Salmonidæ*, his congeners of humbler rank, are among the nobility of fishes. They are beautiful to look upon; they are strong, and subtle, and courageous: and they are born fighters, game to the death.

In the blood of every healthy man, even the gentlest and the kindliest, there survives some immaterial relic of the ancestral savage. It evades all microscopic analysis: but it is there; and the evolution of thousands of generations has not destroyed it. If it is a fine day we all of us want to "kill something." "Destructiveness" is the name which the psendo-science of Phrenology



A. J. W. MCNEILY, K.C.

has given to this very human tendency. For birds, for beasts, and for fishes, man has in all ages invented his engines of destruction; and the instinct which was implanted in him for the purposes of supplying his daily food (though the necessity in that behalf may have passed away) survives in the tendency to sport with Rod and Gun. All these several forms of sport involve healthy exercises, patience, labour, and skill; and moreover they bring man into immediate contact with Nature herself. But of all these several forms of sport the most refined and elevating is undoubtedly the gentle art of Angling, "The Contemplative Man's Recreation." Your Fisherman pursues his vocation amidst a surrounding of enchantment. About and above and around him is "all the pomp that fills the glory of the summer hills," before him is the wimpling stream or the blue lake with its "innumerable smile." The fragrance of pipes pervades his atmosphere; the wild flowers that he treads upon send forth their subtle odours, and "soft incense hangs upon the boughs."

It is needless to observe that none of these charms appeal to the Fish-Hog or Pot-Hunter, the man who counts his fish by decades of dozens and who poses as a sportsman. No fascinations of Nature can penetrate his being. When we speak of "Fishermen" we do not include *him* in the category. "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.*" But let us return to our — fishes.

We are fain to believe that by unanimous verdict the Rainbow Trout of California, (*Salmo iridescens Californiensis*), would be acclaimed as, next to the Salmon, the dominant species of his Order. It is only in weight and strength that his great congener excels him. In shapeliness and perfection of form the Salmon can give him no points. Weight for weight, the Rainbow is a nimbler, sprightlier, and gamer fish. The silver sheen of the Salmon is fair to look upon: but it is not comparable with the gorgeous colouring of the Rainbow in his prime. He is fittingly named; for, as he comes to your net, you can see all the iridescent hues, that perfect harmony of brilliant tinting of the Bow set in the cloud, and "bright as Noah saw it yet."

One of the most delightful memories of my life is of a lovely midsummer evening some ten years ago. The scene was Little Oliver's Pond on the Northern side of Windsor Lake. The time was about half an hour before the sunset of these longest days. I had got one good fish of about two pounds and a half: but after that we saw no rising fish for fully an hour; but we "fished and better fished" as good old Michael used to say; when, suddenly, there was "a flash, a whirl," and the music of the running reel. At every slightest check, high out of the water, leaped a noble fish, till forty full yards of line sung through the cringles. But I was in parlous plight: for he was approaching the edge of a heavy bed of lilies, and if he reached them, I knew he was lost to me forever. It was a case for instant judgment and heroic action. He was still vigorous and agile, but I had to take all risks. In an instant my finger was on the line above the reel, and he was checked in his mad career. Another spring of two feet out of water and he resigned himself to "sulk." With as tense a strain upon my nerves as on my line, I held him for what was probably a minute, but appeared to me like ten, when suddenly he rushed towards the boat, and it was exciting work to reel up fast enough to maintain the strain upon him. Under the boat he rushed, as nearly all these big fish are wont to do, and I had to shift my rod toward the bow to the starboard side. But I knew now that I had him under control and that he would soon be a "passive resister." Five minutes after and Tom Kearsey, with expert hand and eye, had him, exhausted, in the net. He had given me twenty minutes of ecstatic thrill; and as he lay at the bottom of the boat, glorified by the last slanting rays of the declining sun, with all his resplendent colours gleaming brightly he was a vision of delight. And he weighed five pounds two ounces.

> "Fit for an Abbot of Theleme,
> For the whole Cardinal's College or
> The Pope himself, in Lenten dream,
> To see before his vision gleam,
> He lay there, the sogdologer!"

II.

It is interesting to note the history of the introduction of this magnificent fish into our local waters. The Game Fish Protection Society in the early eighties had been unfortunately successful in cultivating the Loch Leven Trout, which has turned out to be the most predaceous and voracious of Cannibals. Before him, in nearly all the waters where he has established himself, the indigenous trout have vanished, and indeed have become exterminated. In Mundy's Pond, in Quidi Vidi Lake, and in Petty Harbour Rocky Pond, he holds undisputed possession, and it is only in the larger lakes, such as Roundabout (or Variety) Pond, on the Petty Harbour Road, and Bauline Long Pond, that his absolute monarchy and exclusive possession is disputed by the native trout. I think that he has "jumped a claim" on Windsor Lake; but of this I cannot speak with authority. Up till '93 or '94, the Hatchery of the Society was at Upper Long Pond, and it must have been

about '86 or '87 that the first attempt was made to introduce the Rainbow Trout. The hatching-out of the ova was a complete success; but when the fry were set free, that was the end of them. In four or five years some 50,000 fry were let loose into Long Pond, and of these there is no authentic record that a single fish ever survived. The eels and the Loch Levens not merely took toll of them, but apparently took the whole of them. However it be, there is no authentic record of a single Rainbow Trout having ever been captured or seen either in Long Pond or in Quidi Vidi, with which the upper pond communicates. The Society was naturally disheartened by such a tragic failure; and in 1890 it was decided to abandon Long Pond as an area of experiment.

At the suggestion of that veteran sportsman, my venerable friend Jock Martin, it was considered desirable to select some ponds where there were few or no fish, and no Loch Levens; and amongst those which he selected was Murray's Pond. It was a water eminently adapted for the nurture of the young fry. There



"YEARLING POND" AT GAME FISH ASSOCIATION'S HATCHERY.

were very few fish in it, and these few were indigenous. At that time the pond swarmed with leeches. A large part of it was wooded to the edge of the water, and all over the surface there were patches of lily-pads (*Nymphaea lutea*). All these natural features formed factors in an environment of adaptation. On May 24th, 1890, the ova (imported from New York) were hatched out at Long Pond, and on the 21st of June following 500 of the young fry were set free in Murray's Pond. We have no means of tracing their progress during their first year; but in 1892 vague rumours came to some of us of large fish having been seen or taken in Murray's Pond, in which at that time the public had a right of fishery. To ascertain the truth of these rumours on the 8th of June, 1892, just a month before the great fire, Dr. Keegan and myself went out to Murray's Pond: and, though we got but four fish, we were amply rewarded. The smallest was about a pound and three quarters; and the larger two were precisely the same weight, two pound and four oz. each. Here then we have unimpeachable evidence as to the rapid development of these magnificent fish in a favourable environment. Three years afterwards, in November of 1895, I caught in the same pond the record fish, which weighed seven pounds twelve ounces: and this fish was five and a half years old. Since then however the leeches seem to have died out: the number of fish has increased; but, in the struggle for existence, the size has run down; and very few trout over two pounds are taken in the course of the season. We have now fenced off from the main water a "Yearling Pond," in which the young fish are kept till they are twelve months old, and specially fed with whale-meat and other adventive food.

It is a notable fact that there is no possibility of hybridation with the Rainbow Trout. Our native fish, according to their variety and environment, spawn at different seasons, not earlier than the latter part of August, and not later than October. The Loch Leven spawns about November and December. The Rainbow does not spawn till late in April or well into May. There is thus no possibly of cross-fecundation. In his family and offspring there can be no admixture of baser blood. Nature has set him apart from his congeners by insuperable barriers, He is a Levite among fishes; and the purity of his progeny is guarded more securely than the alliances of kings.

I think I have somewhere before expressed an axiomatic proposition that "all good anglers when they die go to Heaven." I am not inclined to retract or to qualify it by a jot or a tittle. I know that if ever I get within the pearly gates, my first inquiries will be as to the "mansions" of some of the best anglers that ever I have known "beneath the glimpses of the moon." Since I ventured my *obiter dictum* I have discovered that I am at one with James Russell Lowell, who, in the charming little poem the first stanza of which I have quoted, goes on to sing the praises of the gentle art, and of the "contemplative man."

"I see him step with caution due
  Soft as if shod with moccasins,
Grave as in church, for who plies you,
Sweet craft, is safe as in a pew
  From all our common stock o' sins.

The unerring fly I see him cast,
  That as a rose-leaf falls as soft
A flash! a whirl! he has him fast,
We tyros, how that struggle last
  Confuses and appals us oft.

Unfluttered he: calm as the sky
  Looks on our tragi-comedies,
This way and that he lets him fly,
A sunbeam-shuttle, then to die,
  Lands him, with cool *aplomb*, at ease.

Oh, born beneath the Fishes' sign,
  Of constellations happiest,
May be somewhere with Walton dine,
May Horace send him Massic wine,
  And Burns Scotch drink, the nappiest!

And when they come his deeds to weigh
  And how he used the talents his,
One trout-scale in the scales he'll lay,
[If trout had scales], and 'twill outsway
  The wrong side of the balances."

SO MOTE IT BE!



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A MORNING'S CATCH.



WATERFORD BRIDGE VALLEY—OPPOSITE LUKE'S BROOK.

Camp Fires.

Notes of a Speech delivered at the Dinner of the Canadian Camp, New York.

By L. F. Brown.

HERE are notes from which I intended to tell of camping experiences. I shall discard them, take a great risk, and try to talk as my heart is leading me, now. For, your approval, appreciation and applause, roused by the occasion, by the admirable opening address of our toast-master, the excellent and notable response of our guest of honor, and by these pictures, mean (must mean) that in spirit and sympathy we are already gathered about the camp-fire itself. This occasion has become unusal for even the Canadian Camp. In spite of these electric lights and the cigar-smoke, this Camp seems filled with the summer atmosphere of the North Woods. The sound of



CAMPING ABOVE GRAND LAKE.

night wind is among the spruces; the drone of the trout-stream fills the tent. The glow and balsam incense from the camp-fire are in the air. And that fire is all right. The tent and the bed of spruce boughs are fine; but we must have smoke from pine splinters or dry leaves and birch bark,—the crackle, sparks and the flame, until the smell of burning balsam comes from that backlog, and camp is home,—sweet home! We talk of that fire best with our hearts. Words hardly seem rich enough. We would love to see the very dead embers and black spot on the ground where our last camp-fire shone on the happy faces, and kindled that answering glow in our hearts: and which your approval reveals as living and shining here now,—in memories.

During my camping vacations only one camp-fire was too sociable, and unwelcome. While we slept the wind waked up, and woke up the woods. It blew in cold gusts; and the wilderness howled, and we awoke,—to find our tent full of smoke, and burning!

The camp-fire was calling on us; and our excited Irish guide denounced it, in words not permissible here, for burnin' his smokin' tobacco and pipe! He said if he had only seen that wind howlin'—seen it when he was asleep, or seen the fire before it was made then he could have saved the tent for use after it was burned up! Sure, the only enjoyment in campin' was when you got home, and was talkin' about it away from any camp fire that wanted to come into the tent to get warm, and then do all the smokin' itself.

But, sir, to sportsmen the evening camp-fire means a tired body, but the tired feeling that goes with a happy heart and a resting head. It means a savage appetite waiting for a fish or game supper, a smoke and a chat in the firelight afterward, and genuine sleep while the fire burns low, in air never breathed. Sometimes a Sportsman seeks that fire to forget, to heal sorrow, or to find health and courage to face ordeals. And, the darker the night, the brighter the camp-fire shines. And what friendships! You do not know your comrade until you eat and smoke with him by a night fire in a wilderness where you may need his help.

There, sir, your practical camp chum surprises you by revealing the poetry in himself! and he has it in him for he loves a camp-fire. His heart is warmed, unfolded, disclosed by the X-rays in that fire-light; and any moment he may declare that it seems to him that the trout-stream chuckling out there, and the wind of the tops of these pines are talking and listening to each other, and then playing duets. Or he asks if you do not think as adorable and sweet a place as any in nature is a pine forest in sunshine after rain, with leaf-shadows dancing on the stream, pine-board table and tent; or he says these robins sing their twilight rain-song from the topmost twigs of the spruces, just as near heaven as they can perch. He may even tell you that nearly all wild nature is an eye-harvest set to music, and sings its visible harmonies into our hearts through our vision:—and that then those harmonies sing in our hearts.

And you may stifle the approval in your heart, and tell him he rides a hobby,—is a rhapsodist and a dreamer. "Dreams," he questions. "All this wild environment may be visible dreams. We are such stuff as—O well, say, have a fresh cigar, and a light off this piece of birch bark. How these cigars have improved!"

Now such sincerity is infectious;—we feel it in this Camp. So your other comrade by the fire protests—asks if you notice as you wade this trout-brook in hip boots, that you can almost



INTERIOR OF A CAMP IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

touch not only the water, but foliage extended as if to shake hands as well as to snag your flies and leaders; and ferns, mossy logs and rocks, and streamside clusters of flowers that nod in the wind and seem to be alive and challenging your admiration; that as these grateful companions recede, you feel a sense of loss; that each sight, sound, scent, and the play of lights and shadows along these leafy canyons, stimulates to keener perceptions and lifts a fog from your senses.

And when the twilight and evening redden the camp-fire,—the darkness deepens the mystery of the woods, and that sky gets spangled through its veil, and puffs of smoke pungent with burning balsam make your nose and throat tingle (I can smell that smoke now!); and circling patches of foam out on the black eddy of the pool come advancing into the firelight, pass and recede into gloom, the watchers by the fire revel in it all.

Far along in the night, as you replace the fallen brands, and may get your face heated, and your hands black, you notice that sounds in the woods are not so much noises as they are fragments of the stillness. And then you hardly escape waking dreams. You are with the earth, not with wayfarers upon it,—with nature, not human nature;—under the spell of that sound of falling water and the mystery of this wilderness,—the night fragrance and sighing branches of these solemn pines. Do not the quiet trees and plants claim fellow-ship and brotherhood, and welcome you as their guest? You know, you know they are glad you are with them. You are led through Nature's visible beauty into the presence and source of her vital, invisible beauty, and know, something, of its meaning in the cry of that whippoorwill, in the laughter of loons out on the lake, or in the far-off bellow of a moose;—something of what was meant by the song, together, of those morning stars: that the ordained elevation of the land gives motion to that trout-stream,—makes it seek the ocean, and adorn every white cascade with its own little shower of tossing water-pearls, and over all its ripples it is telling an endless story to its own self with ten thousand smiles and dimples out yonder and away in the dark. You commune with woods and streams, lakes and mountains through night and day, while Nature, for you puts on robe after robe woven of sunshine and shadow, the moonlight and the starlight, and changing forms and colors of drifting cloud-ranges whose raindrops touch your face as if to smooth the wrinkles and check the advance of age. O, sir, that is what we love,—the mysterious presences that we call Nature,—unfenced Nature, God's Nature. We behold her best when in great woods and by remote waters, gathering nightly beside the camp-fire. And that is why we bring sprays of Canadian evergreen to all these white tables and ask you to wear them over your hearts; for each spray contains a fragrant message from the big North Woods. That is why so many sportsmen shoot and fish less and less, and look, love, and use the camera more and more; and why an antlered caribou, a bngling elk, or a bighorn sheep standing on crags above glaciers may have his beauty of life spared to him in his own fastnesses. For wild life is the last touch of the Divine in nature.

* * * * * * * *

It is not easy, sir, to control feeling when talking of what so many regard as almost a religion. It is not easy to choose what to say.

Dozens of men here were chained to their desks in the cities' heat of last July; they had to endure it, and read in the evening papers that hundreds were prostrated, scores dead, with no relief in sight. And then, sir, many of us had a ride,—in the New York subway! We sweltered through those night hours, and shrank from the very coming of each hot day.

Now, what wonder, sir, if we longed for and could see the cool, green vistas along our favorite trout-streams away up in the wilds of sweet Canada,—could see that thin, blue column and wisp of smoke rising through the trees from our camp-fire burning right on the ground yonder beyond the canoes and in front of the tent? I can see that fire now, and smell the smoke and boiling coffee, and frying bacon and trout! We heard the splash of trout in those solitudes, the spatter of raindrops coming along the tree umbrellas, striking the tent, and drowning the voice of the stream and obscuring the woods in mist. Or we felt cloud-shadows passing over us, and rushing water about our rubber bootlegs; saw reflected light from it shimmering and flickering on overhanging foliage, and the crannies and sleepy hollows of whole hill-slopes and ravines, dark with graceful woods, above these laurel and rhododendron bushes, and the alders and the fern-plumes with the little river crooning between or along shadowy lagoons where parts of it had overflowed into the woods on the other side, and limpidly gone to sleep!

Such fantasy, sir, if fantasy it be, some men cannot help. any more than the wild fowl of the loose winds and free waters could be happy in a dusty yard. Why, these men mean to watch more camp-fires, where the countenance of the watcher often has an expression never seen but in the light of that fire,—a man face to face in a wilderness at night with his naked soul.

There he has no excuse for being wicked. Camp-fires sweeten his disposition,—teach him that he owns stock in the beauty and grace of this Earth. He eats and is comfortable; smokes, and is more comfortable; sleeps, and rises refreshed, and wants breakfast hurried; drinks more hot coffee, eats fried trout with fingers, complains that the woods-hunger makes him ashamed of his appetite; lights a cigar right after breakfast, draws on the wading boots and grabs the fishing rod, and is off to the pool where he lost the big one yesterday because he slipped from that log,—yes, and found the water cold and wet: where, as he poured water from his boots, he saw that brown, fluttering bird look into the sky to say: "*I'm all right?*" And he answered back: "Everything 's all right, little chap; so am I if I am wet."

For months he grumbled in town that so much in the world is all wrong, and had intellectual pride and satisfaction over dissatisfaction. Yet here he wonders how much of the suffering and trouble of which men complain so bitterly is caused by their own little selves. He knows why his wife wanted him to go a-fishing, and watch more camp-fires. She was tired of his happiness in being miserable.

From such fire comes reproving knowledge, as real as the voice to Moses from the bush, that this is a good old world; that it is inconceivable that the intelligence that made the Universe, and him, could have been so untrue to itself as to mismake the world even without his help: that the gift of life in it is a priceless blessing,—full of duties and hallowed with self-sacrifice, mingling defeats with triumphs, and work with the privilege of camping away out with wild Mother Nature, his trout-rod a wand revealing the store of charms she yields to her votary.

These are some of the lessons to the watcher by the fire in the wilderness. The mind-mists born of overwork and nerve-strain in town vanish. The current of his life grows clear and musical, like his trout-stream.

Sir, we have here two or three brother anglers and campers, including yourself, who are also fishers of men. What a joy to them to know that they and their followers do not possess all the religion in the world; that it breaks out in unexpected places, like the water of forest springs; and that many of their fellow sportsmen who are only poor sinners are glad, glad to stand up and say that they, also, "have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred different camps."

The Country in Summer.

By Rev. A. W. Lewis, B.D.

SOME prefer the country in winter. That is the time for the skate and the snow-shoe. That is the time for the dog and the "cat," two feet by four, with four horns, and two runners for feet. That is the time for the lumbermen; but a sorry time it is for the rabbit. The country in winter is not so bad as is pictured by the alien mind, untutored. It is the time for the beautiful snow, and the frost on the pane, with its delicate tracings and fabric of shining and wondrous texture. With eyes to see we are thankful for winter; but more thankful are we when nature clothes the barrenness of death with the new life of springtide, in its myriad forms. The Country in Summer for us! The Country in summer for tourists and sportsmen!

The Country in Summer! Yes. Miles of it! Days of it! By rail you may travel 548 miles without turning, not to speak of the branch lines. In a Pullman car you can ride to the haunts of the deer and the play-grounds of the silvery salmon. Let others speak of the flash and the strike. The Country is given to me, the Country in Summer.

The Interior has its attractions; but they excel in the littoral. Give me the Country in Summer hard by the sea. Just watch the moods of old Neptune. It is a study in Nature of which we can never grow tired. To-day he is resting. With fond and gentle caress he is stroking the sand of the beach. An ever-changing light brightens his face. As clouds flit across the sky, smiles and frowns are mingled by the uncertain winds. Yesterday was grand. The mighty billows rolled in upon the shore and dashed themselves into spray against the rocks of adamant. We are thankful for these rocks that set the bounds of the ocean. But for these, ages ago Neptune would have gradually swallowed this most ancient Colony; and we would have had no Country in Summer. Yet we must give honor to whom honor is due. Neptune does much for the prosperity of our Country in Summer. He sends up the sea trout and salmon. He covers the ice-floes in spring with the seals, and he rears the whale and the cod and the herring. He brings all our imports without grudging, and now in ever increasing numbers bears on his bosom the tourist, to rejoice in the Country in Summer.

Nature is mindful of those that go to the Country in Summer. As they wander in her labyrinths, amid the shrub and the bush, by the stream and the pond, o'er the hill and the bog, they find in their season delicious fruits. Berries abound. Strawberries and raspberries, squashberries and gooseberries, cranberries and blueberries, wild currant and bake-apples,—these are some of the small fruit. Wild flowers luxuriate. The rose is empress on land, and the white water-lily is queen of the ponds.

The Country in Summer is sweet with the breath of the Northern Atlantic. While millions are languishing southward, the shores of Newfoundland are cool with the breezes of Neptune. Elsewhere the air is enervating, but natives and tourists alike enjoy the tonic of our bracing atmosphere. The depleted oxygen that comes to us from the west is vitalized before it



SUMMER ALONG THE RAILWAY LINE.

reaches our sea-girt isle. The pale victim of languor awakes to find himself alive once more, and his dull eye sparkles with the ozone of reinvigorated life.

The Country in Summer! No words can paint the picture. The Divine Artist dips His brush in the hues of sunset; and, with touches inimitable, He spreads a glory sublime over land and water and firmament. Thousands of photographs and magazine "cuts" without number have made the beauties of Newfoundland admired by millions. The coastal steamers afford an unrivaled opportunity to see kaleidoscopic beauty in this wondrous scenery of Nature's handiwork. The railway comes within easy reach of loveliness sufficient for any one man; and he can sit and rest amid the charms of the Country in Summer. Let him choose some coign of vantage and, with open heart as well as eye, await the marvels of declining day. The resplendent hues of sunset cast their glory over the majestic



SUMMER AT SALMONIER RIVER.

art of the Creator. The magnificence of earth exalts our thoughts to the Golden Gate of the western sky; and through it we behold in spirit some faint gleams of that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." That vision is nearer Him from whom all beauty comes. Unimaginable is His loveliness Whose hand has lent such beauty to His works on earth. Yet, listen! He imparts that beauty to the soul that in love gazes upward towards His Throne. As our character possesses that life we can appreciate the loveliness of earth; and at last we shall be satisfied when our eyes "shall see the King in His beauty and behold a land that reacheth afar."

"Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality."

(Rev.) A. W. Lewis.

St. Andrew's Manse, Harbor Grace.

Wealth of Labrador.

Labrador covers a larger area than France and Germany combined and is intersected by so many streams that it is possible to travel by canoe in any direction. On the southern watershed the forest growth of spruce and larch is luxuriant with trees of marketable size—virgin forests that await the woodman's axe. Here lies a great wealth of material for paper mills. The mineral wealth is considerable. Silver-bearing lead ore—galena—occurs in many areas, while auriferous veins and placer beds have been discovered at accessible points along navigable rivers not over a hundred miles from the sea. The furs of Labrador are a source of wealth which exclusive commercial corporations have assiduously kept concealed that they might enjoy the rich monopoly. The ocean shores and inland waters contain supplies for large cod and salmon fisheries and not a single night need be spent at sea along its coast, for a safe harbor can be made in ten miles anywhere from Belle Isle to Cape Chidley.—U. S. Consular Report.

Limericks.

In these Prosaic Days and about this Season.

By Eros Wayback.

Mary had a little lamb,
With some green peas, you know,
And afterwards some bread and jamb,
A platterfull, or so.

By the ensuing species of rhyme
A youth to Parnassus would chlyme;
Strange. his orthography,
Somewhat like his chirography
But, hush, he's a bard of the thyme!

There was a young lady of mark
Tried to sing like the blithesome skylark.
One very high note
Just stuck in her throat,
Then her spirit flew up like a spark.

Having slipped thro' the "Gates just ajar,"
Where she thought she might shine as a star,
And believed her rendition
Of song, an addition
Would prove 'midst the music afar.

So she joined in the celestial choir,
Where she did as a leader asphoir,
But was promptly expelled,
For the angels rebelled,
Said, with laughter they'd surely exphoir.

Then she dropped with the shades down in hades,
As, "Facilis decensus" the grade is,
The Chief said he'd be hanged,
As well as being danged,
If he'd keep open hall for such ladies.

However absurd it would seem,
This unmusical person did deem
Her voice would just gall ye,
Just like a "Come all ye,"
So, she elsewhere was ordered to scream.

When from heaven and hades she'd flown
With a chunk who was likewise down thrown,
They were caught in a blizzard
By "Menlo's famed wizard,
And deftly run into his "phone."

A drug clerk afflicted with ennui.
Once filled a prescription the wrennui;
Poor, innocent lamb,
Thought "g. r. meant gramb,
Which, isn't correct, by a lennui.

In haste to the home of the buyer
Went the clerk on Reid's "Limited Fluyer,"
Found the flask on a table,
Pasted on a new lable,
Hoping thus to escape the law's uyer.

The coroner, who was a colonel,
Said the deed was just something inferonel,
That the poor man had died
From taking inside,
A medicene labelled "Extolonel."

The drug clerk has since gone insane
From having "g. r." on the brane,
And loudly doth scream,
"Grammes are not what they seam,"
And thus endeth this tale of the grane.

Another young chemistry tough,
Whilst mixing a compounded stough,
Dropped a match in the vial,—
And, after a while,
Was found his front teeth,—and a cough.

TO EACH OF

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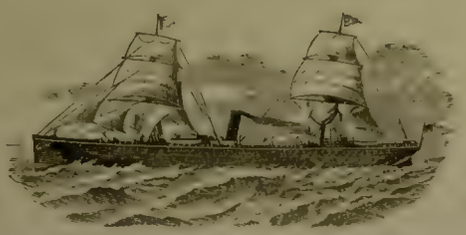
That's one point "Walk-Over" shoes have in common with all other makes. They will wear out. But they won't give out while wearing out. That's worth considering—



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PROCLAMATION

By His Excellency Sir WILLIAM MACGREGOR, *Doctor of Medicine, Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in and over the Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies.*

WM. MACGREGOR
Governor.
[L.S.]

WHEREAS it is provided by Chapter 23 of 2 Edward VII., entitled "An Act to amend the Post Office Act, 1891," that upon the recommendation of the Board appointed under the provisions of the said Act, the Governor in Council shall by Proclamation give notice of any alteration of name, naming or re-naming of places within this Colony, provided that Public Notice of such proposed alteration of name, naming, or re-naming of places shall have been given for Three Months previous;

And whereas by Public Notice, of date the 6th day of March, 1906, certain alterations of name and re-naming of places within this Colony were notified, as required by the above-mentioned Act;

I do, therefore, by this my Proclamation, order and direct that the alterations of name and re-naming of places within this Colony, as contained in the said Public Notice of the 6th of March, 1906, shall come into effect from the date of these presents, that is to say:—

1. Ragged Harbour, District of Trinity, to be re named "Melrose";

2. Western Arm, Rocky Bay, District of Fogo, to be re-named "Carmanville";

3. Grand River Gut, Codroy Valley, District of St. George, to be re-named "Searston";

4. Flat Islands, District of Bonavista, to be re-named "Samson";

5. Spaniard's Bay, District of Trinity, to be re-named "Spaniard's Cove";

6. Fox Island, Bay d' Espoir, District of Fortune, to be re-named "Isle Galet";

7. Cat's Cove, Conception Bay, District of Harbour Main, to be re-named "Avondale North";

8. Middle Bight, District of Harbour Main, to be re-named "Codner";

9. Crabb's, District of St. George, to be re-named "Crabbe's."

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the Government House, St. John's, this 18th day of June, A.D., 1906.

By His Excellency's Command,

ARTHUR MEWS,
Deputy Colonial Secretary.

M. W. FURLONG, K.C. *J. M. KENT, K.C.*

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BARRISTERS and SOLICITORS.

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The premises have been frequently visited by many Doctors, including some of the most prominent men of the profession, who have complimented the Managers on the cleanliness of all operations, as well as on the sanitary conditions prevailing, and the healthy appearance of all the factory people.

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ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

H. M. Customs.

WHEREAS it is provided in Section Twelve of "The Revenue Act, 1905," that:—

"It shall be lawful for the Governor in Council to remit the whole or any portion of the duties imposed by this Act upon Port or other Wines, Currants and Sultana Raisins, or other articles imported from the country of production into this Colony, when it shall appear to him that the duty on Codfish, the product of the Colony, imported into such country, has been or will be reciprocally reduced;"

And whereas the Kingdom of Greece has agreed to reduce the duty on Codfish imported from this Colony into the said Kingdom;

I do, therefore, by this my Proclamation, declare that from and after the 1st day of October instant, Currants and Sultana Raisins, when imported from the Kingdom of Greece, shall be admitted into this Colony free of duty, and that the aforesaid articles shall be included in Schedule B. of the aforesaid Revenue Act under the Table of Exemptions, and that when such Currants and Sultana Raisins are imported into this Colony, they shall be given free entry, upon the production to the Customs Department, by the importer of the same, of a certificate under the hand and seal of competent authorities, showing that such Currants or Sultana Raisins are the product of the Kingdom of Greece.

Of which all persons concerned are hereby required to take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the Government House, Saint John's, this 3rd day of October, A.D. 1905.

By His Excellency's Command,

ARTHUR MEWS,

Deputy Colonial Secretary.

The Introduction of New Game into Wild Countries.

By Judge Prowse, LL.D.

IN the great natural history of our day, the "Voyage of the Beagle," Darwin describes in a most interesting way how nature has provided the Islands of the Pacific with its fauna, and flora. Modern man is not contented with those slow old methods of mother Nature, he designs to play the part of special Providence himself, and to provide by artificial means new birds, beasts, and plants especially for Islands.

The most remarkable of all these various experiments was the introduction of English trout into New Zealand. To carry alive 16,000 milles through the tropics such delicate things as trout eggs seemed impossible, but Frank Buckland, and his fellow enthusiasts were not daunted by their first failures. They persevered and finally succeeded. This small box of eggs has done more to make the beautiful Island of the Antipodes attractive to tourists than even her famous hot springs, her labour laws, or her socialistic experiments. The trout are specially lusty, and have turned the Island's barren streams into a veritable angler's paradise.

Another venture of this kind which had a similarly wonderful effect was the introduction, some thirty years ago, of the varying hare into Newfoundland. The Hon. Stephen Rendell procured about half a dozen of those animals from Nova Scotia, and to-day they are in prodigious numbers all over the Island. Darwin says that in a general way insular types are inferior to the continental ones. In this Colony the rule is quite the reverse. This poor little hare which furnishes scanty food for the wandering Indians, and the Hudson Bay Company's trappers all over the sub Arctic region and the barren grounds, has become in our Island large and plump.

Its introduction has been of enormous advantage to the Newfoundland fisherman, giving them abundance of splendid food and lucrative employment in the winter, catching them for market.

This varying hare, (the blue hare of Scotland) is so prodigiously plentiful that it is often a drug in the local markets at twenty cents a pair. A story is told of an economical Major of Engineers, (a bachelor). He used to declare that a hare roast was splendid, next day it could be jugged, and the remains made a splendid soup.

Many English naturalists have made the mistake of confusing this hare with "Lepus Glacialis," the Arctic or Polar hare. They are quite distinct. The Arctic hare is much larger and different, both in colour and its habits. It is indigenous to Newfoundland. In summer it has a beautiful coat of silvery grey, turning into dead chalk white in winter, with black spots on each ear. Whilst the varying hare seldom weighs more than seven or nine pounds his Arctic congener tips the scales at twelve and sometimes fifteen pounds. Two most interesting experiments are now being carried out in Newfoundland. One, the introduction of the Elk, known all over America as the "moose" is actually in operation. Many years ago a pair were introduced. Unfortunately the bull moose was either killed or died from an accident; the cow survived and was seen alive not long ago. There were rumours that she had mated with the native caribou, and that some extraordinary progeny of this union had been produced. Naturalists will view those stories with suspicion, and there is really no foundation for the rumour. Last year three more moose were procured and let loose. J. G. Millais, author of "The Mammalia of Great Britain and Ireland" suggested that they should be placed in the wooded region of the Gander River. Curiously enough it was in those extensive woodlands that they were found a few weeks ago. They were strong and fat and the bull had grown immensely. This success has encouraged the Newfoundland Government to proceed with the experiment on a larger scale, until a herd of twenty is procured, fifteen cows and five bulls. They will be protected by law for at least ten years. The vast interior of Newfoundland, larger than Ireland, and wholly uninhabited will form an ideal home for these splendid animals. As moose meat is the finest of venison, and the animal in its full growth stands higher than a horse, and is as large as a bullock, besides being an attraction for sportsmen, it will furnish abundant food for the people.

One more project which is warmly supported by our Governor, Sir William MacGregor, and the Premier, Sir Robert Bond, is the introduction of the tame Lapland reindeer into Labrador and the North Eastern Newfoundland. This will be watched by the naturalist of the world with the keenest interest.



HIS EXCELLENCY SIR WILLIAM MACGREGOR, K.C.M.G.

Sir William, who is a very able man, distinguished for the leading part he has taken in the study of tropical medicine, goes thoroughly into this subject in his report on the Labrador.

At present in both Labrador and North Eastern Newfoundland numbers of savage dogs are kept for winter sledge driving. Those beasts are so voracious that they have been known to kill and eat poor women, and children. No domestic animals can be kept where they exist. They prevent the Newfoundlanders from keeping sheep. If their place could be taken by the tame Lapland reindeer the whole condition of the poor Eskimos and

settlers on Labrador would be materially changed. Instead of fierce canines they would possess a domestic animal, good for food, and warm clothing, and the best possible means of communication during winter, in those desolate Arctic regions.

All European and American naturalists are agreed that the wild caribou of Labrador, Newfoundland, Alaska, and the American Arctic regions is precisely the same animal as the Lapland reindeer, and feeds on the same food. Where the wild animal can live the domesticated reindeer can also exist.

As an illustration of the absolute practicability of this project Sir William MacGregor gives the experience of the Americans in introducing the Lapland reindeer into Alaska. One point is of great importance, they stand the voyage well, and as they are in herds of thousands their first cost is very reasonable.

The Lapland reindeer, after centuries of training, is as tame and obedient to man as the horse or dog. It has been suggested that they might be crossed by the wild caribou, a larger and stronger animal. We think, however, that it would be wiser to keep to the domesticated; the wild strain would be sure to break out in the cross breeds.



CARIBOU SHOOTING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

In 1891 the question of the introduction of reindeer into Alaska was raised by Dr. Sheldon Jackson. The Esquimaux were threatened by extinction from want of food. White men had driven away the game, or destroyed it, and had depleted the salmon fishery by netting the rivers. It was found that the residents of Eastern Siberia derived their subsistence chiefly from the reindeer, even to a greater extent than do the Laps. It was therefore deemed desirable that the reindeer should be introduced for the use of the Alaskan Esquimaux. Congress having refused to grant an appropriation for that purpose in 1891, $2,146 was raised by private subscription for the purchase of reindeer. With this sum 187 deer were brought from Siberia, with regular herdsmen, to whom a certain number of Alaskan Esquimaux were apprenticed as herdsmen and teamsters. From 1892 to 1904, 1,280 deer were imported from Eastern Siberia to Alaska, and in 1904 the total number of fawns surviving was 10,267. In the official report of the Commissioner for Education, published 1905, it is stated: "It is perfectly safe to predict from the inspection of the annual per cent. of increase, the doubling of the here every three years. All the female deer are preserved. The males are used as food, or trained to harness. Allotments of fifty deer are made to those natives that undergo apprenticeship. Seven Lap families, on account of being more civilized than Siberians, were in 1894 employed th take charge of the Siberian deer in Alaska, and to teach the Esquimaux. Between December 1st, 1899, and May 31st, 1900, the United States ran a mail by reindeer, under contract, three round trips from St. Michael, at about 63° 3' N., across the Seward Peninsula to Kotsebue, which is inside of the Arctic circle, about 66° 50' North. Each round trip of 1,240 miles was successfully accomplished through an unbroken wilderness without a road or trail. Several relief expeditions to the far North have been successfully carried out by United States Officers in Alaska by means of reindeer, when such expeditions would have been impossible by any other means. A contract has lately been entered into to carry a regular winter mail over the 650 miles from Kotzebue to Barrow, the most northerly point of Alaska, about 71° 20' N. It is said that on these journeys, "when used in relays fifty miles apart, reindeer can transport the mails at the rate of two hundred miles a day."

That both Newfoundland and Labrador are well adapted for the reindeer is shown by the fact that the wild caribou thrive in both countries. Millais, the great naturalist declares that the very superior quality of the Newfoundland caribou is owing to the splendid food he obtains in the insular moors and marshes.

In this matter we have the experience of the United States for our guide and can profit by their experience.

In 1898 the United States Government imported from Lapland 538 head of choice reindeer trained to harness, 418 sleds, and 411 sets of harness, a few herding dogs, and 50 drivers, some of whom had families, making in all 113 emigrants. These Lapland deer were not for breeding purposes, but only for harness. More than half of them died of starvation after reaching Alaska, as moss had not been provided for them. From 1894 to 1903, Congress has appropriated no less than $158,000 for the introduction into Alaska of domestic reindeer from Siberia. It has been found that "with careful training the Eskimo make excellent herders." It is thought that in 35 years there may be 35,000,000 reindeer into Alaska, with an export of 500,000 carcasses a year. The deer purchased in Siberia from the Chunchus cost $4.00, from the Tunguse $7.50, a head. It is stated by Mr. Gilbert H. Grosvenor that "the tame reindeer of Siberia was practically the same animal as the wild caribou of Alaska, changed by being domesticated for centuries." This corresponds with the general view of English zoologists, that there is but a single species of reindeer, but presenting local peculiarities. It appears that the Alaskan deer is not equal to the Lapland deer in strength or speed. A pair of the latter can pull a load of 500 or 700 lbs. at the rate of 35 miles a day, and keep that up for weeks at a time. Mr. Armstrong states that a single deer can draw 600 lbs. on a sled, 30, 50, and even 90 miles a day. It is said the Lapland deer can in point of speed do 150 to 200 miles a day, and sometimes 20 to 25 miles down hill an hour. The Alaskan reindeer express has been driven at the rate of 95 miles a day. Reindeer can travel as well at night as in daylight. In Siberia a caravan of 160 sleds is mananaged by ten men. In summer a reindeer can carry as a fair load a pack of 150 lbs. A good deer can easily carry a fair sized man.

The experiment of transporting the Lapland reindeer to Labrador will be watched with great interest all over the world.

If successful, and there is no reason why it should not be so, it will help to solve one of the problems of Arctic exploration. As the wild caribou at the present time extends as high as 80 north latitude where the wild animal finds food, the Lapland deer can also live. In every respect they are vastly superior to dogs for Arctic travelling.

The introduction of new game is a very interesting subject, and presents all kinds of possibilites, such for instance as the crossing of the Scotch grouse with the hardier and stronger Newfoundland willow grouse, as a presentive of grouse disease. The Colonial Government encouraged by the successful introduction of the varying hare, and the moose, are now proposing to introduce the spruce partridge indigenous in Canada and the Labrador, and also to naturalize the American woodcock. Snipes of all kinds are already numerous, but cock has only been found occasionally on the West Coast of the Island, as a rare visitor.

Twillingate.

By a Native.

TWILLINGATE, the metropolis of the North, is 180 miles from St. John's and the second largest outport on the Atlantic side of the Island, with a population of 3,600. The town is built on two islands—North and South—connected at the head of the harbor by a long wooden bridge, soon to be replaced by a modernly constructed iron bridge, which will span the canal—"Shoal Tickle." The harbor is of bold and safe entrance, with an inlet, from headlands, of over two miles by about one-eight of a mile wide. It is open to the north-east, somewhat exposed, which gives strangers, who cast anchor within its boundaries, the impression that it is unsafe for shipping; but the vessels of the place, being provided with good "ground tackling," "ride out" equinoctial gales as well as the craft of many other seaports which are landlocked and considered safe. The long indraught, with a regular depth of water, and good "holding ground" is Twillingate's guarantee for the safety of her vessels, which, after the season's work is over, ride at anchor during the storms of December and January; after the 15th of the latter month "Jack Frost" closes navigation which keeps the harbor frozen until the last of March. Twillingate ranks among the first in the prosecution of the "back bone" industry of the Colony, having over seventy large fishing vessels, besides a number of smaller craft that go to the Treaty coast a fishing. The larger vessels proceed to Labrador about the first of July, penetrating to the northernmost haunts of the festive cod. All our Labrador fishermen are "floaters," and it seems to have been left to them to go farther North than any others, and there are many places on Labrador named after residents of Twillingate because of the fact that they were first upon the ground.

Twillingate is peculiarly a baiting centre. Herring spawn in the adjacent coves, and can be caught all the year round. Caplin strike in abundance in June and swarm until August, when squid make their appearance. During the early autumn herring lay in the offings where "drift net" fishing might be carried on successfully. The District of Twillingate is the wealthiest in the Colony. Mining and lumbering are peculiarly industries of this bay. Very little mineral is exported from the Colony that is not mined in Notre Dame Bay. Lumber, both for foreign and local markets, is mostly cut at our mills, and even the seal fishery is a product of the waters of Notre Dame. The District affords charming scenery to delight the traveller, our rivers supply fish for tourists, and our forests pleasure and game for the "sportsman." Twillingate is believed to possess much mineral wealth, although, so far, no extensive mining has been done, for the lack of capital by those who have hitherto held locations under lease. Long Point gives promise of a copper mine of a very rich quality. The excavating force is anxiously awaited. Burnt Island shows a good vein of grey copper, accompanied by a lode of arsenical iron carrying a percentage of gold. In fact in various parts of North and South Islands there are encouraging indications of mineral, and the slowness of developing capital can only be accounted for upon the grounds of other failures in other parts of the colony, consequent upon impatience, and the bad faith of those inexpert miners who have "tinkered" in various places.



RT. HON. SIR ROBERT BOND, P.C., K.C.M.G., LL.D.,
Premier and Colonial Secretary. Member for Twillingate District.



HON. JAMES AUGUSTUS CLIFT, K.C.,
Minister of Agriculture and Mines. Member for Twillingate District.

Our excellent carriage roads, of which we have about forty miles, are kept clean, made of whitish-brown gravel mixed with lime stone which bake to the hardness and smoothness of concrete giving entire satisfaction to cyclists, and even young beginners can spin their wheels without fear of dashing against a stone.

The first "settlers" pitched their tents here very shortly after the discovery of Newfoundland by Cabot, and the reminiscences of those days, as recorded in the various diaries of the "good old times," are interesting and amusing. There are six churches, the Methodist three (Southside, Northside, and Little Harbor);



GEORGE ROBERTS, ESQ.,
Editor "Twillingate Sun." Member for Twillingate District.

the Church of England two (St. Peter's and St. Andrew's—north and south), and Congregationalists one. The first clergymen to break the Bread of Life in Twillingate was Rev. John Chapman of the Church of England. The present incumbent is Rev. A. B. S. Stirling, who fearlessly preaches the Word with much appreciation. The first Methodist Minister was Rev. William Marshall, whose ashes lie beneath the sod in Southside Cemetery side by side with those of the beloved Rev. Z. Frazer, of recent years, awaiting the resurrection call. Mr. Marshall enkindled a flame of reciprocal love, that has ever kept burning, which is manifested in the planted roses that were kept blooming year after year, until her death, by the late Mrs. Joseph Pearce—and since then by others. After the present Conference the Rev. J. K. Curtis, B.A., will enter the Methodist Superintendency of the Circuit with promise of deep affection and general regard. The Congregationalists are few in number; having no minister their church has not been opened for years. Last, but not least, the Salvation Army have a very creditable Barracks and a number of live soldiers. There are eight schools, two of which are Superior or "High Schools"—one Methodist, the other Church of England. We have also a Masonic Temple, and a Town Hall, a Postal Telegraph Office, a fine Court House and Custom House to adorn the place. At the enterance of the harbor we have a fine Light House, which flashes its revolving beacon many miles to sea, guiding the tempest-tossed mariner to a haven of refuge. The Court House is less employed of all the public buildings, because the citizens are law abiding and not of a criminal colour. The town has given birth to some of the best specimens of humanity, many of whom have gone to Canada and the United States and flourish in the trades of their choice and live a credit to their native home. There are four large mercantile firms and sixteen other places of business. Though the train does not run into the town, yet we are connected by the bay steamer *Clyde*, and it is only a twenty-four hour journey from St. John's to this port. It is also a port of call for our magnificent coastal boat the s.s. *Portia*.

Twillingate suffered severely by the bank crash of 1894 when many of its inhabitants, who were then well provided for, were left penniless. It has now recovered to bless the memory, and support of those whose legislative ability has opened up the country, creating avenues of employment that make the labouring classes independent and the commercial system healthy. As a health resort it would be hard to find a better place than Twillingate for the land is sloping, the air is pure and bracing both from the land and the sea. The town is most quiet, being under the Local Option Law there are no carousals by day or by night.

Twillingate has always been fortunate in its representatives, and has nearly always had one of its members a Cabinet Minister. At present it boasts of having the strongest team for many years, viz.: The Premier—Right Hon. Sir Robert Bond, P.C., K.C.M.G., LL.D., Hon. J. A. Clift, K.C., Minister of Agriculture and Mines, and Geo. Roberts, Esq., Editor of the weekly *Twillingate Sun*.



TWILLINGATE HARBOR.

Sailing on Summer Seas.

A Vacation Trip on Notre Dame Bay.

By W. J. Carroll.

"Oh pleasant breast of waters, quiet bay,
* * * * * *
It grows upon me now,—the semi-circle
Of dark blue waters and the narrow fringe
Of curving beach."

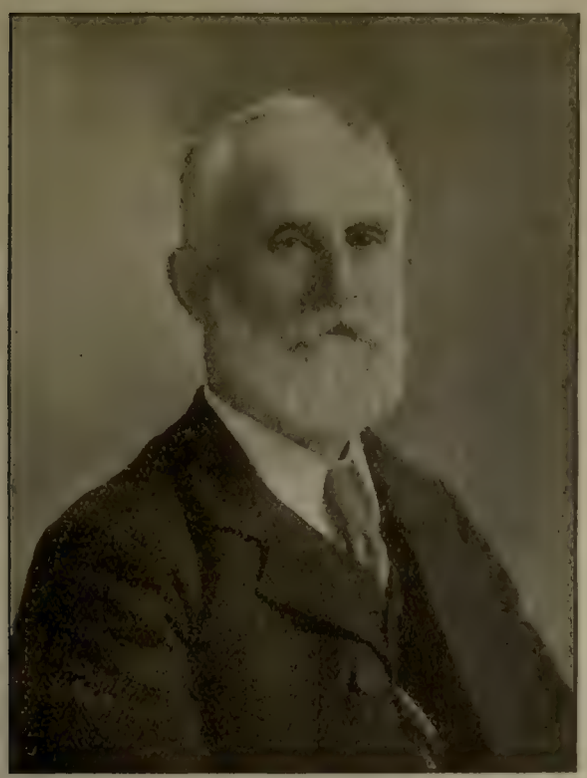
Tennyson—"Lovers Tale."

When the jaded citizen, who is tied to his desk or counting house for the greater portion of the year, becomes a victim to the spring-fet, he is fortunate, if he can get the antidote:—viz., a "few days off." It is interesting to note then how he disposes of his vacation. Some find "pleasure in the pathless woods," others love "the deep sea and the music in its roar." So it is that one class finds "sermons in stones and books in running brooks;" and when they are face to face with nature in the wilderness, are nearest to Nature's God. Another class sighs for a "life on the ocean wave and a home on the bounding deep." Each class derives the highest benefit, rude health, renewed vitality, and fresh energy in following its bent. But there is another class who, while they like the woods and the wilderness, dislike the heat and the tramp and the fatigue and the flies; and they love the sea, but the bounding billows made them sick. No place in the world can all tastes be suited better than in our Island home. A seeker for a pleasant vacation can have his choice for the asking. But for those who like the woods and the sea, without their drawbacks, there is nothing to compare with a trip round one of the large bays in the little Bay Steamer. The holiday seeker, on pleasure bent, who wants pleasant sailing, without *mal de mer*; beautiful and ever-changing scenery, wood, fell, island and lake, could not suit his tastes better anywhere than by taking a trip round beautiful Notre Dame Bay. Here is the ideal place to pass a summer day. Reclining on a deck chair on the quarter of the good ship *Clyde*, as she threads her way through islands, inlets and estuaries, the jaded city man may well say with the poet:

"Nothing is lost on him who sees
With an eye that feeling gave;
For him there's a story on every breeze,
And a picture in every wave."

And if he gets pleasant weather, as he is almost sure to get in mid-summer, he will note the—

"Brown foliage of the green hill's grove,
Nodding * * o'er the calm bay's breast,
As winds come whispering lightly from the west,
Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene."



H. J. EARLE, ESQ.,
General Merchant. Member for Fogo District.

For sailing purposes Notre Dame Bay is practically an inland sea, while the runs through the various islands make it most enjoyable for those who in rougher waters are subject to sea-sickness. In addition to the pleasures derived from riding peacefully on the calm sunlit waters, "sailing on summer seas," there is an infinite, an ever-varying panorama unfolded before the grateful eye. In many places like Dildo Run and Pilley's Island Run you may sail through deep narrow passes upon water smooth as oil, with land on either hand near enough to toss a biscuit on *terra firma*. The beauty and variety of the scenery beggars description. Now you are running along under lofty evergreen hills; anon you are in a labyrinthine archipelago with no apparent outlet; in a few minutes your yacht takes a sudden turn just as you think she is going to dash on the islet ahead of you, that forms a veritable *cul de sac*, and comes gently into a large inland lake whose placid waters are scarcely ruffled by the rudest winds that blow. Over a small island apparently in mid channel you perceive a schooner's mast rising as it were out of the rock: and find a little cup-like harbour cut out of the solid earth; on its margin a comfortable little cottage and outhouses, and moored nearly up against the front door is the little schooner riding snugly and securely. It is just the place where the amateur photographer would be in his glory. He could get here for his album some of the prettiest bits of scenery in Newfoundland. When the traveller is tired of idling and seeks something with human interest to divert him; he has a dozen ports of call. Tilt Cove, the great mining town, would be an eye-opener for thousands of Newfoundlanders. Very few realize what a thriving little town is this, with its forbidding looking cliffs towering over the entrance. You sail near and you see nothing but a large pier, with more than likely a large iron tramp freight ship lying alongside. You land on the pier wondering where the town is, and you walk up a little, and suddenly bursts on your vision a basin surrounded by high hills, with a lake about the size of Kenny's Pond, shining like a diamond in its rich setting, and around this miniature lake, at the base of the surrounding hills, are laid out the neat, well-kept houses of the residents,—their well-kept appearance denoting comfort and even luxury. Just beyond rises the tram-way which ascends a few hundred yards over the hill to the mouth of the mine. Up and down are going and returning the cars laden and unladen,

Here's a car heavily laden with the richest copper ore in America. It is coming over the tramway to be dumped aboard the freighter at the pier. The loaded car coming down draws the empty one to the top of the incline, which in turn is displaced by a loaded van, and so the endless procession goes on from daylight till dark. A glimpse of the interior of the mine would be worth the trip, and would do more to give one an idea of the wealth and extent of Tilt Cove than acres of description. Then there is Botwoodville with its magnificent lumber mill, and its well-built, comfortable little town, where the streets are paved with sawdust, and they are blissfully ignorant of mud and gutter and their consequent evils. Nipper's Harbour has wild, rugged scenery, and two of the prettiest little cascades in the island. Little Bay is another pretty little mining town, but alas, its glory has departed. It has been scourged by fire, and the last remnant of its prosperity has been swept away. But its inhabitants have invincible faith in its future. Experienced miners say that some day Little Bay will surprise everyone with its copper output, They believe that the day is not far distant when its mines will be again in full swing and its yield will exceed that of its palmiest days. 'Send that it soon may come. Its people are kindly and hospitable, and whoever enjoys the hospitality of Little Bay gets bitten with the fever and longs, with its warm-hearted people, that the dawn of better days be not long delayed. Cruising around the bay you come to the prettiest little hamlets imaginable,—just the kind of places that a journalist would copy for show-plates for his Christmas or Souvenir number. Exploits, New Bay, Badger Bay, Cottle's Cove, Triton, Three Arms, N. W. Arm, and so forth, are all charming little hamlets; some busy fishing villages, other lumbering, and still other agricultural. Then the very best is left for the last. While the scenery around the bay is most enjoyable in its beauty and variety, one needs to go to the bottoms of the bays to realize what really gorgeous scenery Newfoundland can produce. Hall's Bay, for example, with its long indraught—a bay within a bay; its deep waters and well wooded shore line. Away up in the bottom is the magnificent Indian Brook, the home of the salmon and sea trout. Here the sportsman would realize what is meant by the phrase "the Sportsman's Paradise." The same is true, in a measure, of New Bay, Badger Bay, and the wonderful and beautiful Bay of Exploits. Twilingate, Fogo, and so forth, are too well known for extended description, but will well repay a visit.

To pass two or three weeks of the summer vacation, nowhere are the attractions greater than Notre Dame Bay. If no other means were at hand, a trip on the Bay steamer would be most enjoyable. But travellers will not patronize this route, until some needed reforms are made. First there ought to be round trip tickets issued, with the privilege of stop over for a few days. To many people the steamer becomes monotonous after three or four days. If these people had the right to stay off and take the steamer on her next round it would add greatly to the pleasure of the outing and to the number of patrons. In the next place travellers complain that the food bill is too high on these coastal steamers. They contend that the Company ought to supply three good meals even if they charged extra. They resent having to pay hotel prices for everything they eat, and as a matter of fact will not patronize the steamer except when circumstances compel them. The *Clyde* is a staunch, well equipped and well kept little ship: the officers from the captain, the engineers down to the under-steward, are all genial, wholesouled fellows, and vie with each other in catering to the comfort of the passengers. There ought to be on every summer trip hundreds of health and pleasure-seekers to the tens that now patronize the route. No doubt, if the Company only catered to the expressed wishes of many of its patrons, they could make the round trip from St. John's to Notre Dame Bay one of the most enjoyable in the reach of the people all along the line from St. John's to Lewisport. It is just the right distance from St. John's, and would occupy about the average business man's summer vacation, and if proper inducements were offered, it would be the pleasantest possible trip for the business man or mechanic of the city.



From the Reid-Newfoundland Co's.] [*Collection of Photos.*

FOGO HARBOR.

British and American Athletics.

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, Ph.D.

THE question of the relative merits of British and American gymnastic education is of interest to-day; and a good deal of light is thrown upon it by a well-known American, Mr. G. Upton Harvey, in the *American Review of Reviews*. The testimony is all the more valuable as appearing in a periodical of anti-British temper, almost as anti-British, in fact, as the English *Review of Reviews*. Asking the question, "*What the United Kingdom can teach us in athletics?*" Mr. Harvey replies: —



ST. BONAVENTURE'S COLLEGE.

"The test of athletics should be the good accruing to the nation at large. It is not profitable to judge athletics in general, or any particular sport or game, by the benefits secured by the few. Athletics should build us up as a people, raise the standard of average manhood, and thus benefit us as a nation, rather than develop a selected few who use their strength and skill chiefly as a means of earning money.

"In America, we love our players rather than our games. The result is that only one man in a thousand acquires the strength and proficiency which make him an acceptable player. Our athletics develop the few, and benefit us but little, if at all, as a people. Of course, we turn out teams and individual athletes unequaled anywhere else in the world. But what good does that do you and me, who are shut out from participation in the games because we are not giants in point of strength or wizards in point of skill? We are compelled to be mere onlookers at the present-day baseball or football game, or track meet, to watch the players with mingled feelings of awe and admiration, much as the Romans of old sat about the amphitheater and marveled at the exploits of the gladiators. The 'sport' of the Romans,—desperate encounters between man and man, or between man and wild beast,—undoubtedly developed men of unsurpassed courage, skill, and strength; but did it benefit Rome?

"Our athletes lead the world. But how has this superiority been achieved? By making athletics a business or a profession for selected individuals instead of a sport, a pastime, and a recreation for all. Athletics as we know them may be sport or pastime for us as spectators, but our games are no recreation for those who participate in them. The desire to excel, to win at any cost, is the root of the evil. If we can't win, we drop out of the game and join the ranks of spectators. The benefits of participating in an afternoon's sport, even as a loser, are lost sight of. We do not play for the sake of playing, or for the betterment of our physical condition,—we play to win, to come out first, to excel our neighbours.

"What we need to learn is to be cheerful losers. Any one can be a gracious winner, but few of us are good losers. Until we do learn that there is something in the game besides the winning of it, we cannot hope that our athletics will be of general benefit to the nation.

"Throughout the United Kingdom, athletics are on a different plane. Love of sport,—of the game, not the player,—is a marked characteristic of the average British subject, and it has made the man of Britain *the best-developed of the civilized races* of the world. I mean by this that, *man for man, they are unmatched in point of bodily development*, that the average of strength and of proficiency at outdoor sports is higher among them than among the men of any other nation. Exceptions do not alter the fact.

"The male Britisher, wherever you find him, is interested actively in some outdoor sport. He plays at something even when he knows there is little or no chance for him to win. He plays to win if he can, of course, but to win is not his chief aim. He plays partly for the exercise and partly for recreation. In other words, he considers the benefits to be derived in the shape of amusement for the day or hour and betterment of health rather than the chance of defeating those who play against him.

"In all athletic sports, the benefit really lies in the playing, not in the winning. It is no longer sport when desire to win makes the contest so severe that only a picked few can engage in it and these few find pleasure only in the defeat of their opponents.

"The difference between American football and the English Rugby game illustrates this point. Recently a New Zealand team toured the United Kingdom playing Rugby against all comers. Yet a broken collar-bone was the most serious injury inflicted on any man during these games. Could a team come out of as many hard contests at the American game with one man uninjured.

"The New Zealand team visited New York on its homeward way, and played an exhibition game against a New York team chiefly composed of men who had learned the game in England. The New Yorkers were unable to raise a full team, however, so the New Zealanders loaned a number of their spare men. During the game a member of the New York team had to retire. The New Zealanders promptly sent one of their men to fill his place, and played out the game one man short, as substitutes are not allowed in the English game.



METHODIST COLLEGE.

"This game was witnessed by a number of authorities on American football, and they were highly pleased at the exhibition. They saw that the game, though fast, was devoid of rough play, and that no player was seriously injured, notwithstanding the absence of armor.

"What astonished the spectators most, perhaps, was the openness of the play, the wonderful passing of the ball, and the acurate kicking of it by men running at top speed. It was conceded that the Rugby game is more interesting to watch than ours, requires quite as much speed and skill, and is far less dangerous. It is a game that can be played by any one of average strength and skill, and a mild form of training is all that is necessary. A man of light build who is speedy and uses his brains has an equal chance with a man of brawn, and in this Rugby football is typical of English athletics generally. Take any of their sports, and you will find that it is something to afford an afternoon's amusement and to 'keep a chap fit' for the remainder of the week,— a game that any one can take a hand in.

"They believe that a certain amount of sport is as necessary for a boy as is his Latin and Greek. He is compelled to take part in the games. The British idea was put into words by Samuel Smiles when he wrote: 'Cultivate the physical powers exclusively, and you have an athlete or a savage; the moral only, and you have an enthusiast or a maniac; the intellectual only, and you have a diseased oddity, it may be a monster. It is only by wisely training all three together that the complete man can be formed.'

"If the English idea were introduced into our schools it would make for the better all-around development of our citizens. The British lad is compelled to take part in the sports as regularly as he does his lessons.

"It is a well-known fact that those who are successful in life, generally speaking, are men whose bodies are sound and well developed. On the other hand, you will notice that as a rule big men of wonderful physical development are not what one would call successful men; that is to say they are rarely intelec-

tual enough to succeed in a profession or in business.

"The training table as it exists in our schools and colleges is unknown in England. There is nothing of that constant effort to be first in so common among our young athletes during the training period.



THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE (ANGLICAN).

"An athlete on a track team 'gets into condition' by taking a few practice runs, and then enters for every event on the programme. He may come off with an armful of cups, or he may show last in everything. It's all the same to him; he has had his afternoon of sport, and has improved his physical condition. Sport of this kind does not develop record-makers who so far outclass their friends and acquaintances that there is no competition between them, and therefore no sport; it does not develop men who are fit only to become professional athletes or policemen. It does do much to build up the bodies and stimulate the brains of the whole race."

Thus it may be seen that educated Americans have too much sense to give any credence to the cry raised against British systems of education by that faction in England who want to Americanize it and by those in the background who want to de-Christianize it. Many years ago, Matthew Arnold warned the nation against the danger of the rise of an educational party such as we now see typified by the Rev. Mr. Clifford and Mr. John Morley,—the fanatics and agnostics being united like the Pharisees and Sadducees. If such a party get power, he said, "they will Americanize the country. They will rule it by their energy, but they will deteriorate it by their low ideals and their want of culture. . . . The middle classes, remaining as they are now, with their narrow, harsh, unintelligent, unattractive spirit and culture, will almost certainly fail to elevate or to mould the masses below them, whose sympathies are at the present time actually more liberal than theirs. . . . The social action of Dissent has not been civilizing." The anti-British character of those who are now driving the so-called "Liberal" Party is well described by Dr. James Martineau, a representative of the more Christian section (a minority) of the Unitarians; The Puritans, he says, "cared little for their country except as a theatre for their faith. That they belonged to it was one of the accidents of nature which they despised. . . . Cromwell, the Huntingdon brewer, was an Englishman; but Cromwell, the Saint, was one of The Lord's People. Their sympathies were with each other all over the world, and not with the land of their birth and the institutions of their inheritance. Politically, they had *their strife at home, their friendships abroad.* [Pro-Boerism] Their correspondence, their preachers, their literature, were European" (and afterwards American, because they fancy in their ignorance that the United States is still Puritan.) "They prayed passionately for their 'brethren,' tamely for their country,—whose history they cared not to study whose ornamental arts they despised, whose poetry was too warm with the blood of the generous life for them, whose cathedrals they stripped and whitewashed, whose lordly timbers they cut, and whose whole past they regarded as a mass of Babylonish horrors. Their aim, in short, was not patriotic but cosmopolitan; not so much to guard the honour and unity of England as to gather the whole world into an Evangelical Alliance. . . . They [now] consider patriotism was decidedly heathenish. . . . Had they succeeded, the world would have been uglier." Every foreign power sees that England "is a kingdom divided against itself." America and Germany know that they can count on his anti-English body of Englishmen. (Newfoundlanders will make a great mistake if they expect the present government of the United Kingdom to take a firm stand against the United States. For, (1) the Americans know that the Political Nonconformists, the main support of the so-called Liberals, are anti-Colonial, and pro-American, nay anti-patriotic. (2) The general American sentiment towards the present Imperial Government is one of looking down,—benevolent in the friends, malevolent in the foes, but in all contemptuous. Have not the "Liberals" said they are afraid of the United States? (3) The Clan-na-Gael will, of course, do all it can to injure any British Colony, by way of return for the sympathy shown to Ireland by the Colonies.) How the present government is regarded by the Japanese may be Judged from the insolent speeches of both the Japanese Opposition and Ministry. Can we also fail to notice that the change of government in the United Kingdom has been followed by a rapprochement between President Roosevelt and the Kaiser? The conduct of the Imperial Government towards Natal, the assumption that British Colonists *must* be in the wrong, shows the spirit of the pro-Boer party. It is quite in keeping with their accusations against the British in the Transvaal of enslaving the Chinese. The *Kolnische Volkszeitung*, the organ of the German Catholic party, the steady friend of the British Empire*, has had the conscientiousness and courage to tell the German people that the "pro-Boer" agitation was "an immoral agitation." If "pro-Boerism," *i.e.* anti-Britishism *plus* hypocrisy, was immoral for foreigners, it is a thousand times more immoral for Britons. They are now trying to place the British in South Africa under the feet of the Boers, as they did after Majuba, when the Political Nonconformists warned Gladstone that they would break up the government if he did not surrender to the Boers. We now have a Prime Minister of the Crown who accused the most humane army that ever waged war, of practising "the methods of barbarism" against the Boers. Our Chief Secretary for Ireland is the man who stated the "pro-Boer," *i.e.* anti-British, agitation in the United States, and who has always distinguished himself as a bigoted enemy of denominational education. (I point out to those who thought a pro-Boer must be a good man that Bryce has always opposed every attempt of Balfour or Wyndham to endow a Catholic University in Ireland). Another member of the Cabinet did not disdain to contribute pro-Boer interviews to the yellowest of the American papers. If any American party took such men for leaders, it would be ruined, and assuredly they themselves would be expelled from public life. (The United States has been governed by a Conservative Party, practically, for thirty years).



SPENCER COLLEGE.

The Radicals, are just now independent of the Irish vote; they will not always be so; and when they need it, they will be as ready to surrender to the Irish as they were in 1886. "If I were an Englishman," said to me the Professor of Gaelic in Washington in 1889, I would be a Conservative. A decent Englishman *cannot* support the other party. "They are just now, however, independent of the Irish; and having preached for twenty years the duty of making Ireland contented, they are proceeding to to prosecute in England the religion which is "*The Irish Peasants' Mistress*":—

> Thy rival was honoured while thou wert wronged and scorned,
> Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows adorned,
> She wooed me to temples, while thou layest hid in caves,
> Her friends were all masters, while thine alas! were slaves;
> Yet cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be
> Than wed what I loved not, or turn one thought from thee.
> Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free
> And blessed even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.
> * * * * * * * * *
> Oh! foul are their slanders; no chains can that soul subdue;
> Where shineth thy spirit, *there* liberty shineth too.

Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is Liberty. The great principles of religious and civil freedom, from which the so-called "liberals" have apostatized (and their next plunge will be into Socialism) must now be upheld by the Imperialist Party.

---

*The *Reichsbote*, the organ of the German Lutheran Pastors, is the assailant of King Edward personally.

Camping and Trouting

Put variety into summer living.

When preparing your holiday list,
you'll need some of these goods:

Choice Tinned Dainties, 15 Varieties Sauces,
Alpha Salad Cream, Irish Hams and Bacon,
Fancy Pickles—sour and sweet, Irish Pig's Heads,
Tinned Fruit, Jams, Syrups and Cordials.

J. D. RYAN,
281 Water Street.

Serendib Tea

Is the Beau-Ideal of Packet Teas.

It appeals to people of refined taste through its Rich—Smooth—Even flavor and delicate Boquet. Only young and succulent leaves are used in the manufacture of **Serendib Tea.**

50 cents per pound
At All Grocers.

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☞All Reliable Dealers keep our Goods in Stock.

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THE CORNER SHOP:

A full stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Lines, Twines, Cordage, and Cotton Duck.

THE PROVISION STORE:

Entrance from Cove. Always on hand—**Flour, Pork, Beef, Molasses, &c.** Good value and at lowest market rates. ☞Outport friends will please notice that we are prepared to handle

Fish, Oil, Lobsters, Furs,

and other produce on the most favourable terms. Storage and Wharf facilities.

Baird's Building, East side of Clift's Cove

The BIG Furniture Store



The Attractions of this Store

....ARE....

The largest and most varied Stock in the Colony at

The Lowest Prices

consistent with quality.

Call and examine.

CALLAHAN, GLASS & CO., Duckworth and Gower Streets.

Department of Agriculture and Mines.

THE following extracts from the CROWN LANDS ACT, 1903, are published for general information:—

Ordinary Sale of Crown Lands.

Crown Lands for agricultural purposes, and in 20 acre lots, are open for sale at 30 cents per acre and upwards.

Grants for more than 20 acres contain conditions for clearing and cultivating.

Licenses of occupation of areas not exceeding 6400 acres are issued on payment of a fee of $5 per 160 acres, subject to following conditions:—(1) To settle within two years one family for each 160 acres; (2) To clear, per year, for five years, two acres for every hundred held under license. If families remain on the land and cultivation continues for ten years, licensee will be issued a Grant in Fee.

Bog Lands.

Lands declared to be *bog lands*, under the Act, may be leased in 5,000 acre lots, for such term, at such rent, and on such conditions as may be determined upon by the Governor in Council.

Quarries.

Lands may be leased for quarrying purposes in lots of 80 acres for terms not exceeding 99 years. Rent not less than 25 cents per acre. (1) Lessee to commence quarrying within two years and continue effective operation. (2) Upon expenditure of $6000 within first five years of term, a Grant will issue in fee. (3) Lease to be void if work cease for five years.

Timber and Timber Lands.

The right to cut timber is granted upon payment of a bonus of $2 per square mile, an annual rental of $2 per square mile, and also a royalty of 50 cents per thousand feet, board measure. on all logs cut. Rent, royalty or other dues not paid on date on which they become due bear interest at 6 per cent. per annum until paid. *Rents become due and payable on 30th November each year.* Lands approved to be surveyed and have boundaries cut within one year. Persons throwing sawdust or refuse of any kind from mills into rivers, etc., are liable to a penalty of $100 for each offence.

Pulp Licenses.

Licenses to cut pulp wood may be issued for a term of 99 years. in areas of not more than 150 miles. Rent $5 per square mile for first year; $3 per square mile for subsequent years. Licensee to erect factory within five years.

Holders of timber or pulp licenses may not export trees, logs or timber in unmanufactured state.

Holders of timber and pulp licenses may not cut timber on ungranted Crown Lands.

Mineral Lands.

Any person may search for minerals, and on discovery of a vein, lode or deposit of mineral may obtain a license thereof in the following way: (1) Driving a stake not less than 4 inches square into the ground, leaving 18 inches over ground; name of person and date to be written on stake. Application for license to be filed with affidavit (see Act for particulars) within two months. Cost of license for first year is $10 for each location. Subsequent rentals: 1st year, $20; 2nd, to and including 5th year, $30; for next period of five years, $50; and for following years $100.

Upon expenditure of $6000 within five years, lessee shall be entitled to a Grant in fee.

Licenses for larger areas may also be granted upon terms set forth in the Act.

Further information may be had on application to

J. A. CLIFT,
Minister of Agriculture and Mines.

Department of Agriculture and Mines,
St. John's, Newfoundland, June, 1906.

Customs Circular

No. 15.

WHEN TOURISTS, ANGLERS and SPORTSMEN arriving in this Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Angler's Outfits, Trouting Gear, Fire-arms and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions:—

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Trouting Poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes, and tent equipage. A receipt (No. 1) according to the form attached shall be given for the deposit and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt as well as in the marginal cheques. Receipt No. 2 if taken at an outport office shall be mailed at once directed to the Assistant Collector, St. John's, if taken in St. John's the Receipt No. 2 shall be sent to the Landing Surveyor.

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the receipt. The Examining Officer shall initial on the receipt the result of his examination and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits or provisions of any kind will be admitted free and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
Assistant Collector.

CUSTOM HOUSE,
St. John's, Newfoundland, 22nd June, 1903.

NEWFOUNDLAND PENITENTIARY.

BROOM DEPARTMENT.

Brooms, Hearth Brushes, Whisks.

A Large Stock of BROOMS, HEARTH BRUSHES and WHISKS always on hand; and having reliable Agents in Chicago and other principal centres for the purchase of Corn and other material, we are in a position to supply the Trade with exactly the article required, and we feel assured our Styles and Quality surpass any that can be imported. Give us a trial order, and if careful attention and right goods at right prices will suit, we are confident of being favoured with a share of your patronage.

☞ All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.

Newfoundland Penitentiary, June, 1906.

LIBRARY

THE ... NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY.

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. VI.—No. 2. OCTOBER, 1906. 40 CTS. PER YEAR.



THE ROAD TO THE BEST HUNTING GROUNDS IN THE WORLD.



TROUT FISHING AT NINE MILE POST.



NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU.

The BIG Furniture Store



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....ARE....

The largest and most varied Stock in the Colony at

The Lowest Prices

consistent with quality.

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Cable Address: W. A. SLAT.

W. A. SLATTERY,

Wholesale Dry Goods.

....SPECIALTY OF....

Cotton and Wool Fents,

Remnants and Seconds.

WAREROOMS:

Seaman's Home Building,
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JOB BROTHERS & Co.,

Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Importers of British and American Goods of every description—Wholesale and Retail.

Exporters of Codfish, Codoil, Codliver Oil, Seal Oil, Lobsters, Furs, and general produce.

All orders for same promptly filled at very lowest rates.

J. V. O'DEA & Co.

WHOLESALE.

Flour, Provisions and Feed.

ST. JOHN'S.

Public Notice.

THE attention of Butchers and Vendors of Fresh Meat is drawn to the following provisions of the Thirty-Sixth Chapter of the Consolidated Statutes (Second Series) :—

"Any person who shall in any city, town or settlement in this Colony, kill, slaughter, scald or dress any animal for meat, **except with the permission of a Stipendiary Magistrate,** shall be liable for every offence to pay a penalty not exceeding **Twenty-Five Dollars** or imprisonment for a period not exceeding Thirty Days."

After one month from this date all persons in the Central District acting in contravention of the provisions recited, will be prosecuted, unless in the interval a certificate be obtained from the Health Inspector showing that the premises of such butchers or vendors of fresh meat are in good Sanitary condition, and that the regulations of the Board of Health with respect to the management of slaughter houses are being complied with.

Upon production of such certificate to the Magistrate a license for the period of one year will be issued free of charge.

R. ALMON BREHM,
Medical Health Officer.

St. John's, June 11th, 1906.

H. M. Customs.

WHEREAS it is provided in Section Twelve of "The Revenue Act, 1905," that :—

"It shall be lawful for the Governor in Council to remit the whole or any portion of the duties imposed by this Act upon Port or other Wines, Currants and Sultana Raisins, or other articles imported from the country of production into this Colony, when it shall appear to him that the duty on Codfish, the product of the Colony, imported into such country, has been or will be reciprocally reduced ;"

And whereas the Kingdom of Greece has agreed to reduce the duty on Codfish imported from this Colony into the said Kingdom ;

I do, therefore, by this my Proclamation, declare that from and after the 1st day of October instant, Currants and Sultana Raisins, when imported from the Kingdom of Greece, shall be admitted into this Colony free of duty, and that the aforesaid articles shall be included in Schedule B. of the aforesaid Revenue Act under the Table of Exemptions, and that when such Currants and Sultana Raisins are imported into this Colony, they shall be given free entry, upon the production to the Customs Department, by the importer of the same, of a certificate under the hand and seal of competent authorities, showing that such Currants or Sultana Raisins are the product of the Kingdom of Greece.

Of which all persons concerned are hereby required to take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the Government House, Saint John's, this 3rd day of October, A.D. 1905.

By His Excellency's Command,

ARTHUR MEWS,
Deputy Colonial Secretary.

Post Office Department

Parcels may be Forwarded by Post at Rates Given Below.

In the case of Parcels, for outside the Colony, the senders will ask for Declaration Form, upon which the Contents and Value must be Stated

	For Newfoundland and Labrador.	For United Kingdom.	For United States.	For Dominion of Canada.
1 pound	8 cents	24 cents	12 cents	15 cents.
2 pounds	11 "	24 "	24 "	30 "
3 "	14 "	24 "	36 "	45 "
4 "	17 "	48 "	48 "	60 "
5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	75 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	$1.05 "
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	
9 "	32 "	72 "	$1.08	Cannot exceed seven pounds weight.
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.20	
11 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	
	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U. K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York; Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by "Bruce" train.

General Post Office.

RATES OF COMMISSION ON MONEY ORDERS.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding $10 ..... 5 cts.	Over $50, but not exceeding $60 ..... 30 cts.
Over $10, but not exceeding $20 ..... 10 cts.	Over $60, but not exceeding $70 ..... 35 cts.
Over $20, but not exceeding $30 ..... 15 cts.	Over $70, but not exceeding $80 ..... 40 cts.
Over $30, but not exceeding $40 ..... 20 cts.	Over $80, but not exceeding $90 ..... 45 cts.
Over $40, but not exceeding $50 ..... 25 cts.	Over $90, but not exceeding $100 ..... 50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order to any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, $100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, September, 1906.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office. ✳ Postal Telegraphs.

CABLE BUSINESS.

HEREAFTER Cable Messages for all parts of the world will be accepted for transmission over Postal Telegraph lines and cable to Canso, N. S., at all Postal Telegraph Offices in this Colony.

INLAND.

TELEGRAMS for the undermentioned places in Newfoundland are now accepted for transmission at all Postal Telegraph Offices in the Colony and in St. John's at the Telegraph window in the Lobby of the General Post Office, at Office in Court House, Water Street, and in Building at King's Wharf, at the rate of Twenty Cents for Ten words or less, and Two Cents for each additional word. The address and signature, however, is transmitted free:—

Avondale	Carbonear	Greenspond	Lower Island Cove	St. John's
Badger	Cape Race	Hant's Harbor	Manuels	St. Lawrence
Baie Verte (Little Bay N.)	Catalina	Harbor Breton	Millertown Junction	Sandy Point
Baine Harbor	Change Islands	Harbor Grace	Musgrave Harbor	Scilly Cove
Bay-de-Verde	Clarenville	Harbor Main	New Perlican	Seldom-Come-By
Bay L'Argent	Come-By-Chance	Heart's Content	Newtown	Sound Island
Bay Roberts	Conception Harbor	Herring Neck	Nipper's Harbor	S. W. Arm (Green Bay)
Beaverton	Crabb's Brook	Holyrood	Norris' Arm	Terenceville (head of Fortune Bay)
Belleoram	Fogo	Howards	N. W. Arm (Green Bay)	Terra Nova
Birchy Cove (Bay of Islds.)	Fortune	Humber Mouth (R.H., B.I.)	Old Perlican	Tilt Cove
Bonavista	Gambo	King's Cove	Pilley's Island	Topsails
Bonne Bay	Gander Bay	King's Point (S.W.A.,G.B.)	Port-au-Port (Gravels)	Trinity
Botwoodville	Glenwood	Lamaline	Port-aux-Basques(Channel)	Twillingate
Britannia Cove	Grand Bank	Lewisport	Port Blandford	Wesleyville
Brigus	Grand Falls	Little Bay	Stephenville Crossing	Western Bay
Brigus Junction	Grand Lake	Little River	St. George's	Whitbourne
Burin	Grand River	Long Harbor	St. Jacques	

Postal Telegraph Message Forms may be obtained at any Post Office in the Colony, and from Mail Clerks on Trains and Steamers. If the sender desires, the message may be left with the Postmaster, to be forwarded **by mail Free of Postage** to nearest Postal Telegraph Office.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, September, 1906.

Bowring Brothers,

Limited.

Ship Owners, Brokers, and General Merchants.

Exporters of Codfish, Salmon, Herring, Seal Oil, Seal Skins, Cod Oil, Lobsters, Whale Oil, Whale Bone, Etc.

AGENTS FOR LLOYD'S.

London Salvage Association. ... New Swiss Lloyd's.
National Board of Marine Underwriters of New York.
Liverpool and Glasgow Underwriters.
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New York, Newfoundland, and Halifax Steam Ship Co.
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Represented by **C. T. BOWRING & Co., Ltd.**, of Liverpool, London, Cardiff.
Represented by **BOWRING & Co.**, New York and San Francisco.
CODES—Scott's, Watkins, A. B. C., Western Union, Premier, &c.
Cables:—"BOWRING," St. John's.

NEWMAN'S
Celebrated Port Wine,

In Cases of 1 doz. each,
at $8.25 in Bond; also,

in Hogsheads, Quarter Casks and Octaves.

Baine, Johnston & Co.,
AGENTS.

A. HARVEY & Co.,

St. John's, Newfoundland.

Manufacturers of

No. 1 & No. 2 Hard Bread,
Soda, Pilot, Lunch, and
Fancy Biscuits.

Be sure to ask for **HARVEY'S**
Soda, Pilot, and Lunch Biscuits.

"They are Leaders."

Queen
Fire Insurance Company

FUNDS..... $40,000,000

INSURANCE POLICIES

Against Loss or Damage by Fire
are issued by the above
well known office on the most
liberal terms.

JOHN CORMACK,
AGENT FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

$4 A MONTH

Is not very much for a young man of 20 to put aside out of his salary, but if invested with the **Confederation Life** it will give

To his family, if he dies before age 40,...$1000.00
To himself, if he lives to age 40, from....$1159.00
to $1372.00

according to plan selected.

Insure early, while your health is good. You will get your money back earlier in life, when you can use it better.

CHAS. O'NEILL CONROY,
GENERAL AGENT FOR NFLD.,
Law Chambers, St. John's, N. F.

The Newfoundland Consolidated Foundry Company, Limited.

Manufacturers of Cooking, Parlor, Hall and Church Stoves, Gothic GRATES, Mantelpieces, Windlasses, Rouse Chocks, HAWSER PIPES, and every variety of Ship and General Castings, Churchyard or Cemetery Railings, Crestings, and all Architectural Castings.....

W. P. WALSH, President. **S. WILL. CORNICK,** Manager.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY

VOL. VI.—No. 2. OCTOBER, 1906. 40 CTS. PER YEAR.

Earl Grey's Visit to Newfoundland.

By D. W. Prowse, LL.D.

THE event of the season in this year of Grace, 1906, was the visit of Earl Grey and his family to Newfoundland. Whatever may be the faults or shortcomings of our people, they obey the apostolic command to "entertain strangers." Their genial hospitality, from the highest to the lowest, may be set down as one of their best insular characteristics. Never did they show up in better form than in their hearty welcome to Earl Grey and his family. From first to last the visit was an unbounded success—harmonious, perfect and complete in every respect.

The malicious attempt of the excited anti-Canadian party to insult the Governor-General with a threatened Anti-Confederate demonstration was a dismal failure. Its only effect was to accentuate and bring out in a more marked degree the genuine hearty spontaneous good feeling of all classes and creeds towards our illustrious guests. No better missionary could have been selected to represent the great Dominion than Earl Grey. He has every quality of a successful Ambassador. Industrious and pains-taking, a distinguished historical scholar, has studied not only the ancient Colony's annals (he declared that he could pass an examination is Prowse's History), but he went carefully through all the latest Blue Books and Reports. He saw everything—factories, farms; even to a haul of codfish. He is not only the trained experienced observer, but though modern and liberal in all his views, he retains old-fashioned ideas of the duties of a gentleman; never to be rude, discourteous or negligent of lesser people's feelings, unlike the modern upstart with his type-written replies by some wooden-headed secretary. Lord Grey, like Dufferin and Gladstone, answers all letters in his own fine hand-writing. He knows full well how much pleasure he confers on his humble correspondents by this characteristic act of politeness. It will interest my readers to know something about Lord Grey's career.



[*Photo. by James Vey.*]
THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S ARRIVAL AT THE REID-NFLD. CO'S. STATION, ST. JOHN'S.

The Governor-General of Canada is far more than an ordinary Colonial Ruler. He is a great nobleman, the direct representaiive of one of the most distinguished families in Great Britain. As he very humorously declared the first Earl Grey a very able soldier distinguished himself most completely by becoming the father of the great Earl Grey, known for ever in our history as the Emancipator of the Slaves, the great statesman who laboured incessantly for forty years and finally succeeded in carrying the Reform Bill. We rightly honour our Wellingtons and Nelsons, but Charles Earl Grey did far more than any conqueror; he delivered England from civil war at a great crisis. His firmness, his courage, his devotion to the people alone saved Britain from a terrible Revolution.

The third Earl Grey was a most able, honest and enlightened statesman far in advance of his generation on the great colonial questions of the day. His opponents declared that he was crotchetty and a difficult man to work with, great, however, as was his reputation. It is completely over-shadowed by the grandeur of his predecessor — immortalized by Macaulay's most eloquent and glowing passage in the essay on Warren Hastings:—Our visitor, Albert Henry George, fourth Earl Grey, is the son of General The Honourable Charles Grey, for many years the personal friend and confidential servant of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. He was born in 1851. In 1877 he married the present Countess Grey—a most amiable and accomplished lady, who has been a veritable helpmeet to him during his distinguished career. The Greys are an able family, conspicuous for their mental ability and political capacity. At Cambridge University he won great distinction, coming out senior in the Law and History Tripos in 1873. From 1880 to 1886 he was an active Liberal Member of the House of Commons. Though comparatively a young man, he has seen men and cities; filled with great credit to himself the



[*Photo. by James Vey.*]

REID-NEWFOUNDLAND COMPANY'S STATION ILLUMINATED IN HONOR OF EARL GREY'S VISIT.

arduous position of Administrator of Rhodesia in South Africa, and is a worthy successor of Lord Dufferin as Governor-General of Canada.

In every way Lord Grey and his family won the hearts of all Newfoundlanders, and his visit did a world of good. The relations between the two countries were strained, and mutual ill feeling excited both by politicians and the press of the two Colonies. Nothing but good will follow this auspicious visit. Whilst we may attribute its success mainly to Earl Grey himself and his most attractive and genial personality great credit must be given to our Excellent Governor Sir William MacGregor and his admirable plans and arrangement for our guests entertainment. Everyone helped to make the affair a success, none more so than the Reids, who with their characteristic liberality and public spirit placed their railway, motor-cars and steam yacht at his Excellency's disposal, and contributed materially to his enjoyment. Mr. Ayre's public spirit in getting up a most successful Ball for our visitors must not be forgotten.

Amongst the many functions attended by Earl Grey and his family none was more pleasant than the luncheon at Government House. Sir William MacGregor had invited a thoroughly representative body to meet his Lordship, and the result was a great success.

I regret that the space at my disposal prevents me from giving a full account of the admirable speeches of His Excellency on our beloved King and on introducing his guest, as well as the fine oration of the Premier—specially referring to the hopes of a fast Atlantic ferry service via Newfoundland. Sir William mentioned one fact not generally known: That it was the third Earl Grey who first bestowed constitutional government on Newfoundland. He might have added that Lady Howick is a direct descendant of one of our most esteemed Governors—Admiral Waldegrave. One of the most essential requirements for a successful Ruler of a great Dependency is the gift of ready, fluent and appropriate speech. All who heard Lord Grey on this occasion were charmed with his gifts as a most graceful speaker, and above all his divine gift of humour. He began by expressing his thanks to the Governor for the kind way in which he had spoken of himself and his ancestors. Then after an eloquent description of the glories of our West Coast scenery and an account of the various institutions he had visited, he referred to the Reports which had greeted him on his arrival. "That his mission to Newfoundland was a political one, to capture the Island, and that he was to be followed by a boat-load of Canadian statesmen, including Sir Wilfred Laurier." He said that he could find no better words in which to refer to these reports than those used by Chief Justice Tremlett in answer to the charges brought against him, made famous by Judge Prowse in his admirable History of Newfoundland:—"To the first charge, Your Excellency, I say that it is a lie. To the second charge, I say that it is a d—d lie; and to the third charge, I say that it is a d—d infernal lie. I have no more to say, Your Excellency."

He confirmed the denial that Sir Robert Bond had very properly made of any political importance in his visit. He had come here simply to gratify his natural desire to see England's Oldest Colony with which he had most interesting family associations, and also to better his acquaintance with their distinguished Governor, who had rendered to the Empire, both in New Guinea and West Africa, important service which had made him conspicuous as one of the most valued and efficient servants of the Crown.



HIS EXCELLENCY SIR WILLIAM MACGREGOR, K.C.M.G.

Lord Grey declared that it would ill repay all the kindness he had received if he were to take advantage of this opportunity to dwell upon what he might conceive to be the advantages to Canada, to Newfoundland and the Empire of Confederation. He understood that in Newfoundland Confederation was not like Mesopotamia, a blessed word. A Policy of Confederation could only become operative on the direct initiative of the people of the Island.

He wished his hearers, however, to understand that if the day should ever come, when they, the people of Newfoundland, realized that it would be to their advantage to become a unit of the Great Dominion, and a co-sharer with all the other provinces of Canada in all the wonderful prosperity which was already rising high on their horizon. That all they would have to do would be to bear against a door already open. He assured them that behind that door they would find a most loving, hearty, and generous welcome.

Confederation in the Dominion is to-day mainly advocated by the commercial body who expect a great increase of trade, whilst on the other hand the most bitter opponents on this Island are the fish merchants and traders, who dread not only the influx of Canadian goods, but still more the advent of Canadian merchants and speculators of all kinds. In neither Colony is the Confederation of British North America looked upon in its true light as a great Imperial question.

Union between the two colonies is not at present a live question. Newfoundlanders have very little faith that the present Canadian Government would really offer us terms liberal and generous enough to attract us. No one doubts that Confederation would confer immense benefits on the Colony. It would, in the first place, cheapen the cost of living thirty per cent. all around on food, fuel, clothing, etc. Our railroad would be converted into another splendid, full-guage line, like the Intercolonial, with daily mails, fast coastal and trans-atlantic steam, and, above all, branch railroads and generous bounties to our fishermen. Most important of all, our great resources would become known and be developed and utilized, and coal, copper, and iron mines largely worked, and our big debt taken over by the Dominion.

The reciprocal advantages to Canada would also be very great. Her trade would be immensely increased, and with the control of the whole North Atlantic fishery, and the supply of bait, she would force the Americans into granting free trade in all fish products and raw materials. In short it would open up the markets for eighty million wealthy consumers now rigidly closed by a tariff wall of high duties.

Both in the negotiations of 1895 and in all other ways, the modern Dominion politician, in dealing with this great Imperial question, have shown themselves utterly wanting in foresight and true statesmanship. Canada's treatment of Newfoundland in the past has been hostile and injudicious. She opposed our Bait Act and prevented us obtaining reciprocity with America under the Blaine-Bond Convention. At the present time she keeps up the *modus vivendi* with United States, and by supplying Americans and Frenchmen with bait, she helps to nullify our vigorous policy of retaliation. It is a stupid proceeding. Every intelligent leader of opinion in the Maritime Provinces denounces the absurdity of giving everything to the Americans and get nothing in return, all to please a few merchants and fishermen and enable them to grab American dollars. If the Dominion at the present time possessed statesmen with farseeing views, like Sir John A. Macdonald, the creator of Confederation



[*Photo. by James Vey.*]

EARL GREY'S RECEPTION AT THE GARDEN PARTY, MOUNT CASHEL.

and the Canadian Pacific Railway, they would realise that their Colony is the great white man's country of the future, the home of millions of the English race, that Newfoundland holds the key of the Atlantic, and is absolutely necessary for Canada's defence, above all for furnishing the hardy seamen to man her fleets of the future. Newfoundland is prosperous and can only be attracted into the union by a most generous offer. Clever politians would easily find a way if they were really in earnest to let the islanders know the liberal nature of these terms.

Earl Grey's visit, besides producing a better feeling between the two cuntries, will have, the further effect of making Newfoundland better known. Lord and Lady Howick and Lady Sibyl Grey enjoyed splendid sport on the West Coast. They caught some hundreds of salmon and fine trout.



[*Photo. by T. O'Mara.*]

THE "BRUCE" EXPRESS CROSSING HOLYROOD BRIDGE.

Joseph G. Maddock, M.H.A.



JOSEPH G. MADDOCK,
Member for the District of Carbonear.

On page twenty appears an article on "Carbonear and its Points of Interest" from the pen of M. J. Hawker. Owing to copy arriving late we were unable to arrange illustrations as first intended, and insert here now the portrait of Joseph G. Maddock, Esq., Member for the District of Carbonear.

Joseph G. Maddock was born at Carbonear some forty years ago, and was the eldest son of the late Robert Maddock, of the firm of J. & R. Maddock. Mr. Maddock has spent his lifetime in the general business of the Colony. After his school days he went into partnership with his brother John, and took over the business of the old firm; they are now trading under the style of J. & J. Maddock. Mr. Maddock succeeded Mr. W. Duff as representative for Carbonear in 1900, and was re-elected in 1904.



[*Photo. by T. O'Mara.*]
"WHERE THE SPECKLED BEAUTIES LIE!"

The Fallen Leaf.

By Eros Wayback.

["The Fallen Leaf" is the swan-song of Eros Wayback. Death had already marked him for its own, and he was not unconscious of his approaching dissolution, when the death-hymn was sung. Edward St. George, more familiarly known to thousands of his countrymen, at home and abroad, by his *nom de plume* "Eros Wayback," passed peacefully hence, a few days ago. In his early years, he was a very successful teacher in the leading Catholic schools of St. John's. Of late he was associated with his brother-in-law Mr. G. Brocklehurst, Chemist and Druggist, Carbonear. His facile pen was ever ready and at the disposal of local journals. The QUARTERLY loses a sympathetic friend, as well as one of its most regular and gifted contributors, by the comparatively early demise of Mr. St. George. Even though he was conscious of his impending death, he made every effort to complete this touching little poem for the autumn issue of this magazine. With that keener vision, enlarged and illumed, till it is imbued with the prophetic, that is vouched to those who stand on the verge of the Immortal, and peer with clearer gaze into the unlocked mysteries of the Great Beyond, he saw and depicted human life as,—a fallen leaf. Slightly amending the last words of his last poem, let us hope that ere this, he has heard

". . . the reveille of God
Sound trumpet clear, throughout the spheres
For which he's waited thro' the years."]

THE leaves that waved o'er Summer leas
And danced upon the perfumed breeze
Whilst on the green cast grateful shade,
Where lowing kine at leisure strayed;
Or skipped the little lambs in play
Thro' out the gladsome vernal day:—
Or revelled in the Sun-god's gleam
Whilst scintillating in each beam
Of quivering light throughout the grove
That færy scenes of splendour wove;
And kissed the zephyr's lips soft-pressed,
Wandering from out the West;—
Are lying, now, upon the math,
And strew each glade and woodland path.
They cover every sheltered nook,
And float adown the gurgling brook
Whose sinuous line thro' gorse and lea
Is bent unto th' engulphing sea.
Oh, gorgeous tinted maple leaves,
I see you piled in sheaves on sheaves!
Ah! all your beauty, now, means death,
Whilst dropping at the Autumn's breath.
Altho' your tinted hue more rare
Than when you breathed spring-time air;
In tarnished splendour o'er the ground,
You rot in each increasing mound!

L'envoi.

"So like to man, tho' he is given
"The impress fair of highest heaven
"He walks the earth his little day,
"Then all unnoticed slips away;
"And lies beneath the turf-mound raised,
"Nor heeds tho' censured, yet, or praised!

"Just as these leaves of spring-tide birth,
"Our bodies, too, must seek the earth.
"Unlike these leaves that strew the sod,
"We'll hear the reveille of God
"Sound trumpet clear thro' out the spheres
"For which we've waited thro' the years."

The Passing of the Poet.

(In memory of Edward St. George—"Eros Wayback".)

By Dan Carroll.

AS SWEEPS the stately ship adown the bay,
Cleaving the waves that now on either hand,
Recede before her proud impetuous way,
In lines of foam that broaden towards the land;
Where fearful to put further out to sea,
And drifting idly near the brine-splashed strand,
Are frailer craft, whose lighter forms shall rise
Upon that wake's bright swell in swift, in glad surprise.

Fain would I chant a fitting requiem
O'er him whose earthly songs shall thrill no more,
But, ah! I dread a venturous sail to trim,
Or tempt my timid bark to leave the shore.

Thy passing stirred thy native sea of song
As did that ship careering towards the main,
The blue bay's peace;—but my poor skill is vain,
Like those frail shallops tossing there to lee.
'Tis but a wayworn wave that lifteth me,—
Yet, through my heart I've felt it's trembling tide
Throb a sad dirge when "Eros Wayback" died.

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Dated at St. John's, Newfoundland, this 25th day of September, A.D. 1906

C. S. PINSENT, Trustee.

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The Catholic Encyclopaedia.

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, Ph.D.



HE Catholic Encyclopædia, which is to be published in the United States of America by the Robert Appleton Company of New York, aims at furnishing accurate and complete information on every point concerning the doctrines and rites and discipline of Catholicism, and concerning the institutions and organizations and associations embraced within the Catholic Church. Such a work will be of inestimable value to everyone, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, who is obliged to write, or who finds himself in ignorance or perplexity about any Catholic subject. Two of the editors of this work are personal friends of mine. One of them, Dr. Pace, Professor of Psychology in the Catholic University of America, is an old fellow-student and class-mate of mine; he is one of the very ablest men in the United States and I really think that the proudest moment of my life was when I succeeded in carrying off from him the medal in dogmatic theology in Rome. Another of the editors, Dr. Shahan, the Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the same institution, is one of the first, and one of the kindest friends whom I made in the United States; and I well remember how he remarked to me, "Here is a case of the communion of souls; you and I, brought up in different circumstances, and trained in very different schools, meet by accident, and we find ourselves in complete agreement in principle and sentiment."

This work is due in part to a recognition that many of the misrepresentations concerning the Catholic religion are honest mistakes, which it is scarcely possible for non-Catholics to have avoided, so long as we did not furnish them with the means of finding correct information. It also originates in a feeling that some of the worst misrepresentations of the Catholic religion come from self-appointed champions and apologists, who very often put forward their own theological opinions, or the opinions of some particular school in which they have been brought up, as the authoritative or even as the dogmatic and unchangeable teaching of the Church. Thus opinions which at best are probable, and which often are contrary to the genuine spirit of the Catholic religion, are exhibited as what the Church asserts to be contained (explicitly or virtually) in the faith once delivered to the Saints. Men who are very imperfectly informed in Catholic theology, but who pose as self-constituted popes, attack everyone who will not agree with them, and are more orthodox than the Church, more papal than the Pope; while men who really know their own religion are assailed by aggressive and intolerant individuals. Everyone knows how Newman, to-day recognised as the greatest theologian of the nineteenth century, was for nearly twenty years misrepresented to the authorities in Rome. There were actually editors of Catholic newspapers and reviews that attacked him for his theory of development of doctrine; yet he lived to see the principle of development affirmed by the ecumenical council of the Vatican. Consequently, one of the most conspicuous characteristics of the Encyclopædia will be the drawing a clear distinction between the authoritative teaching obligatory upon the faithful, and the region of theological opinion; the utmost care, however, will be taken to adopt an impartial attitude towards all the schools and parties within the Church; and to be fair even to the unfair, and charitable even towards the uncharitable.

On the part of Messrs. Appleton, the motive in publishing is this. In their "Appleton's Encyclopædia," the articles on Catholic subjects abounded in gross mistakes, which appeared to the Catholics to be deliberate misrepresentations, and excited violent indignation. The sale for their Encyclopædia among Catholics, accordingly, was almost a total failure. They recognised, therefore, that they had made a mistake, in looking to non-Catholic writers for the information concerning Catholic subjects. Indeed, the absurdity of this plan would be clear, if the articles on Protestant subjects were written by Catholics. It is, indeed, more absurd; for nearly every one assumes that he knows, without study, all about the greatest, the most ancient, the most venerable, the most complex of Christian Churches. An American priest remarked to me: "Any and every Protestant you meet—the man in the street—thinks he can teach a Catholic the Catholic religion." "I find that quite natural," I said, "for every American I meet thinks he can instruct me in the British constitution and British laws." Messrs. Appleton are not the only house that have had to consult Catholic opinion. The Harpers, the most bigoted house in the United States, tried, but too late, to win Catholic support.

What is the cause of this great change in a nation founded by Cromwellians, separated from the mother country by Cromwellians, and which was dominated in 1865 by the Puritans? Mr. Barret Wendell, a professor of Harvard University, explains the change which has come over the American spirit, in an essay upon the American national character and mind, which he has written as a chapter in the Cambridge Modern History:— "[Formerly] in New England, the minister once elected, enjoyed an authority of extraordinary range and strength. The logical conclusion from (Calvinistic) ecclesiastical dogma is despotism. With his fellow-ministers, he was one of a chosen company, generally acting in harmony, whose position on Yankee earth faintly figured that of the Elect in a Yankee heaven." But Calvinism died from the following cause: "Acute wickednes, obviously deformed distortion of human character, is apt to develop chiefly in regions where population is congested. The social phenomena of Europe have usually been such as to warrant unfavourable conclusions about human nature, and these became crystallized in doctrines of human depravity. A sparse population, in an empty continent, free from every kind of social complexity, promoted the growth of a simpler type of character. The Elect, when the happy dwellers in such a region, find themselves surrounded by human beings who do not seem bound hell-ward. Calvinism no longer fits the case." They might say of course that God specially loves the dwellers in that particular locality. "But it is simpler to say that Calvin was mistaken about the extreme depravity of human nature; and that is what Americans on the whole have been disposed to say." He observes that the assertion that all men are born equal, with an inalienable right to liberty and happiness, was in contradiction (though they did not then see it) with Calvinism. Thus the English Cromwellians in assisting the American Revolution were assisting unknowingly in destroying their own religion. "As the American mind began to accustom itself to the new conception of human nature, which alone could justify republican institutions, many men saturated with ancestral Calvinism, found it necessary to revise their creed. Channing led the way by writing of Calvinism in these terms; 'Whoever will consult the famous (Westminister) Assembly's Catechisms and Confession will see the peculiarities of the system in all their length and breadth of deformity. A man of plain sense, whose spirit has not been broken to this creed by education or terror, will think it is not necessary for us to travel to heathen countries to learn how mournfully the human mind may misrepresent the Deity.' . . . There is a strong tendency among Americans of a religious turn toward the willing acceptance of ecclesiastical systems generally foreign to their earlier traditions. For example, throughout the country and even in New England, the strength of the Protestant Episcopal Church has tended for half a century steadily to increase, and so has that of the Church of Rome."*

*If the Conservatives had been in office at the time of the conference at Algeçiras, when the United States Government supported Germany against France and England, the Political Dissenters would have persuaded themselves that Anglicanism and "Toryism" were the only impediments to an Anglo-American alliance. Mr. Richard Whiting, "one of them," wrote a few years ago: "The thing which binds us closest to America is the religious sentiment in the Dissenting Bodies. The various churches that represent the principles of Independency on both sides of the ocean are bound together by their scheme of church government, which involves Republicanism in politics." The English Independents, it is true, are pro-American; but the American Independents are not pro-English but anti-English. We now have a Dissenters' government in Great Britain; is the United States

The growth of tolerance, respect, and sympathy for the Catholic Church was long retarded by political causes. The Catholic religion was regarded as Irish; and it is only within the last fifteen years or so, that the respectable, conscientious, and genuinely Irish portion of the Irish in the United States have obtained recognition as *the* Irish. Before that time, those who stuck themselves forward as *the* Irish (and unfortunately were allowed to do so) and who called anti-Irish any one who did not agree with them, were men who in character, in principles, in conduct, were neither Catholic nor Irish. When the question of the abolition of slavery arose, the "Irish politicians" (as the Americans call them) in the United States, were all opposed to emancipation. John Mitchell, having escaped from Australia by breaking his parole came to the United States, founded a newspaper, and in its columns defended slavery; and he sent his two sons to fight in defence of slavery. They persuaded the mass of the Irish that if the negro were emancipated he would come North and deprive them of employment (just as the English agricultural labourer has been persuaded that if Ireland had "Home Rule," the Irish would be so impoverished that they would flock over to England and deprive him of employment); and they did their best in the Northern States to keep the "fighting race" from coming forward to fight for the Union. When the war was over, it was seen that their whole power was directed to involve the country that gave them a home in a war on British America and with the greatest power in the world; of which the certain consequence would have been a fresh rebellion in the South, and probably with success for the South. It was seen that they had obtained American citizenship on false pretences by swearing that they renounced allegiance to Great Britain *and Ireland*. Their raids upon British America (where the Irish were better treated than in the United States) discredited and disgraced the United States to the advantage of England, and were followed by the assassination of the greatest Irishman of the generation following O'Connell. †

In 1882, the American Ambassador in London was warned by Mr. Justin McCarthy that Irish-Americans were coming over to Ireland to break the laws and get themselves arrested, that they might then claim protection, as American citizens, from the American Government, in the hope of creating war between the two powers. Those criminal lunatics are now put down; and the true Irish such as Mr. Onahan of Chicago (the grand old man of the Irish in America) and Mr. Crimmins of New York are recognised by public opinion as *the* Irish. These men suffered long in the cause of Catholic morality, the cause of constitutional reform, the cause of Ireland. Mr. Onahan was as ready to die for Ireland as his two grandfathers who (as he told me) perished in '98; but he knew that times were changed, that this is the age of constitutional reform, that Ireland and England have common interests, that the British Empire offers a great career to Irishmen; and he risked his life (as McGee lost it) to keep the Green Flag pure from all stain of association with anarchy and murder. He lived to see the Green Flag floating over Windsor Castle, and the Wearing of the Green on St. Patrick's Day recognised by royal order to the army (under a conservative ministry; as indeed, all recognition of the Green—such as the use of it in the coat of arms of the Royal University, and the placing of the Harp upon the Royal Standard—has been by Conservative Ministries).

When I first met Mr. Onahan, his grand countenance—grand as a Roman antique hero or god—was deeply marked by the signs of sorrow for the recent loss of his wife. As he talked over Irish affairs with me, and spoke of the Clan-na-Gael as impeding reform in Ireland (because reform is as much the enemy of revolution as revolution is the enemy of reform) and disgracing the Irish name, I interposed: "and persecuting every one not as insane as they,"—"Ah," he said, "it is *I* that know that. But they have no power now, except among drunkards and those who make drunkards." It is needless to say that in Ireland, reason has triumphed. "When I first met Mr. Redmond," writes Mr. W. M. Crook, "I was more or less of a separatist; *he made me an Imperialist*. . . . John Redmond knew the Empire; his wife was an Australian; and even when I first met him, he had been round the World . . . I say with some confidence that never, while John Redmond is leader, will the Irish party consent to be deprived of their rightful share in the government of the Empire" (the severest censure on Morley's attempt in 1886 to deprive Ireland of representation in the Imperial Parliament and thereby repeal the union). The acceptance of Mr. Onahan, Mr. Crimmins and Mr. Redmond * by American public opinion as *the* Irish has made "the Irish religion" respected.

Another cause of respect for the Catholic religion has been the consequences of the war with Spain. The American government found that the Filipinos could not be governed at all unless the Catholic religion were recognised as their national religion. It was necessary to establish an understanding with the Catholic Church in the United States. Thus the Puritan ministers who hallooed on the American mob to the war with Spain have outwitted themselves.

A third cause is the shadow of impending Socialism. President Roosevelt has changed his opinions on every point of public policy from Radicalism to Conservatism. On no subject has his change been so great and so striking as in his abandonment of the Radical's hatred of Catholicism for the Conservative's recognition that Catholicism is alike a bulwark of order against anarchy and a bulwark of individual liberty against Socialism. Such are the causes of the change in American opinion of which the publication of a Catholic Encyclopædia by the Appletons is only one (but a very striking) sign.

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more friendly to them than it was to the Conservatives? It is not more friendly, and it is less respectful. The ablest and most influential newspaper in New York has described the present Prime Minister of the United Kingdom as a feeble opportunist, without either backbone or principles, who has blundered in dealing with every question, and has had to be kicked by public opinion into the right course. I must say here, as to American "yellow journalism,"—If the yellowest newspaper in the United States is good enough for Mr. Morley to make it the mouth-piece of his pro-Boerism, and if *he* is good enough to be Secretary of State, then *it* is good enough for American hod-carriers and street-pavers to read. The American hod-carrier and the Radical Secretary of State are brought on common ground when the *New York Journal* (now called *The American*) is the channel of communication between them.

† Though these wretches assume the Celtic title of Fenian or Clan-na-Gael, they are usually descendants of Cromwellians and Covenanters. Dr. T. Dunbar Ingram points out that in 1798, "while the Celtic West was tranquil, the six counties in which the rebellion raged had been the most thickly planted by immigrants from England, and the majority of the peasantry in these counties had English or Scotch names. Four of the counties had formed the English Pale. Many of the leaders were Protestants." Their spirit is shown by a speech of one of them to an acquaintance of mine during the Boer war:—"Now is the time to strike England." "What would you strike her with? With your fist?" "I don't care; let us have some blood shed (not his own) *to keep up the old hatred*"—not to do any good to Ireland. In Montreal, the only city in Canada where there are Fenians, the widow of the murderer of D'Arcy McGee celebrated the anniversary of the murder during her life by hanging out the green flag. Those so-called Irishmen who allowed their flag to be disgraced were worse than she. A. M. Sullivan's *Story of Ireland* does not refer to the murder, and glorifies the Raids as the last grand exploits of the Irish race, and has the impudence to say that the Fenians won victories. [It is a question whether that book or Froude's *English in Ireland* takes the cake for fiction]. One hour after the shooting of President McKinley, one of those wretches said to one of my colleagues: "I am not sorry for *him*: he was a friend of England;" *i.e.* the ruler of every country which gives them a home ought to be shot if he will not sacrifice the interests of his country to promote their designs.

* Mr. Redmond during his visits to the United States, while speaking very strongly in favour of Irish self-government, against the centralized Union, has never said one word against England or the English. In this his language has honourably differed from that of the gentleman who is head of the Gaelic League; who when he came to Rochester, New York, made the Irish there so ashamed of his combination of affected vulgarity in accent and phrase, and of abuse of the English people, with devotion to centralized government [for the sake of his supposed personal and sectarian interests] that the Irishman who presided at his lecture and introduced him to the audience, excluded all notice of the lecture after its delivery from a newspaper of which he is sub-editor. Dr. Douglas Hyde's offence was considered all the greater because many Englishmen in Rochester had spontaneously proffered subscriptions to the fund raised to bring him there. The different kinds of Irishmen are well illustrated by the following story, which is literally correct. An Irishman about to deliver a St. Patrick's Day speech to an audience came to me to see if his facts were correct [for Irish-Americans know no Irish history]. Another countryman of his who had seen the address had said: "Aren't you going to say anything against England?" "I am *not*; I am going to praise my own people and let others alone." The "Rebel" Irish are all anti-Colonial, [I suppose because of our sympathy for the Irish], while the Catholic Irish are always ready to fight our battles.

Experiences in San Francisco.

By Rev. J. E. Peters.



"NO city in the country is to-day more wide-awake than San Francisco. None offers greater opportunities for residence, for business, for investment. * * * There is a city of destiny. The outlook promises, and facts help prove that here is established one of the cities of the ages that will take its place in the roll-call with Carthage, Constantinople, Rome, Venice, London, New York." So reads the opening paragraphs of the folder, entitled "San Francisco, California's Metropolis," that I obtained in that city last September.

After reading in the newspapers the telegrams concerning the appalling disaster that has overtaken the famous city, one who has been there so recently may be pardoned for an attack of *cacoethes scribendi.*

We stepped from the train at Oakland on the morning of a beautiful day, and were soon on board the luxurious ferry steamer bound for "Frisco." Unfortunately, the wind was ahead, so that the smoke from the city was blown towards us and precluded a good view from the water. It was plain, however, that the city was situated on a somewhat hilly site, and that the buildings were closely packed. Our first care was to find the station, from which we were to leave for San José in the evening so that we might deposit hand-baggage and get large baggage checked. The next thing needful was to find our bank and change our draft; that attended to, we were free to take in as many sights as possible during the few hours at our disposal.

In order to find out what might best be accomplished, we found our way to the Y. M. C. A. building, told one of the secretaries our business, and found that he was only too willing to direct us. Of course his first suggestion was to visit Cliff House, where we might see seals and surf, but when we told him that we came from a land where the seal fishery was one of the chief industries, and that we were all too familiar with the Atlantic surf, he quietly remarked that it would hardly be worth our while to spend our time in that way, but instead suggested the Golden Gate Park or Spreckles.

Acting upon the plan he suggested, we first visited the celebrated "Call" building. This is a huge square tower-like structure rising fifteen stories, surmounted by a dome in which there are four stories more. After visiting the Italian restaurant on the fourteenth story we took the elevator for the Cupola at the top, and soon found ourselves viewing the city from that coign of vantage. Here we were at least twenty stories from the ground, with a clear uninterrupted view in all directions. Away down below were the streets, busy with street cars and vehicles of all descriptions, and with the genus *homo*—we were too far away to detect sex or race distinctions—moving about in all directions. No sounds from the busy streets reached us, but just below us there was at intervals the peculiar, rapid tapping of the electric riveter, a sound to be heard in every city now that we are in the era of the steel-framed building.

Having descended to *terra firma*, we walked a short distance along streets lined with magnificent stores to The Palace of Diamonds on Montgomery Street. We found ourselves in what might have been considered a veritable fairy palace, but here everything was real. Down the entire length of the store were two glass covered show-cases filled with all kinds of jewelry, all of it gold, and set with diamonds. The walls were covered with plate glass mirrors which made the place seem very large and all the more gorgeous, whilst electric lights flashed out in all directions and caused many-colored tints to be seen in the heavy crystal electrobiers.

Courteous assistants bade us welcome, called our attention to the pictures frescoed on the ceiling adorned with genuine diamonds, showed us a tray of rings on which was one worth $6000, and gave us a little souvenir booklet. The glitter of the gold, the flash of the diamonds, and the brilliance of the electrical display made an impression on the memory that will not easily be effaced. But alas for worldly treasure! the telegraph message said "the fire is raging on Montgomery Street," and this Palace of Diamonds is probably a melancholy wreck.

We next climbed the hill to China-town where 30,000 celestials have their quarters in a space that is covered by twelve blocks. One did not need to *fancy* that he was in China Up and down by the sides of the shop windows were Chinese characters, in the windows were all manner of Chinese wares, and the only human beings that one saw were Chinese, some in their native costumes, and others clad in American garb. We went into one large store where we saw most beautiful silks and embroideries—at too stiff a price, however, for our slender purse,—and most delicate china of all kinds, but we did not essay a purchase, for we had seen the baggage-men landing trunks at the various stations, and we thought that we could better endure the doing without, than find our delicate and dainty bits shivered to fragments when next we opened our trunks.

From China-town we went to Golden Gate Park by the cable cars, a ride of twenty-five minutes for a five-cent fare. Days might be spent in this beautiful place, to say nothing of a few hours. The grounds are laid out with exquisite taste and are kept in splendid order. The drives and walks are finished with crude petroleum so that there is no dust to dull the vivid green of the grass, or the charming tints of the flowers. On all sides were flowers; roses of all descriptions, fuchsias grown to shrubs four or five feet in height and covered with blooms, lilies of many varieties, dahlias of many colors—all of them growing out in the open air just as do the hardier perennials in our northern clime. Tropical plants of all kinds are to be found in a very fine conservatory. With commendable wisdom the authorities have each plant labelled with its ordinary as well as its scientific name, together with the place from which it was brought. Not far removed from the conservatory is the museum. As the building is in the Egyptian style the plain and peculiar looking exterior gives no suggestion of the trearures within. At the entrance we were met by a lad who asked for our umbrellas and camera and gave a check for them; in answer to a question as to the cost of taking care of these valuables, the lad responded with a cheery, "nothing, sir." Such magnanimity on the part of "the powers that be" makes a pleasant oasis in the dreary monotony of the "five cents an article, sir," of the railway stations and other places where your hand baggage is either demanded or bestowed. It is not easy to describe all that is to be seen in that building. In one room are all manner of articles gathered from the Indian tribes, in another a fac simile of all the furniture in the bed chamber of the Great Napoleon at

Versailles; in another mummies from Egypt and casts from the Babylonian monuments, in another mineral specimens of all kinds, together with a great profusion of gems and precious stones. Collections of ancient armour and weapons, coins and medals, copies of famous documents, pottery ancient and modern, paintings and statuary—all these and many others "too numerous to mention" are open for inspection "free, gratis, and for nothing." A little further on is the open-air concert arena, a large and level plot of grass, seated with benches to accommodate an audience of several thousands. The band stand is in the shape of an immense triumphal arch, apse-like on the inside, and flanked on either side with a double colonnade. Other items of interest are the aviary with hundreds of living birds in many species, parks containing deer, elk, and buffalos, a lake in which sport swans and many kinds of water fowl, a handsome building surrounded by grounds dedicated especially to the use of children, and a Japanes tea garden where all kinds of rockeries, narrow winding paths ingeniously laid out, fantastic bridges, and a tea house where tea and cake are served in Oriental style for the modest sum of ten cents.

Many of the principal buildings could only be seen by us as we sped along in the cars: the City Hall, the Palace of Justice, the Palace Hotel, the Mint, the churches, all of them of elegant design, telling to all observers not merely that the citizens were wealthy, but that they were artistic in their tastes.

The traffic viewed from the street-car was a most interesting study. Here might be seen six or eight heavy draft horses hauling a large iron tank, containing crude petroleum; yonder were large trucks piled high with boxes of canned or dried fruits; whilst horses and carts, and carriages of all descriptions were endeavouring to get in opposite directions, thus adding to the apparent confusion. Into the tangle comes the electric car, but it gets no right of way. The motorman understands the situation, he sounds his gong to let the teamster know that he is at his cart's tail, but he must slow up and follow cautiously. The teamster understands the situation, too, he does not look back to see where the car is, his eyes are intent on what is before him and when opportunity offers he turns out and the car passes on.

For the more leisurely sight-seeing pedestrian, the shop-window's presented endless attractions. Here were displayed articles of all kinds, from ponderous mining machinery to the most elegant jewelry, together with all the articles in the mechanical, and furnishing, and grocery, and drygoods, and literary, and art departments that were necessary to supply the needs and luxuries of all classes and grades of society—from the men with the pick toiling for the gold, to those who had the minted gold jingling in their pockets, or the manufactured gold glittering on their person.

But what a difference between the San Francisco that we saw in September, 1905, and the San Francisco that Rev. Wm. Taylor saw September, 1849. He says "We ascended the hill above Clark's Point and got our first view of the city of San Francisco. Not a brick house in the place, and but few of wood, and they were constructed mainly of lumber from goods boxes, and three or four single-story abode houses; not a pier or wharf in the harbor, but a vast encampment in tents of about twenty thousand men and about ten women." At that time "potatoes were fifty cents a pound; South American apples, fifty cents each; dried apples, seventy five cents a pound; Oregon butter, two dollars and fifty cents a pound; fresh beef, fifty cents a pound; flour, fifty dollars a barrel; lumber from three to four hundred dollars per thousand feet."

Concerning the city that we saw, the following facts may be of interest. Its population was in the vicinity of 500,000, the assessed valuation of property was $545,866,446, the bank clearings for a year were over $1,500,000,000, there were 180 miles of electric railway and 77 miles of cable road, 4 libaries containing over 500,000 volumes, 82 public schools, 28 public parks, 62 hotels, and 30 leading churches, beside a number of smaller ones.

Nothing so became our visit to San Francisco as our manner of leaving it. After crossing to Oakland we boarded one of the magnificently equipped trains that carry first class sleeping-car passengers only to Chicago in the shortest time, but with the greatest comfort. The train consisted of Pullman sleeping-cars, all of them fitted with electricity, not only for call bells, but for lighting purposes. In addition to the lights overhead there were lights for each seat. Upon raising a plated cover a small bulb of ground glass was found attached to the underside, and when the cover was raised to the proper point a spring caught it and switched on the current, whilst the plated socket served as a parabolic reflector. At the rear of the train was an observation car which was a much advertised specialty of this particular "Overland Limited." For smokers there was a spacious apartment where refreshments were served and where there were easy-chairs, writing desks, and current periodicals, whilst for those who did not indulge in the "weed" there was a spacious parlor furnished with broad plate windows, luxurious easy-chairs with hassocks, a library containing the works of popular authors, current magazines in leather covers, and a writing desk provided with all materials for correspondence, including daintly tinted and embossed writing paper. The platform at the end of the car was broad and roomy and had every convenience for passengers who wished to sit outside. All the privileges of this car were at the disposal of all the passengers without extra charge. Amidst such sumptous surroundings we sped along enjoying the magnificent scenery of the mountains till by and by Ogden was reached, and we stepped into another train that took us to Salt Lake City.

Britannia Cove, Trinity Bay.

To Earl Grey and Party

On their Visit to Newfoundland.

By Dan Carroll.

FROM our fair sister land, from where
The broad St. Lawrence mirrors clear,
The spires of a thousand fanes,
We give thee gracious welcome here.

A welcome warm and broad and deep,
(Untainted by the hints that fall,
From party-press and partisans)
Goes out unto you one and all.

* * * * * *

The maple leaf we'll twine to-day
In Terra Nova's wreath of fern;
Bright scion of the house of Grey
Bon voyage and may you soon return.

Newfoundland Name-Lore.

By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D.

XVI.

SALVAGE.

THE southern, or western, side of the entrance to Trinity is formed by an island or peninsula, (for I find it represented in both ways on different maps), called Salvage Hill. The name is Spanish (pronounced *Sal-vah-hay*) hence at present it is pronounced by the people not *Sal*-vege, but Sal-*vage*, with the accent on the second syllable and the long sound of a, as in rage. It is the name given by the Spaniards to the Indians; Portuguese, Selvagem; Italian, Selvaggio; French, Sauvage. It is to be met with on many parts of our coast, and is translated on our English maps, as Indian Head, Wild Cove, Savage Harbour, &c.

Coming southward from Trinity we pass a Harbour called

TROUTY.

Concerning this name Canon Smith says: "Trouty a purely English name unique because none other of the same name in Newfoundland. It is so named because a river runs into the harbour once celebrated for the abundance of trout it contained," but the name under a slight change is not unique. There is a "*Trout River*," a small cove near Bonne Bay. Then

CUCKHOLD'S COVE.

This name is also repeated, thus we have it again between St. John's and *Kitty Vitty*.

It is difficult to understand why this name in its ordinary meaning should be applied to any place on our coast. It may be remarked, however, that there is a species of fish called the Cuckhold. It is a southern ocean fish, otherwise called the *Cow fish* (*Ostracion Camellinus*). It is somewhat like the Bream, a fish common in our waters, and which has given its name to some places as, Point Bream, in Placentia Bay. We next come to

SPANIARD'S BAY

This name and varieties of it, such as Spanish Room, Spaniard's Harbour, &c., are found repeated on our coast. The best known is the harbour bearing this name near Harbour Grace in Conception Bay. Our early planters did not always distinguish between Portuguese and Spaniards, but called them all indiscriminately—Spaniards. This was owing to their similarity of national characteristics, language and appearance; also to the fact that Portugal was subject to the Crown of Spain from 1580 to 1640. It is certain that the Spaniards frequented our coasts in those days. As Hayes in his account of Sir Humphry Gilbert's enterprise (1583) mentions distinctly both Spaniards and Portuguese ships as being in St. John's Harbour. But the Portuguese have left their impress in a more marked manner. In fact they completely ousted Spain from any claim to, or interest in Newfoundland. The wily monarch—King John II.—by a ruse having induced King Ferdinand of Spain to alter the Line of Demarcation laid down by Pope Alexander VI. and so secured the possession of the Island of Newfoundland to the Crown of Portugal. An old Spanish writer, Suza, says the Spanish made a settlement in Placentia in 1521 and no doubt they, and not the French, gave it the name as we shall see later on. They also founded the settlement of *Spanish Room* on the west side of Placentia Bay where some ruins of a Chapel are still shown. We also learn from the above author that they cruised along the South Coast of Newfoundland as far as Cape Ray, thence crossing to Cape Breton they founded the settlement of Spanish Bay the name borne, till quite recently, by Sydney.

A few miles to the South West of Spaniard's Bay* is the harbour of

BONAVENTURE.

This was a favourite name with the Spaniards and Portuguese. It means "welcome" or "fortunate" and the application is obvious. It appears on the earliest dated maps which we possess such as Majollo's A. D. 1527,—and was no doubt given by Cortereal.

A little to the S. W. of Bonaventure is a harbour called, on the Maps

BRITISH HARBOUR

"The old name for this place," I am informed by Canon Smith, "was

"SHUT-IN HARBOUR

"a most appropriate name, as the harbour is surrounded by "high hills which completely *shut it in*, on every side except the "entrance thereto. Our fishermen with their general aptitude "to mispronounce," corrupted the name in a manner which may be imagined but cannot be written. As a sort of compromise it received the name of Filthy Harbour! "a most inappropriate "name and one conferring an altogether unwarranted stigma "upon the inhabitants of the place who are and have always been "noted for cleanliness in their persons and surroundings." It is evident that the services of the "Nomenclature Committee" are necessary here.

Between British Harbour and New Bonaventure is a small place which the fisherman call

CARELESS HARBOUR

this as appears from the maps should be

KERLEY'S HARBOUR

from a man of that name who first settled there.

Between this and the bottom of the Bay there is a large number of names of small places, not of any historical account and some of them not very euphonious such as, "Old Tilt," "Gin Cove," "Bald Nap," "Hatchet Cove," "Butter Cove," "Tea Cove," &c. No doubt all of them have some local history, or point to some natural conformation of the land or water. The only one I wish to allude to particularly just now is

RANDOM

Island and Sound. I have not heard any explanation of this name. It appears on Cook's maps as far back as 1784, and perhaps even more remotely. It is strange that on some old maps this Island is called

IRELAND,

and at the present day a small island at the N. E. of Random is called *Ireland's Eye*. On the French Maps it is simply called *Oëil* (eye). On Lotter's map, 1720, Ireland's Eye. "Forming a part of New Bonaventure," I quote from Canon Smith, "are *White Point*, *George's Cove*, and *Cat's Cove*. White Point is so named from the appearance of the head itself which is chiefly composed of white sand stone. George's Cove named after the

* Canon Smith says, this name was given on account of a wreck of a Spanish ship there many years ago.

George family of New Harbour, some of that name now live at Bonaventure.

CATS' COVE

named after the wild cat, locally known as the wood-cat. "My firm belief is," continues Canon Smith, "that every place in Newfoundland known as Cat's Cove has been so named after the wood-martin. That little animal was far more common on the sea-coast, and that up to quite recent times within my own memory, than many suppose. When I was a boy the wood cats were frequently trapped in Smith's Sound in Trinity Bay. Cat Harbour on the north side of C. Freels may possibly have been named after the seal-cat, but even this is doubtful. There are sand-dunes there and in the spring of 1870 I found there stumps of large trees buried in the sand, so three hundred years ago the place may have been heavily timbered."

Coming Southwards towards the bottom of Trinity Bay we reach the inlet called

BAY BULLS' ARM.

This name became of world-wide fame about a half a century since, by the landing there of the shore end of the first Atlantic cable in 1858. The name is repeated in the well known and prosperous settlement of Bay Bulls—a few miles south of Saint John's. The origin of the name, however, is puzzling. Several suggestions are put forward, but they are not convincing. In the first place it is doubtful whether the word is originally English or corrupted from the French. Some of the French maps translate it from the English into *Baye des Taureaux*. Others, however, make a French word of it. Thus *M. Baudouin*, the military chaplain of D'Iberville's army, who, marching over the land from Placentia in 1697, captured Ferryland, Bay Bulls, Whittles Bay and St. John's, writes it *Baye Boulle*. The French word *Boule* means a ball or playing bowl, and it has been applied to the large sized beach stones *(galets)* which are rounded like bowls. But as these are common to many harbours it may be asked, why it should be especially applied to this harbour in particular. The same may be said of another suggested solution, viz., that it is derived from the roaring of the water, which sounds like the bellowing of a bull. But this is heard in many other harbours, even more so than in Bay Bulls. The name is found as far back as 1622. In a letter of Captain Daniel Powells, written from Ferryland to Hon. Secretary Calvert, he writes of "the *Bay of Bulls*."

Coming around the Bottom of Trinity Bay we meet the name

CHAPEL ARM.

This name is found repeated in different parts of the Island. It probably has some connection with Lieutenant Chappel who in 1813 made a cruise of the shores in H.M.S. *Rosamond*.

There is also the name

RANTEM,

another mysterious and unexplained name (as far as I know). It looks like a corruption of Random, or perhaps vice versa.

Coming up the south side of Trinity Bay we have some very pretty names, such as, *Heart's Desire, Heart's Ease. Heart's Content*. The last is the best known as being the terminus of the Atlantic Cable. Bay Bulls Arm was found unsuitable. The Chaplain Baudouin, in describing D'Iberville's adventure of 1697, gives this Harbour the name of *Havre Content*, or Contant or Content Harbour, or Counting Harbour, but I have no doubt that he had mistaken the sound of the English name *Heart's Content*. He also calls Heart's Ease, *Arcisse!*



Photo. by P. Figary.

PLACENTIA—SOME YEARS AGO.

Historic Placentia.

By Wm. F. O'Reilly, J.P.

A GREAT deal has already been written about this old town, but with a subject abounding with historical associations of over two and one-half centuries, much more can be said without exhausting it.

As far as can be gleaned from the records, Placentia was founded and fortified by the French about the year 1640. That it was the headquarters of the Frenchman in Newfoundland is shown by the work of both Church and State about that time, and up to the signing of the Treaty of Utrecht, when the fortunes of war had gone against France both in Europe and America, and the Tri-color was supplanted by the "Meteor flag of England" in Placentia.



HON. E. M. JACKMAN,
Minister of Finance and Customs.
Member for District of Placentia and St. Mary's.

A chapel was built here previous to 1650, and in the year 1689 the Bishop of Quebec visited Placentia and established the Convent of Our Lady of the Angels—on that site where the old Anglican Church now stands. The records of the foundation of the Convent, and the Episcopal visitation, are to be found in the Archiepiscopal Archives of Quebec. The remains of the old forts show that the work of construction must have cost the French a fabulous sum of money. That they were well built is proven by the fact that it was long after all other French portions of Newfoundland had become British that the Flag of England floated over Castle Hill. What stirring scenes the old place must have witnessed when England and France battled for supremacy in and about Fort Louis.

In the year 1713 we find the British ensign flying from the old French flag-staff on the Hill. The town was again fortified and garrisoned, and British troops held sway for the next one hundred years. Then the old English laws which told so hard on the early settlers were rigidly enforced, and the Surrogate reigned supreme, administering Justice from the quarter deck.

Several curious old records are in existence here. One signed Brown, Surrogate, declaring it unlawful to clear a patch of land in or about Placentia—as late as the year 1800. Under such conditions it can be readily seen "that progress was not only retarded but impossible."

In the year 1786, Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV., visited Placentia and remained over winter. Records show that on several occasions during his stay he administered Justice in the Court House which had recently been built. One of the most interesting events of The Sailor King's wintering in Placentia was that of Edward Collins, who was taken by the Prince to England, and afterwards rose to the position of Lieutenant in the Navy. That he was brave, there is not the shadow of a doubt. After 20 years distinguishing himself in the sea battles of the day, we find him back again in Placentia, where he died shortly afterwards. He was a kinsman of the Collinses here.

Antiquarians are well repaid for a sojourn in the old Town where many old relics of France and England are to be seen.

A grant of land signed by Louis XIV., and countersigned by his Prime Minister—Phelypaux, reminds us of French days. And several old English documents, as well as the Communion Plate, now in the possession of Mr. Bradshaw, are mementoes of H. R. H. William Henry's visit here.

Of course no one would think of leaving Placentia without viewing the old ruins of the Forts, and to go away without a visit to the old Church Yard is a thing not to be thought of. Here are to be found the old Basque headstones dating as far back as 1676, which up to a few years ago had defied the most learned linguists to interpret them.

Since that time His Grace the Archbishop published a pamphlet, giving sketches and translations of these engravings, and so we are again, as on many other occasions, indebted to our Archbishop for the explanation of many things connected with the ancient history of Placentia. The inexorable hand of time is playing sad havoc with these old stones and unless something be done to preserve them ere long these historic relics—our connecting link with the old Basque fisherman of 1640—will have crumbled into dust. A few days ago His Grace wrote in the local papers asking to have these stones taken care of by somebody for the public. With this suggestion I thoroughly agree. These are not private property and something should be done to keep them from crumbling away, as they are most interesting historical records. The Old Church which has withstood the wind and weather and high tides, too, of over 150 years, is now nearly down. A new church has been built within the past year by our Anglican friends.

The Old Court House, another Centenarian, was taken down a year or two ago.

So much for the musty past—for this time, but much more

could be told of Ancient French and English Placentia.

Placentia to-day boasts of one of the most beautiful R. C. Churches in our Island Home. The work was carried on by the late Rev. M. A. Clancy, who was Parish Priest of Placentia for many years. It is a monument to his energy and zeal. He died at his home in Ireland some years ago, but his memory will ever be held green by the people of Placentia.—May he rest in peace. At the present time the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Reardon is erecting a magnificent and costly altar which he recently imported from Canada, and which will, when finished, be in keeping with the rest of our beautiful Church.

Our schools are doing good work. The Convent, presided over by the ladies of the Presentation Order, is second to none in the country.

Our scenery is magnificent, and would take the pen of a Walter Scott to describe it. Who has entered the place, either by rail along the placid waters of the North East Arm, or by boat between the historic points of Point Verde and the sheltering heights of Castle Hill, without being struck with its scenic beauties? The Sportsman is also well repaid for a holiday here. Where can better sport with dog and gun be had than on the Partridge Grounds of Cape Shore? Or where can the angler find more enjoyment than in the North-East and South-East Rivers, or in the many pools and rivers along the old road to St. John's? By the way, I went over this old road to Salmonier a few days ago, and it certainly needs repairs if it is not to be allowed to fall into disuse. Something should be done because it is a most valuable highway and used not alone by sportsmen, of which there are numbers, as along this road are some of the best trout and salmon pools in the country—but by the fisherman-farmers of Cape Shore who drive cattle in large numbers over it every year to the St. John's market.



CAPT. THOMAS BONIA,

Commander of the s.s. *Neptune* on the Fishery Service.
Member for the District of Placentia and St. Mary's.



MICHAEL S. SULLIVAN,

Land Surveyor.
Member for the District of Placentia and St. Mary's.

The Star of the Sea Hall, built some years ago, is a fine building, and reflects credit on its members. Another fine structure is the Court House, which is an ornament to the town.

The place is prosperous, therefore, the people are happy and contented. Unfortunately great numbers of our young men have to "go West" to find employment, the fishery of late years having been unable to employ all. What is most badly needed in Placentia is the opening up of some avenue of employment so that our young men can be kept at home and thus devote their energies and abilities to the building up of the home land instead of the American and Canadian cities.

Trade is flourishing—at least our merchants are not complaining—and that should be a good sign of the times. The old outport prices have long since been consigned to the same Archives as the old French records. Competition is keen and the "one per cent" is no longer looked for.

The value of Placentia as a tourist resort is fast becoming known, each year our visitors both local and foreign are increasing. We have a great deal to offer those who pay us a visit.

By and by when Newfoundland in general, and Placentia in particular, get better known we expect our share of the "golden stream" of tourists—from both East and West—and thus make our scenic and sporting resources an asset, and serve the purpose of bringing us in the hard cash.

However, before we can do much in the tourist traffic, the first thing Placentia needs is the bridge to connect the north side—where the Railway terminus is—with the town. To the most unobservant it must be patent that the large numbers of people crossing daily cannot be accommodated by the present means. These boats did well enough a quarter of a century ago when the number crossing was not one-tenth of those crossing at present—and besides the inconvenience there is also the danger to life crossing in stormy weather and on the ice.

Too much cannot be said in favor of this bridge but it is too important a subject to be dealt with at the end of this article, so I will leave it for the present by assuring you, Mr. Editor, that the absence of a bridge is the greatest drawback Placentia has.

Placentia, August 27th, 1906.



[*Photos. by James Vey.*]

RT. REV. MONGR. V. F. REARDON, P.P.



R. C. CHURCH, PLACENTIA.



[*Photo by P. Doyle.*]

TOWN OF PLACENTIA.

Placentia as a Tourist Resort.

"WHERE the sea thro' all the mountains, stretches up long arms between,
Flashing, sweeping, with swift current, like a river rushing on,
Till the tide turns and the current turning too, is seaward drawn,
Skirting mountain brow and valley, changing still, yet still the same,
Opening up unnumbered vistas, fairer far than lands of fame,
Scenes to make an artist famous, to the world as yet unknown,
Lovlier than that Lakeland region, sung by poets of its own.
Nestling in its sea-girt valley, 'midst its mountains forest clad,
Lies Placentia rich in story, that might make an author glad."

From "How We Saw Placentia," by ISABELLA.

PLACENTIA has ever been the theme of the writer, the singer and the historian. Its situation, the beauty of its scenery and its historic associations all beget and retain never-failing interest. The Town proper is situated on a beach thrown up by the sea, and kept in place by the Atlantic on one side and the swift strong currents of the South-East and North-East Arms on the other. It is unique in its situation and surroundings. It is flanked and protected by the towering summits of Castle Hill on the one side, and the beetling Strouter and fair slopes of Mount Pleasant on the other. The Arms run inland for miles, and are charming in the beauty and variety of their scenery. To the angler they supply some of the very best fishing in Newfoundland. The tides flow in and out the Arms every six hours, and to stand on the break-water for a short time and watch

"The tide that moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home."

is calculated to create a feeling in the observer, akin to hypnotism. It fascinates the spectator, and can be gazed on with pleasure for hours at a stretch. It has beaches capable of drying and curing thousands of quintals of fish. At one time it was the opulent centre of a great bank fishery. When we find the reason why it is more profitable for Placentia men and other Newfoundlanders, to sail from Gloucester to our local fishing banks, and catch and carry fish in American craft to American ports, and when the mysterious obstacles are removed, Placentia will be the wealthiest town in the Island, as it is better adapted, as has been proved, to the successful prosecution of the bank fishery than any other port North or South.

When the people of Placentia realize to the full how profitable it is to business of every kind, to have large numbers of summer visitors, they will begin in real earnest to cater to it. Shop-keepers, hotels, boarding-house keepers, fishermen and farmers, all will be taxed to their utmost to supply the needs of tourists.

The salmon and sea-trout fisheries of Placentia, if properly protected, are worth thousands of dollars annually to the people of Placentia. It would be very much more profitable to the residents to have visitors catch their fish, than if they caught them themselves. The visitors need boarding houses, out-fits, guides, boats, carriages, fresh fish, berries, eggs, fresh butter, &c., and every man, woman and child in the neighbourhood would be kept busy at profitable employment, to supply them. As an instance of what may be done in this connection, it may be interesting to cite Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. It is not much larger than Placentia, and has nothing like Placentia's attractions to offer to visitors, yet last season it was estimated that its revenue from tourists amounted to $50,000.00. What a benefit to the town it would be, if this amount in American gold, were distributed each year. All the people of Placentia ought to band together and protect their rivers; it is everyone's interest to do so. They then ought to make an effort to advertise their attractions and in a couple of years, there would be a marked improvement.



[*Photo. by Sol. Young, New York.*]

VERY REV. J. J. ST. JOHN, P.P., ARGENTIA.



[*Photo by Very Rev. J. St. John.*]

SCENE AT A GARDEN PARTY AT ARGENTIA.

It is so easy of access by steam and rail, and it has so many delightful resorts in its near neighbourhood, that the wonder is, that it is not flooded with visitors. Up either of the Arms is an ideal place for a day's outing or picnic parties. Within easy walking distances is Argentia, a name suggested by the many signs of silver in the neighbourhood and Silver Cliff Mine, another beautiful holiday place. Then one can take the steamer and visit the many islands and towns in the Bay. Burin, Oderin, Presque, Paradise, Merasheen, Isle Valen, all have a beauty and variety of their own, and would well repay a visit.

Placentia is represented in the Executive Government by the Hon. Edward M. Jackman, who holds the portfolio of Finance Minister. Mr. Jackman is the most successful Minister that has ever held that office, and reflects credit on his Country as well as his constituency. He is assisted in his advocacy of the interests of his District by the genial Captain Tom Bonia, a practical and successful fisherman, and Mr. M. Sullivan, one of our most successful young civil engineers. With such energetic representatives, and with all its natural advantages, Placentia ought very soon be among the wealthiest and most progressive Districts of the Islands.



R. C. CHURCH AND PRESBYTERY, ARGENTIA.



[*Photo. by P. Doyle.*]

PLACENTIA.

Two Symphonies.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

I MADE a symphony in days gone by
From the discordant music in my soul
Compelled to harmony, and made to roll
In varying movements, while the storm rose high
That 'whelmed the structure I had built so nigh
My heart's red core; and with a voice of dole
I called it "Love in Ruins," and paid toll
For past delights with many a bitter sigh.

I'll make another symphony some day,
About Love's palace I have reared again
Above the ruin; I shall celebrate
The julep sweet I have distilled from pain;
And bind the chords together of that lay
With melody springing from a heart elate.

St. John's, September, 1906.

Cecilia.

By Rev. Richard Howley, D.D.

CECILIA, V. M., was a rich, beautiful and noble Roman maiden, who suffered and died for the faith of Christ A.D. 177. Her festival is celebrated by the Church on Nov. 22nd. In the very midst of the glamour and gaiety of her wedding feast, —"Cantantibus organis"—while the organ pealed forth its hymn of rejoicing—Cecilia publicly renewed the vow of virginity by which she had already consecreated herself to God. Nay! she even prevailed on the young Valerian, her spouse, to withdraw his claim in favor of that prior and more spiritual bond. "I have a lover," she said, "you know not of, an angel of my lord," and "pure be my heart and undefiled my body."—(*Act Stm Bolland*). To the Prefect she repeated "I am the Bride of my Lord Jesus Christ." Valerian, with his brother Tibertins whom he converted to the faith, was baptized and they both suffered martyrdom before Cecilia. She was first condemned to suffocation in a hot-air bath, but survived that ordeal. Then, partially beheaded by three blows from the Lictor's axe which left her still alive for two days and nights, she calmly passed away and brought with her to heaven her double crown of martyrdom and music.

"The acts," i.e., the detailed facts, of the passing of Cecilia were carefully noted, and faithfully handed down from age to age of the Church. They are found in their place in that rich repository of sacred story the "Acta Sanctorum."

St. Cecilia was entombed in the Great Catacomb of Saint Callixtus, Pope and Martyr, and close to the body of that Pontiff. The sacred scene is a great resort of Roman students and an attraction for Roman visitors of all creeds, tongues and nations.

The following ode was written for the Cecilian Society of the University of Notre Dame on the occasion of their annual tribute to the Martyr Queen of Song. It was first published in *The Scholastic*, the academic organ of Notre Dame, and was afterwards reprinted in divers journals and periodicals in Europe and America. It is new, however, I think, to Newfoundland.

Cecilia.

("Cantantibus organis Cecilia decantabat Domino."—Ant. in Fest, S. Cæ.)

I.

Oh mighty Rome! Oh cruel Rome!
Vassal, at last, to Music's sway!
Hark how thy hollow catacomb
Resounds Cecilia's magic lay!
There, laid by great Callixtus' side
She sleeps in beauty 'mid the just,
Ah, Rome, while runs old Tiber's tide
Enthroned in Song she shall preside
Above thy monumental dust.
Music still breathes from that fair form
Through mute in death—and martyred hosts
Seem thrilled to life, while quick and warm
Around her throng th' enraptured ghosts!

II.

To Music.

Pulse of the Universe—voice of all feeling—
Hymn of earth's gladness and plaint of her woe;
Essence ethereal—rainbow revealing
Glimpses of heaven to us exiles below—
Music Divine!!—God speaks in thy numbers,
His love and His light are thy life and thy spring;
Murmur of spheres while the Spirit world slumbers,
Dreaming while angels low lullabys sing!

Cecilia's Song.

Hark to the notes that resound to her fingers!
How her soul vibrates to God's mystic breath!
On the glad air how the melody lingers
Song of the swan that gives sweetness to death!
Clear o'er the spirit strain
Cecilia's sweet refrain
Sounds the full chord
"Clean be my heart to Thee,*
"Thy living light to see,
"Source of all Harmony,
Father and Lord"!

Love spreads his lures: Death lights his fires,
And still she strikes the tuneful string,
To heavenly heights her song aspires
"Clean be my heart to Thee, My King"!
"*Immaculatum*"—full and clear
From voice and organ swells the tone
While choirs angelic pause to hear
A music sweeter than their own.

III.

Orison to Cecilia.

Mother of music!—thy bosom is teeming
With melody, fruit of love's bountiful fire!
Virgin!—thy spirit for ever is beaming
With rays that are struck from the strings of the Lyre.
Martyr Cecilia!—Oh bless the devotion
To music and thee that unites our glad throng.
Attune all our hearts, through this sacred emotion,
To cherish thy name and re-echo thy song!
By music's mystic rites,
Banded thy loyal knights
Guarding, for song's delights,
Hearts ever clean,
Ever, Cecilia, be,
To our glad company,
Mistress of Melody,
Patron and Queen.

* "Fiat cor meum immaculatum."—(*Ad. Vesp. Stæ. Cæc.*)

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St. John's Municipal Council.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

THE following Section from the Municipal Act, 1902, is published for the information of the Public, viz.:—

"No person shall build, erect, or put up any building or erection other than such as shall "be built of brick, stone, or other uninflammable material, and roofed or covered with iron, "slate, or other uninflammable material, in such parts of the said town as are hereinafter "described, that is to say:

"On the South side and to the Southward of Duckworth Street;

"On the South side and to the Southward of George Street;

"On the South side and to the Southward of a line drawn parallel to and two hundred "feet to the Northward of, the North side of that part of Water Street which lies between "Flower Hill firebreak and Job's Bridge.

"All houses, buildings and erections of wood which since the ninth day of June, in the "year one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, have been already built, or which shall here-"after be built on the South side and to the Southward of Duckworth Street and George "Street aforesaid respectively; and all houses, buildings and erections of wood which since "the thirty-first day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, have "been already built, or which shall hereafter be built on the South side and to the Southward "of the said line drawn parallel to, and two hundred feet to the Northward of the North side "of that part of Water Street which lies between Flower Hill firebreak and Job's Bridge, as "aforesaid, shall be public nuisances, and shall be abated as provided by this Act."

By order,

JOHN L. SLATTERY, Secretary.

Supreme Court of Newfoundland.

List of Deputy Sheriffs.

SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

Residence.	Districts.	Names.
Ferryland	Ferryland	George Geary.
Mobile	"	John T. Fitzgerald.
Fermeuse	"	William Trainer.
St. Mary's	Placentia and St. Mary's.	Jas. J. Bishop.
Salmonier	" "	Francis R. Curtis.
Placentia	" "	M. Morrissey.
Presque	" "	
Oderin	" "	Peter Manning.
Flat Island	Burin	Howard Parsons.
Burin	" "	Stephen White.
St. Lawrence	" "	Cyrus Beck, sr.
Lawn	" "	
Lamaline	" "	William G. Pittman.
Grand Bank	" "	Eli Harris.
St. Jacques	Fortune Bay	
Belleoram	"	J. Pearce.
Pushthrough	"	Joseph Camp.
Harbor Breton	"	Benjamin Chapman.
Burgeo	Burgeo and La Poile	Albert Kelland.
Ramea	" "	Matthew Nash.
Rose Blanche	" "	Prosper A. Garcien.
Channel	" "	James H. Wilcox.
Codroy	St. George	Henry Gallop.
Grand River	"	Thomas B. Doyle.
Robinson's Head	"	Abraham Tilley.
St. George—Sandy Pt.	"	M. E. Messervey.
Wood's Island	"	Simeon Jennex.
Bay of Islands	"	Daniel J. Gilker.
Bonne Bay	St. Barbe	Geo. Halfyard.

NORTHERN DISTRICT.

Residence.	Districts.	Names.
St. Anthony	St. Barbe	James Johnson.
Conche	"	
La Scie	"	Wm. A. Toms.
Tilt Cove	Twillingate	Constable T. Walsh.
Little Bay	"	P. J. Leary.
Little Bay Islands	"	Peter Campbell.
Pilley's Island	"	Thomas Roberts.
Leading Tickles	"	William Lanning.
New Bay	"	Peter Moores.
Botwoodville	"	J. T. Bendle.
Exploits	"	George S. Lilly.
Lewisport	"	Alfred G. Young.
Twillingate	"	William Baird.
Moreton's Harbor	"	
Fogo	Fogo	Ambrose Fitzgerald.
Barr'd Island	"	George Foster.
Seldom-Come-By	"	Philip Perry.
Change Islands	"	
Gander Bay	"	Robert Pike.
Musgrave Harbor	"	Adam Bradley. / N. Gillingham.
Pinchard's Island	Bonavista	Jacob Hefferton.
Wesleyville	"	Wm. Sainsbury. / Peter Roberts.
Pool's Island	"	
Greenspond	"	Thomas Wornell.
Glovertown	"	Charles Kean.
Gambo	"	Mark Gibbons.
Brooklyn	"	
Salvage	"	John Burden.
Alexander Bay	"	
King's Cove	Bonavista	
Bonavista	"	Noah Burge.
Catalina	Trinity	Isaac Manuel.
Trinity	"	John W. James.
Bonaventure	"	Noah Miller.
Northern Bight	"	Edmond Benson.
Britannia Cove	"	R. Currie.
Shoal Harbor	"	Galeb Tuck.
Clarenville	"	George Janes.
Foster's Point	"	George Leawood.
Bay Bull's Arm	"	
Whitbourne	"	Eliel Noseworthy.
New Harbor	"	
Heart's Content	"	Charles Rendell.
Hant's Harbor	"	A. Targett.
Old Perlican	Bay-de-Verde	Moses Bursey.
Bay-de-Verde	"	Reuben Curtis.
Lower Island Cove	"	Eli Garland.
Western Bay	"	Ewen Kennedy.
Carbonear	Carbonear	Ernest Forward.
Harbor Grace	Harbor Grace	John Trapnell.
Spaniard's Bay	"	
Bay Roberts	"	A. Hierlihy.
Brigus	Port-de-Grave	Benjamin Butler.
Conception Harbor	Harbor Main	
Harbor Main	"	James Murphy.
Holyrood	"	William Maher.
Middle Bight	"	William Butler.
Bell Isl'd—Lance Cove	St. John's East	A. E. Rees.
Bell Island—Beach	"	John H. Bennett.
Portugal Cove	"	Edward Harding.

September 1906.

JAMES CARTER, Sheriff, Newfoundland.
W. J. CARROLL, Suhb-Seriff, "

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Published by Authority

ON the recommendation of the Minister of Agriculture and Mines, His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to direct that the following piece of land be reserved from lease or grant, namely:—All that piece or parcel of land, situate and being inland from Bay Saint George, commencing at a point at the intersection of the South boundary of Lot 15 granted to the Reid-Newfoundland Company, with the North-East boundary of land granted to the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company, Limited, running thence East (true) twelve miles, thence South (true) to a line, the Eastern intersection of the South boundary of Lot 13 granted to the Reid-Newfoundland Company; thence West to the South-East angle of Lot 13 aforesaid, and thence by the said lot, by mining locations leased to Honourable Philip Cleary, and by the aforesaid land granted to the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company, Limited, to the point of commencement.

R. BOND,
Colonial Secretary.

Secretary's Office, 28th August, 1906.

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THE "THREE MILE LIMIT."

UNDER the provisions of an Act passed in the last Session of the Legislature it is provided as follows:—

"No person being the Owner, Manager, or Operator of a Saw Mill, his Servant or Agent, Contractor or Sub-Contractor,

Shall Cut Timber, or
Purchase Timber Cut

on any ungranted Crown Lands, under a penalty of **Twenty Dollars** for every tree cut or purchased, to be recovered in a summary manner before a Stipendiary Magistrate: Provided, that any owner of a mill not holding a license to cut timber under the provisions of this Act who shall within six months from the date of this Act (10th May, 1906,) make application for a License to Cut Timber under the provisions of the "Crown Lands Act, 1903," shall not be liable to the penalties herein provided for the cutting of timber or the purchasing of timber cut on Crown Lands during any time that may elapse until the determination of his application by the Governor in Council."

It is also provided by the same Act that "Annual Licenses may issue to *bona fide* Fishermen, who have had in operation, before 31st March, 1906, mills for the purpose of manufacturing Cooperage Material, Shingles, Lobster Boxes, or Lobster Laths, and who do not manufacture, in addition thereto, in one year, more than 10,000 feet of lumber. Such licenses expire on 30th November of each year, and are issued free of rent or royalty."

Sub-Section 5, of Section 1, of said Act, provides, "that a royalty of ten cents per thousand shall be paid by all mill owners, holding annual licenses, on all Shingles manufactured in or by his mill."

J. A. CLIFT,
Minister Agriculture and Mines.

St. John's, June 6th, 1906.

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The New Municipal Council.

THE new Municipal Council, whose illustrations are shown in this number, were elected by the citizens in June last and assumed office early in July. The majority are new to municipal life; two only of the old body who governed the city during the past four years are amongst the number, viz.:— Councillors Ellis and Kennedy, the former having received from his fellow townsmen the largest vote yet recorded for a candidate for municipal honours, giving him the position of Deputy Mayor; the latter closely followed him with the second highest vote. Each having respectively 2,369 and 2.257 votes.

The new Mayor, M. P. Gibbs, is a native of the West End of the City and has been before the public for some years, having been identified with public life in various ways. He represented the District of St. George's in the Legislature under the Winter Government, and was a candidate for the same District in the last general election. He was one of the Governors of the Savings Bank, and one of the Leaders of the Conservative party to which he did belong. He has had a close connection with the trade and labor organizations of the City, from which sources he received substantial support in his candidature for the Mayoralty and helped him to roll up over 2,000 votes. Since his assumption of office he has been most painstaking in his efforts to fulfill the obligations of the high and honourable position of Mayor of this City.

The Senior Councillor, W. J. Ellis, is a member of the House of Assembly for Ferryland, which seat he was elected to at the last general election. He is Vice-President of the Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, the largest organization in this city, and has been identified with it since boyhood. He is well known as one of our foremost contractors, and has a reputation for probity and honesty of the highest character. He brings to the new board four years experience of city government; this, coupled with his characteristic fair-mindedness and sound judgment marks him as a Councillor of the most valuable type.

Councillor M. J. Kennedy, like Councillor Ellis, is a prominent contractor, a member of the firm of M. &. E. Kennedy, and has held office for four years. He has been also a foremost member of the Total Abstinence Society for many years and held an Executive seat for some time. Since his fellow citizens honoured him with a seat at the board he has devoted his energy, ability and time in assisting his brother Councillors in all matters for the well being of his native city in a manner that fully justifies the confidence placed in him.

Councillor John Carew is a well known figure in the city, and one, who though it is his first time to secure election, has been more or less a factor in the municipal and political life of the city. Four years ago he received very substantial support for a seat at the Municipal Board, and came within an ace of being elected. His vote at the recent election was 2,070, and he was third amongst the candidates returned. He is a man of mature judgment, a good citizen, and is a valuable acquisition to the Council.

Councillor S. G. Collier, the well known wheelwright, has been in the public eye for some time. He contested St. John's West for a seat in the Legislature, and though not elected received a very substantial vote. Mr. Collier occupies the high office of President of the Sons of England, one of the leading fraternal organizations of the city, and stands well amongst all classes of the community. He has shown a capacity for his new office which stamps him as a man who will retain the esteem and confidence his fellow townsmen and the citizens generally hold him in.

There is no better known man in the community than Councillor John Cowan. He has had a long connection with the trade of the City and country and brings to the new board a great deal of practical knowledge and ripe judgment which will be most valuable to the city. He has represented Bonavista in the House of Assembly and has held for a time the position of Receiver General of the Colony. He is a member of the firm of P. H. Cowan & Co. Though new to the civic government, Mr. Cowan may be considered one of the most capable Councillors of the present body.

Councillor James T. Martin who received the sixth place in the election in June last is a favourably known citizen. He is an undertaker and furniture dealer, who by his energy and hard work has brought himself to the front. Mr. Martin is an active member of the St. Vincent de Paul, Star of the Sea, and Total Abstinence Societies, in each of which he is held in esteem. Since Mr. Martin took his seat at the board he has shown a disposition for his work that fully justifies the support given him by his friends and fellow citizens.

The new Councillors have taken charge of affairs at a time the most prosperous in the history of the City. Labour is plentiful and everywhere prosperity abounds. The Auxiliary Water Service inaugurated by the late board has engaged the almost undivided attention of the present body, and a vigorous effort is being made to push the work to a completion and by the coming winter have the water to the higher points of the City. As the City is steadily and surely expanding, the opening of new thoroughfares, the extension of Water and Sewerage, improvement of the Sanitary and Lighting Systems, and much other important and necessary Municipal work will tax the attention of the present board during the coming four years.

THE photograph of the Secretary of the Council is also published by us. John L. Slattery, Secretary and Cashier of the Municipal Council, has held that position since the year 1890. He has proved himself a thoroughly competent and trustworthy official. In an office where he daily comes in contact with citizens with "a grievance," he has managed to give more than ordinary satisfaction. He has been a life-long member of the Total Abstinence Society; he holds a prominent place in the Benevolent Irish Society, and during the last fifteen years contributed largely, by his earnestness and ability, to the phenomenal success of that venerable body. He is an ardent cricketer and takes a deep interest in all athletic sports. As a civic official, requiring a knowledge of ways and means, and the general needs of the city, he has no superior. His large experience, and his good business training, are invaluable to the successful working of the Council.—ED.



MICHAEL P. GIBBS, B.L.,
Mayor of St. John's.



WILLIAM J. ELLIS, M.H.A.,
Deputy Mayor.



SAMUEL G. COLLIER, M.C.



JOHN COWAN, M.C.



MICHAEL J. KENNEDY, M.C.



JOHN CAREW, M.C.



JAMES T. MARTIN, M.C.



JOHN L. SLATTERY, SEC.-TREAS. M.C.

Carbonear and Its Points of Interest.

By M. J. Hawker.

Article I.



TOWN OF CARBONEAR.

"Historic town of Carbonear,
Surrounded by its sloping hills;
And lying in a valley fair,
Wherein flow many rippling rills."

IN Carlyle's "Advice on reading," he says among many other excellent things, "Past History, and especially the past history of one's own native country,—everybody may be advised to begin with that." The Newfoundland Quarterly is certainly encouraging that idea by publishing articles on the several towns and settlements of "Our Island Home." Carbonear, one of our oldest towns, possesses an interesting history. It would be impossible to do justice to it in a single article. Carbonear is situated on the west side of the beautiful Bay of Conception, and is the nearest seaport to its entrance and accessible all the year round. Its name was probably derived from that of similar sound given by the early fishermen to the codfish, of which an abundance was found there. It was first settled in the early part of the seventeenth century, though visited by the fishermen of France, Spain and Portugal in the sixteenth century. The first settlers probably were some of those of Guy's colony that settled in Cupids in 1610, and another company by Hayman's at "Bristol's Hope" (Harbor Grace).

Carbonear has a population of five thousand, and a trade population of twenty-five thousand, made up from the adjoining districts of Harbor Grace, Bay-de-Verde, and the south-east side of Trinity Bay. The adjoining District of Bay-de-Verde having no safe harbour naturally uses that of Carbonear for its trade. The situation is pleasant. The harbour, about three miles in length and a mile in width, protected by an Island a mile in length at its mouth, with a bold entrance and free from rocks and shoals, and with good anchorage, is a safe port of refuge. The hills slope away on either side and run west the shape of a horse-shoe. Four miles inside the strand, at the bottom of the harbour, is a beautiful valley, which is dotted with neat farms and residences and near which are small lakes where the "speckled beauties" play.

The principal part of the town is on the north side. The streets run parallel to the water front, which is nearly straight, intersected by spacious cross streets running north, thus dividing the principal portion of the town into squares. The houses are well built, mostly of wood, and large spaces between them and generally surrounded by small fields and gardens, which keep the town nice and airy. Carbonear can boast of three fine churches—Roman Catholic, Methodist and Church of England,—all of them capable of seating about 1,000 each, and containing fine organs and well furnished in every particular. It has also two public halls, Salvation Army barracks, seven schools, postal telegraph and customs buildings, and spacious court house and police barracks and several fine hotels. Up to about fifteen years ago its trade was at a stand-still, but since that time it has gone up by leaps and bounds, so that to-day it has the largest trade outside the City of St. John's. At the time of the "Bank Crash" not one establishment was closed, and the large trade done with Harbor Grace was taken over completely, as well as a large proportion of that of Bay-de-Verde District formerly done by Harbor Grace. What saved the trade of Carbonear was, that its trade was not centred in one or two firms, but distributed over some twenty or more. About one hundred vessels lie up in its port during the winter season. The town has one of the finest water supplies in the country, brought from a lake four miles distant. The capital of the Water Company was $30,000.

An electric light plant has recently been installed, with power from Rocky Lake. The same plant supplies the towns of Harbor Grace and Heart's Content. A furniture factory and a boot and shoe factory were started a few years ago and are progressing. An up-to-date boot and shoe factory was built this season, and a large number of residences and business places were also erected. Carbonear is the terminus of the Conception Bay branch of railway, and the station is in the centre of the town. Two regular trains run daily each way, morning and evening. The s.s. *Ethie* plys twice weekly between Carbonear and Trinity Bay, connecting with the railway.

Facilities in abundance for all sorts of pastime and sports are there: cricket, football, cycling, fishing, good shooting, etc. As a health resort it is becoming quite popular, and the number of visitors is increasing rapidly each year.

As space is limited I presume the remaining good things and description of the dear old town of Carbonear must remain for our next article.

The accompanying view presents the town as seen from Saddle Hill on the Harbor Grace Road, looking north.

Carbonear, September, 1906.

OFFICE AND STORE—Adelaide Street. STONEYARD—Just East Custom House, Water Street. Telephone, 364.

W. J. ELLIS,

Contractor, Builder, and Appraiser.

Dealer in Cement, Selenite, Plaster, Sand, Mortar, Brick, Drain Pipes, Bends, Junctions and Traps; Chimney Tops, all sizes, and Plate Glass.

Estimates Given for all kinds of Work at Shortest Notice.

PROCLAMATION

By His Excellency Sir WILLIAM MACGREGOR, *Doctor of Medicine, Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in and over the Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies.*

WM. MACGREGOR
Governor.
[L.S.]

WHEREAS it is provided by Chapter 23 of 2 Eward VII., entitled "An Act to amend the Post Office Act, 1891," that upon the recommendation of the Board appointed under the provisions of the said Act, the Governor in Council shall by Proclamation give notice of any alteration of name, naming or re-naming of places within this Colony, provided that Public Notice of such proposed alteration of name, naming, or re-naming of places shall have been given for Three Months previous;

And whereas by Public Notice, of date the 6th day of March, 1906, certain alterations of name and re-naming of places within this Colony were notified, as required by the above-mentioned Act;

I do, therefore, by this my Proclamation, order and direct that the alterations of name and re-naming of places within this Colony, as contained in the said Public Notice of the 6th of March, 1906, shall come into effect from the date of these presents, that is to say:—

1. Ragged Harbour, District of Trinity, to be re-named "Melrose";

2. Western Arm, Rocky Bay, District of Fogo, to be re-named "Carmanville";

3. Grand River Gut, Codroy Valley, District of St. George, to be re-named "Searston";

4. Flat Islands, District of Bonavista, to be re-named "Samson";

5. Spaniard's Bay, District of Trinity, to be re-named "Spaniard's Cove";

6. Fox Island, Bay d' Espoir, District of Fortune, to be re-named "Isle Galet";

7. Cat's Cove, Conception Bay, District of Harbour Main, to be re-named "Avondale North";

8. Middle Bight, District of Harbour Main, to be re-named "Codner";

9. Crabb's, District of St. George, to be re-named "Crabbe's."

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the Government House, St. John's, this 18th day of June, A.D., 1906.

By His Excellency's Command,

ARTHUR MEWS,
Deputy Colonial Secretary.

The Old-Established and Well-Known Wheelwright Factory of

S. G. COLLIER,

WALDEGRAVE STREET,

HAS every facility for the manufacture and repair of Carriages, Sleighs, Carts, and Vehicles of every description. A power plant of the Finest Type of Modern Machinery gives us unequalled facilities for turning out the best work. Vehicles of every description repaired on time; no delays. Rubber Tyres adjusted at a moment's notice.

☞ **UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY.**

NOTICE.

In the matter of the Act to provide for the Winding-up and Liquidation of the Union Bank of Newfoundland and the Acts in amendment thereof.

NOTICE is hereby given that all parties having any claims against the Union Bank of Newfoundland, or its assets or estate, are required to give notice thereof to the undersigned Receivers and Liquidators, at their office, Martin Building, Water Street, Saint John's, Newfoundland, on or before the First day of December, A. D. 1906, after which date the said Receivers and Liquidators will proceed to pay a final dividend and to distribute the assets of the said Bank and to wind up the said Bank, having regard only to those claims of which they then shall have had notice.

Dated at St. John's, this 28th day of August, A. D. 1906.

JAMES GORDON,
JAMES R. KNIGHT,
JAMES D. DYAN,
JAMES RYAN,
Receivers and Liquidators of the Union Bank of Newfoundland.

NOTICE TO Ship Owners.

NOTICE is hereby given that all the provisions of the **Merchant's Shipping Acts** and of the **Rules** made thereunder in respect of **Life Saving Appliances** will be rigidly enforced, and that when a notice is received from any Surveyor of Ships appointed by the Governor under the provisions of Section 727, of the Merchant Shipping Act, 1894, any ship is not properly provided with Life Saving Appliances, all Customs Officers will be instructed to refuse a clearance to any such ship until a Certificate under the hand of any such Surveyor is produced to the effect that the said ship is properly provided with Life Saving Appliances in conformity with the said Act.

ELI DAWE,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Marine and Fisheries' Department,
St. John's, Nfld., September, 1906.

Department of Agriculture and Mines.

THE following extracts from the CROWN LANDS ACT, 1903, are published for general information:—

Ordinary Sale of Crown Lands.

Crown Lands for agricultural purposes, and in 20 acre lots, are open for sale at 30 cents per acre and upwards.

Grants for more than 20 acres contain conditions for clearing and cultivating.

Licenses of occupation of areas not exceeding 6400 acres are issued on payment of a fee of $5 per 160 acres, subject to following conditions:—(1) To settle within two years one family for each 160 acres; (2) To clear, per year, for five years, two acres for every hundred held under license. If families remain on the land and cultivation continues for ten years, licensee will be issued a Grant in Fee.

Bog Lands.

Lands declared to be *bog lands*, under the Act, may be leased in 5,000 acre lots, for such term, at such rent, and on such conditions as may be determined upon by the Governor in Council.

Quarries.

Lands may be leased for quarrying purposes in lots of 80 acres for terms not exceeding 99 years. Rent not less than 25 cents per acre. (1) Lessee to commence quarrying within two years and continue effective operation. (2) Upon expenditure of $6000 within first five years of term, a Grant will issue in fee. (3) Lease to be void if work cease for five years.

Timber and Timber Lands.

The right to cut timber is granted upon payment of a bonus of $2 per square mile, an annual rental of $2 per square mile, and also a royalty of 50 cents per thousand feet, board measure, on all logs cut. Rent, royalty or other dues not paid on date on which they become due bear interest at 6 per cent. per annum until paid. *Rents become due and payable on 30th November each year.* Lands approved to be surveyed and have boundaries cut within one year. Persons throwing sawdust or refuse of any kind from mills into rivers, etc., are liable to a penalty of $100 for each offence.

Pulp Licenses.

Licenses to cut pulp wood may be issued for a term of 99 years, in areas of not more than 150 miles. Rent $5 per square mile for first year; $3 per square mile for subsequent years. Licensee to erect factory within five years.

Holders of timber or pulp licenses may not export trees, logs or timber in unmanufactured state.

Holders of timber and pulp licenses may not cut timber on ungranted Crown Lands.

Mineral Lands.

Any person may search for minerals, and on discovery of a vein, lode or deposit of mineral may obtain a license thereof in the following way: (1) Driving a stake not less than 4 inches square into the ground, leaving 18 inches over ground; name of person and date to be written on stake. Application for license to be filed with affidavit (see Act for particulars) within two months. Cost of license for first year is $10 for each location. Subsequent rentals: 1st year, $20; 2nd, to and including 5th year, $30; for next period of five years, $50; and for following years $100.

Upon expenditure of $6000 within five years, lessee shall be entitled to a Grant in fee.

Licenses for larger areas may also be granted upon terms set forth in the Act.

Further information may be had on application to

J. A. CLIFT,
Minister of Agriculture and Mines.

Department of Agriculture and Mines,
St. John's, Newfoundland, September, 1906.

Customs Circular

No. 15.

WHEN TOURISTS, ANGLERS and SPORTSMEN arriving in this Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Angler's Outfits, Trouting Gear, Fire-arms and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions:—

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Trouting Poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes, and tent equipage. A receipt (No. 1) according to the form attached shall be given for the deposit and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt as well as in the marginal cheques. Receipt No. 2 if taken at an outport office shall be mailed at once directed to the Assistant Collector, St. John's, if taken in St. John's the Receipt No. 2 shall be sent to the Landing Surveyor.

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the receipt. The Examining Officer shall initial on the receipt the result of his examination and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits or provisions of any kind will be admitted free and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
Assistant Collector.

CUSTOM HOUSE,
St. John's, Newfoundland, 22nd June, 1903.

NEWFOUNDLAND PENITENTIARY.

BROOM DEPARTMENT.

Brooms, Hearth Brushes, Whisks.

A Large Stock of BROOMS, HEARTH BRUSHES and WHISKS always on hand; and having reliable Agents in Chicago and other principal centres for the purchase of Corn and other material, we are in a position to supply the Trade with exactly the article required, and we feel assured our Styles and Quality surpass any that can be imported. Give us a trial order, and if careful attention and right goods at right prices will suit, we are confident of being favoured with a share of your patronage.

☞ All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.

Newfoundland Penitentiary, September, 1906.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

THE . . . NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY.

Christmas Number.

JOHN J. EVANS, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. VI.—No. 3. DECEMBER, 1906. 40 CTS. PER YEAR.



The BIG Furniture Store



The Attractions of this Store

....ARE....

The largest and most varied Stock in the Colony at

The Lowest Prices

consistent with quality.

Any amount of Suitable Goods for Xmas Presents.

CALLAHAN, GLASS & CO., Duckworth and Gower Streets.

BAIRD, GORDON & Co.

THE CORNER SHOP:

A full stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Lines, Twines, Cordage, and Cotton Duck.

THE PROVISION STORE:

Entrance from Cove. Always on hand—**Flour, Pork, Beef, Molasses, &c.** Good value and at lowest market rates. ☞Outport friends will please notice that we are prepared to handle

Fish, Oil, Lobsters, Furs,

and other produce on the most favourable terms. Storage and Wharf facilities.

Baird's Building East side of Clift's Cove.

OFFICE AND STORE—Adelaide Street. STONEYARD—Just East Custom House, Water Street. Telephone, 364.

W. J. ELLIS,

Contractor, Builder, and Appraiser.

Dealer in Cement, Selenite, Plaster, Sand, Mortar, Brick, Drain Pipes, Bends, Junctions and Traps; Chimney Tops, all sizes, and Plate Glass.

Estimates Given for all kinds of Work at Shortest Notice.

Parlor, Dining and Office Furniture.

Venetian Blinds Made to Order.

Church Seats.

J. T. MARTIN,

Cabinet Maker and Upholsterer,

38 New Gower Street.

Repairing Furniture a Specialty.

Horses and Vans for Removing Pianos, &c.

J. J. O'GRADY,



Painter, Glazier,

Paper Hanger,

and

House Decorator.

☞OUTPORT ORDERS SOLICITED.

WORKSHOP: 15 QUEEN STREET.
ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

Public Notice.

THE following Sections of the Act entitled,—"Of the Exportation, Sale, etc., of Bait Fishes," are published for general information.

SECTION 1.—No person shall—

1. Export or cause or procure to be exported or assist in the exportation of; or

2. Haul, catch, take or have in his possession for the purpose of exportation; or

3. Purchase or receive in trade or barter for the purpose of exportation; or

4. Take, ship or put or haul on board, or assist in taking, shipping, or hauling on board of any ship or vessel for any purpose whatever; or

5. Carry or convey on board of any ship or vessel for any purpose whatever,

any herring, caplin, squid or other bait fishes from, on or near any part of this Colony or its dependencies, or from or in any of the bays, harbours or other places therein, without a license in writing to be granted and issued as hereinafter provided.

SECTION 9.—Any person who shall violate any of the provisions of Section 1 of this Chapter or any of the subsections thereof; or

1. Use, dispose of or deal with any bait fishes otherwise than in accordance with the terms of the affidavit made upon application for a license or with the terms of such license; or

2. Make any untrue statement in any affidavit upon application for a license under this Chapter; or

3. Obtain a license under this Chapter by means of any false statement or misrepresentation, or by the suppression or concealment of any material fact,

shall be liable for every first offence to a penality not exceeding one thousand dollars or imprisonment for a period not exceeding twelve months.

Any person convicted of a second or subsequent offence under this Chapter shall, on conviction, be subject to imprisonment with hard labor for a period of not less than twelve months.

ELI DAWE,
Minister of Marine & Fisheries,

per **W. B. PAYN.**

Office of Marine and Fisheries, October 31, 1906.

Post Office Department

Parcels may be Forwarded by Post at Rates Given Below.

In the case of Parcels, for outside the Colony, the senders will ask for Declaration Form, upon which the Contents and Value must be Stated

	For Newfoundland and Labrador.	For United Kingdom.	For United States.	For Dominion of Canada.
1 pound	8 cents.	24 cents	12 cents	15 cents.
2 pounds	11 "	24 "	24 "	30 "
3 "	14 "	24 "	36 "	45 "
4 "	17 "	48 "	48 "	60 "
5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	75 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	$1.05 "
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	
9 "	32 "	72 "	$1.08	Cannot exceed seven pounds weight.
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.20	
11 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	
	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York; Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by "Bruce" train.

General Post Office.

RATES OF COMMISSION ON MONEY ORDERS.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding $10 ..... 5 cts.	Over $50, but not exceeding $60 ..... 30 cts.
Over $10, but not exceeding $20 ..... 10 cts.	Over $60, but not exceeding $70 ..... 35 cts.
Over $20, but not exceeding $30 ..... 15 cts.	Over $70, but not exceeding $80 ..... 40 cts.
Over $30, but not exceeding $40 ..... 20 cts.	Over $80, but not exceeding $90 ..... 45 cts.
Over $40, but not exceeding $50 ..... 25 cts.	Over $90, but not exceeding $100 ..... 50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order to any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, $100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, November, 1906.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office. ✳ Postal Telegraphs.

CABLE BUSINESS.

HEREAFTER Cable Messages for all parts of the world will be accepted for transmission over Postal Telegraph lines and cable to Canso, N. S., at all Postal Telegraph Offices in this Colony.

INLAND.

TELEGRAMS for the undermentioned places in Newfoundland are now accepted for transmission at all Postal Telegraph Offices in the Colony and in St. John's at the Telegraph window in the Lobby of the General Post Office, at Office in Court House, Water Street, and in Building at King's Wharf, at the rate of Twenty Cents for Ten words or less, and Two Cents for each additional word. The address and signature, however, is transmitted free:—

Avondale
Badger
Baie Verte (Little Bay N.)
Baine Harbor
Bay de-Verde
Bay L'Argent
Bay Roberts
Beaverton
Belleoram
Binchy Cove (Bay of Islds.)
Bonavista
Bonne Bay
Botwoodville
Britannia Cove
Brigus
Brigus Junction
Burin
Carbonear
Cape Race
Catalina
Change Islands
Clarenville
Come-By-Chance
Conception Harbor
Crabb's Brook
Fogo
Fortune
Gambo
Gander Bay
Glenwood
Grand Bank
Grand Falls
Grand Lake
Grand River
Greenspond
Hant's Harbor
Harbor Breton
Harbor Grace
Harbor Main
Heart's Content
Herring Neck
Holyrood
Howards
Humber Mouth (R.H., B.I.)
King's Cove
King's Point (S.W.A.,G.B.)
Lamaline
Lewisport
Little Bay
Little River
Long Harbor
Lower Island Cove
Manuels
Millertown Junction
Musgrave Harbor
New Perlican
Newtown
Nipper's Harbor
Norris' Arm
N. W. Arm (Green Bay)
Old Perlican
Pilley's Island
Port-au-Port (Gravels)
Port-aux-Basques(Channel)
Port Blandford
Stephenville Crossing
St. George's
St. Jacques
St. John's
St. Lawrence
Sandy Point
Scilly Cove
Seldom-Come-By
Sound Island
S. W. Arm (Green Bay)
Terenceville (head of Fortune Bay)
Terra Nova
Tilt Cove
Topsails
Trinity
Twillingate
Wesleyville
Western Bay
Whitbourne

Postal Telegraph Message Forms may be obtained at any Post Office in the Colony, and from Mail Clerks on Trains and Steamers. If the sender desires, the message may be left with the Postmaster, to be forwarded **by mail Free of Postage** to nearest Postal Telegraph Office.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, November, 1906.

LUMBER

SCANTLING, 5x5 to 10x10.
STUDDING, all sizes.
JOISTING, 2 & 3 in. thick,
assorted lengths.

We have also a full stock of
SEASONED BOARD IN STORE.

All selling at the Lowest Market Prices. Purchasers will get good value for their money.

W. & G. RENDELL.

Xmas Groceries!

Almond, Hazel and Walnuts, Spices,
Mixed Peels, Flavoring Extracts,
Jams, Jellies, Syrups.

Irish Hams, Bacon, Pigs' Heads.

Jacob's Cake, Biscuits, Shortbread.
Irish Butter, P. E. Island Butter.

Christmas Poultry.

J. D. RYAN.

PHŒNIX

Assurance  **Co., Ltd.,**

OF LONDON, - - - ESTABLISHED 1782.

Annual Premiums	$7,500,000
Fund held to meet losses	9,500,000
Uncalled Capital	12,000,000

W. & G. RENDELL,
ST. JOHN'S. Agent for Nfld.

Useful Goods!

....SUITABLE FOR ...

Christmas Presents.

LADIES' Fur Setts, Lace Collars, Hand-Bags, Wool Golf Jerseys, Cream and Black Silk Shirt-Waists, Silk Handkerchiefs, Wool Lined Kid Gloves, Aprons and Pinafores.

GENTS' Hockey Jerseys, Silk Umbrellas, Mufflers, Scarves, Ties, Wool Lined Kid Gloves, Silk Handkerchiefs.

A Large Variety of Toys
for the Little Ones.

STEER BROTHERS.

TAKE SOME

Insurance with the **Confederation Life** if you haven't any.

TAKE SOME MORE

if you have. This is good advice, especially at this season of the year. Drop a postal for rates, &c., to

CHAS. O'NEILL CONROY,
GENERAL AGENT FOR NFLD.
Law Chambers, St. John's, N.F.

—WISHING ALL MY FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS—

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.



THE wonderful enthusiasm with which the public responded to our past efforts was gratifying in the extreme. Such appreciation impels us to put forth extra attempts. The facilities of our large, well furnished store enable us to show the largest and most varied assortment in the cleverest creations. The diversity of our Styles, their superior Quality and the exceptional Values, should appeal to every economical purchaser. Finish and Fit are charmingly exemplified in our Suits. By careful intelligent planning we have established a new Standard of Value heretofore believed impossible at the price.

Samples and self-measuring cards had on application by postal or otherwise.

W. P. SHORTALL, The American Tailor, 300 Water Street.
P.O. Box 245. Phone 477.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY

Christmas Number

VOL. VI.—No. 3. DECEMBER, 1906. 40 CTS. PER YEAR.



"Noel, Noel" the sacred strain
From heavenly voice and viol rings,
And lo! the children's window-pane
Is curtained by angelic wings.

NOEL.
Drawn by A. Forestier.

They enter, o'er the cot they lean;
Then the melodious vision flies,
Heard but by innocence, unseen
Save to the children's dreaming eyes.

Christmas Poems.

OUR CHRISTMAS GREETING.

READER! we greet you cheerily;
Dear friends! at home or far away,
In what so-ever clime you stray,
Whatever lands ye roam;
Wherever tossed by life's rude sea,
May gladness fill your hearts to-day
And lead your spirits home.

As rose the wondrous star of old,—
Immortal Light, mysterious yet,
As on that night when sages sought
The King of Kings thro' Nazareth:—
So rises Mem'ry's radiant star
At Yule-tide wheresoe'r we roam,
Points to our first lov'd land afar
And leads the exile's heart to home.

Atlantic breaking on the shore,
That sang your cradle lullaby,
Ye'll hear in dreams of home once more;
Sweet dreams of happy days, before
Ye passed high-hoped, the far seas o'er,
The far strange world to try.

And we remember,—o'er our hearts
Steal dreams of many a boyhood year,—
How merrily the Christmas went
When you, ye absent friends were here:
And we extend to you our best,—
May Peace for aye with you abide,—
And Love forever be your guest,—
And Joy be yours this Christmas-tide.

THEIR CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

By Madeline Bridges.

WHAT, oh what shall he give to her
As sweet Christmas grace?
Chain, or bracelet, or silk, or fur,
Ribbons, or lace?
A belt, a buckle, a diary?
A chafing dish?
A rose-jar? Even for a rosary
He had heard her wish.
Handkerchiefs? Perfumes? A tray for pins?
A girdle? A fan?
(Ah, now indeed, he feels for his sins,
He is merely man!)
Flowers? Candy? An opera hood?
A terrier small?
Hopeless he thinks, if he only could,
He would give them ALL—
For wherever he looks, his eyes are set
On something she'd love to have—or get!

What, oh what can she give to *him*?
As she cast about
She fears the chances are rather slim
Of her finding out.
He smokes just one kind of cigar,
There's obstacle first!
Pipes—not any—another bar'
If she only durst
Buy him neckties or slippers! Those
Girls can never choose!
And an umbrella, too well she knows,
He'll proceed to lose;
For silken pillows he nothing cares—
Books are a bore;
A lounging jacket he never wears;
Well—there's nothing more;
And then she learns, it is then she can,
How simple and few are the needs of man!

LAMENT FOR THE OLD YEAR.

By Rev. Richard Howley, D.D.

THY hours are fading fast,
To mingle with the past,
Beyond recall.
Ah! many a joy shall sink
With Thee behind the brink
Of Time's grey wall!

Thou wer't my comrade true,
Old Year, as moments grew,
From day to night;
My watch and ward until
Thy last sad moon did fill
Her globe with light.

Amid the storm and strife,
Thou led'st my bark of life,
From shore to shore.
Ah! sunk in endless sleep
My pilot o'er the deep
Thou'lt be no more!

Ay; revel, cruel crowd,
While winter spreads his shroud,
Carouse—and sing
(Though scaice his breath be sped)
"Hurrah! The King is dead,"
Long live the King!?"

Make merry!—never I,
Shall raise that craven cry,
Above His bier,
But o'er His corse bowed down,
I'll gem His fallen crown,
With many a tear.

St. John's, Newfoundland, November 20, 1906

THE STARS THAT SHINE ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

By Elizabeth Carter..

THE stars that shine on Christmas night
Beyond all other stars are bright.
For in their brightness shines restored
That one great star whose light outpoured
Has led all nations to the Lord;
And all night long with solemn voice
They cry again: Rejoice! Rejoice!

The wonder of the Christmas Dawn
No other morn has yet put on.
Oh, wan white radiance, breaking slow
On fields and woodlands wrapped in snow,
On the worn cities and their woe;
Oh, holy message breathed again!
"Peace on the earth. Good will toward men."

And now unto the new-born King
Bring we our lowly offering.
Lord, take ourselves, our hopes, our fears,
Our griefs, our memories, our tears.
The harvest of our troubled years;
We bring them all to Thee, to Thee,
And lo, once burdened, we are free.

And lo, our faith burns clear and bright
As shine the stars on Christmas night;
And lo, our love turns, deep and wide
As some great torrent's force untried,
Toward all mankind at Christmastide.
Rejoice! Rejoice! this Christmas morn,
For in our hearts the Christ is born.

The Days of the Dog-Irons.



"God be with old times!" How often do we hear this exclamation made, and with what a sigh of deep sincerity. What is it that lends such a glamour to the memories of the past, and enshrines the sites and scenes of youthful days in such a halo peace and glory? Be the answer what it may, it is certain that the human heart looks back with a loving and yearning remembrance on by-gone days, and by-gone scenes.



"A star-led band their Lord to greet; Their gifts they bring with gladness, and humbly bow to Christ their King!

And this retrospective tendency begins to develop itself much earlier in life than is generally imagined. I do not count myself yet as altogether an "old man." I am still able to take my daily turn "*round the pond*." Although I must confess that the old familiar forms and friendly faces that I used to meet some quarter of a century ago are thinning out very fast, and dropping back in the march. Yet I have advanced to that stage on life's highway, when I find myself "looking back." And this unaccountable tendency, of which I have just spoken, by another occult action of its inward nature seems to exert itself, with particular force at certain seasons of the year. One of those is undoubtedly

THE CHISTMAS-TIDE.

Acting then upon the inspiration of this mysterious impulse, I find myself, Mr. Editor, on being asked by you for an "article" for your Christmas Number spontaneously falling back upon my early recollections.

I can go back only to the early sixties—how many there are who can go *twenty years* further, and yet what wondrous changes have come over the world, and particularly over Newfoundland within those forty years? Where were our telephones, our phonographs, our electric light, our street cars, our Railways—nay I might say our telegraphs and photographs, in those days? I am old enough to have had my "*likeness*" taken in *tintype* and daguerreotype—such an ancient word now, that I must claim the benefi of Carneghiography in attempting to spell it! I remember the introduction of the paraffine lamp, and what a wonder it was thought, and how it superseded the dear old candles in their silver candle-sticks, by whose dim light I had hitherto learnt my evening lessons. I remember the days of the flint and steel and the "*tinder box*," made of a cow's horn. I remember when lucifer matches were first introduced and were made in single stems,(the "comb" is quite a modern invention) and sold in little cylindrical wooden boxes which at the present day would be considered curiosities fit to adorn the shelves of a museum. But I intended to write of the dog-iron; yes I remember the

DAYS OF THE DOG-IRON.

When I take a stroll coutrywards now and then in the suburbs of St. Jo'n's, it makes me feel sad. I see rising everywhere new and pretentious houses, with mansard roofs, and oriel windows, octagonal turrets, and barbican towers, graceful verandahs, and fanciful gables, yes! they are pretty to look upon no doubt. They are built I suppose upon correct architectural lines, and in accordance with the latest approved principles of hygiene; but I yearn for the picturesque old farm-cottage of my youthful days. I see the remains of it still standing in the rear, but relegated to the ignoble use of a stable or cow-house: or, where it has been entirely dismantled, there still remains the ruin of the gigantic old chimney, with its gaping mouth, standing erect like the great pyramid of Cheops, defying the ravages to time and the march of civilization.

Let us in imagination visit again one of these dear old homesteads, and re-people its cozy chimney corner, with the life of its old-time folk.

But first let us take good look at its picturesque exterior and surroundings. These old farm houses were built by the immigrants from our sire-lands, the "*youngsters*," who came out to cut out a new home for themselves in the unknown western land. They were the pioneers who in the beginning of the nineteenth century, settled down in the woods which then surrounded the City of St. John's even in to the very verge of the "barrens," or ridge on which now stand the Government House Colonial Building and Roman Catholic Cathedral. The surviving name of the "Forest Road" bears testimony to this fact. These early settlers, cleared the woods and laid the foundations of those beautiful suburban villas which now surround our city and are unsurpassed for beauty by the environs of any city in America.

How strange everything must have appeared to these brave-hearted early settlers. The very materials with which they had to work were all new to them. No more could they raise the walls of rubble-stone from the neighbouring quarry, to be coated with a neat, if not altogether artistic plastering of mud. Now they are obliged to learn how to hew the "studs" and "uprights," from the neighbouring forest. To "dub" the joists and wall-plates. To mortise and tennant the uprights, and to cut the "clap-boards" and "planchions," in the improvised saw-pit. No more the thick and comfortable thatch covers the roof; instead, they learn to split the "shingles" from the larger sized "junks" of spruce and "var."

The very names are a puzzle to them—and yet withal, they managed to produce a very fair imitation of the little cabin of the homeland, a square, one storied building, with gambrelled roof. The inevitable huge chimney in the center. The two apartments; the one on the right being called *par excellence* "the room," and by a flight of imagination being supposed to be in

an elevated or exalted position, so that although it is on the same ground level as the other, or *living* room, to the left, it is always spoken of as "up in the room."

We enter this

IDEAL COTTAGE

by a rather ample porch. This porch, besides protecting the interior from the blasts and drifts of winter, serves also for other useful purposes; here at one side is placed a pile of would cut in junks, billets, or *splits* ready to keep up the fire as required; here also the thrifty housewife has always on hand two or three buckets of clear fresh water from the well; here the men leave their snow and ice-covered blanketing buskins and mits, their axes and other gear used in woods; here also the dogs sleep in winter time.

We now enter the kitchen or "living room," a welcome glow of heat and mellow light greets us. The room is lighted principally from the great roaring fire of logs which lie across the

DOG-IRONS

in the wide open fire-place or *ingle-side* as the Scotch very appropriately call it.

The room is scrupulously clean, and everything in it looks bright and comfortable. The floor or "planchion," as it is called, is well scrubbed and sprinkled with sand. In one corner stands a "*Dresser*" with a display of delfware, old blue willow-patterns, brown-black and silver lustres, crown Derbys, and chelseas, and bow and worcesters, lowestofts and wedgewoods, which would make the teeth of any collector water. On the chimney-piece which stretches all across one side of the room is a rare collection of old brass candle-sticks of various designs, some indeed crude but others very graceful. The beams or joists of the ceiling are exposed, and several strips of wood are nailed across them. These are called, "racks" and on them are placed guns, scythe-blades and other articles which are to be kept out of reach of the children either as being dangerous or valuable such as papers, title-deeds, &c.

But the great feature of the room is the

WIDE YAWNING FIRE-PLACE

It is fully ten feet wide and recedes inwards some six or eight feet. The hearth is of stone flags. The walls at both sides and back are of solid stone work some three feet thick, roughly plastered and cleanly white-washed—except the back which is black, at least in the centre, from the smoke and soot which come in contact with it. The great opening converges upwards on all sides until it forms an opening about two feet square, at which size, it is carried out through the roof. No microbe yet invented by the medical science of the twentieth century could resist the draught created by this great vortex, and hence in these good old days there was no talk of *tuberculosis*, or pneumonia, or appendicitis. The ruddy glow of the cheeks of the boys and girls vied with the crimson flickering of the great fire that blazed on the dog-irons.

At each side of the fire-place was a wooden bench, or as it was called a "settle," on which the men and boys, tired after the days work could stretch their weary limbs, and enjoy the glow of pleasant heat from the fire. Above on either side were small recesses kept in the walls where various small articles were stowed away. Knitting needles sticking out from half finished stockings or *mits*, wool-cards, sewing requisites, &c., belonging to the women; pipes, matches, knives and such like untensils belonging to the men.

Underneath the settles the space was lathed in and formed "coops" where the hens were gathered also to enjoy the cozy warmth, and they made their presence known by an occasional drowsy flutter or chuckle as they turned the other side to the blaze. What a flood of happy memories crowd around the old chimney-place! The *foyer* or *home* in the true sense of the word. Here we often listened spell-bound to the fairy-tale or ghost-story, or to the thrilling adventures of "*Valentine and Orson*, or *Dick Turpin*, or again with what enthusiasm we followed the endless "*Come-all ye* ballad that told of some direful ship-wreck; or the twenty-four round encounter between

"Donnelly and Cooper who fought all on Kildare."

Or again it was the more lively lilt of the wordless songs, the jigging or cheek-music in which the airs of "The pigeon on the gate" or the "Wind that shakes the barley," were very melodiously turned round the tongue while the younger folks danced jigs, reels, cotillions and "setts." But these primitive amusements have passed away, to make place for the more high-toned pastimes of the present day.

The time came when the

DOG-IRONS' DOOM

was sealed. I remember well the first introduction of the modern abomination

THE CAST-IRON COOKING STOVE.

It made things easy. The dear old "bake-pot" with its flat cover ablaze with brands that gave such a nice brown crust to the big round loaf, was thrown aside for old iron, or used as a receptacle for the pig's feed. With the new stove there was no need to keep constantly placing new live brands on the top of the oven. You just put in your loaf and left it there, the wonderful stove did the rest. The friendly old three-legged pot and the cheerful "piper" soon followed the bake-pot. It was easier to stew the pork and cabbage, and to *steam* the potatoes, than to boil them in the good old-fashioned way. Then again the robust and wholesome duff and figgy pudding gave way to the more fancy pastry and sweets for which the stove was adapted, so there was nothing for it, the dog-irons must go!

The fine old chimney-corner is no more. It has given place to the treacherous stove-pipe, or at best the puny-brick flue devoid of all esthetic taste.

Very few of the typical old cottages still survive but even where they do, all their glory has departed. The large opening once so bright and ruddy is now covered up by a black cold plate of sheet-iron carefully smutted with black lead, and a hideous cooking stove stands in the middle of the floor taking up all the room. No more space for old time eight-handers—oh no! The "young ladies," now go to the "Halls" and Clubs, and dance the more fashionable cachuca, the waltz or *pas de deux*.

But the most serious side of this matter is that the introduction of the stove, by shutting out all ventilation, and surcharging the atmosphere with unwholesome sulphurous fumes, arising from the coal, and finally creating an irregular temperature, ranging suddenly from extreme heat to extreme cold is pronounced by all our medical men as the fruitful source of the dread

WHITE PLAGUE

of pneumonia and consumption.

The passing of the Dog-iron reminds me of an amusing fact which, if I have not already outstripped my limits, I would wish to conclude with.

In the early half of last century there were two rival "hardware" stores in St. John's, that of Mr. G—n and that of Mr. G—r. Shortly before the stove began to "take hold" and become popular, Mr. G—n had imported a large stock of *dog-irons*. To his horror he found that the *stove* just then introduced was completely putting the dog-iron out of the market. There was no "call" for them at all. Mr. G—n saw a heavy loss staring him in the face. However, he was a resourceful man, and he soon bethought of a way out of his difficulty. In those days, as now, numbers of men from the neighbouring outports and the suburbs of the City came to town with their little nags and carts to sell their various products and buy city goods instead. One day according as they came along towards Mr. G—n's store he way-laid them and the following dialogue took place:

"Good morrow, Skipper Jim," &c., &c., after a few friendly remarks, and a liberal purchase on Mr. G—n's part of "*splits*," berries, &c., Mr. G—n says in a very confidential tone: "Now Skipper Jim, I want you to do me a little turn. It won't cost you anything and I'll make it worth your while."

"Well, what is it, sir? If it is in my power I'll do it."

"I want you to go up to Mr. G—r's shop and ask if he has any dog-irons."

"Oh, Mr. G—n, shure I don't want any o' them ould-fashioned things. I'm jest after gettin' in a new stove an' it works buteeful."

"Oh, I know that, Jim. I don't want you to buy a pair of dog-irons. I only want you to ask for them."

"But if he shows me a pair what am I goin' to do?"

"Oh, don't be afraid, I know he has none; but just you ask him, that's all I want you to do."

"All right, sir, but it's a quare thing."

"Never mind, that's a good man; and tell him you have one of these new fangled stoves and its no good at all, and you won't keep it, and you must fall back on the dog-irons. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes, sir, lave it to me. I'll curse the stoves till they won't want any black lead for a month to come."

So he whipped up his pony and drove up the street to Mr. G—r's, and acted his part to perfection. Mr. G—r descanted warmly on the benefits of the stoves, showed him a large and varied assortment, but all to no purpose. The more he praised them the more Skipper Jim cursed them. Jim was not long gone when another man turned in and the same scene was repeated, and so on, for half a dozen or so. G r was completely stunned. It seemed the stoves were a failure, all wanted to go back to the dog-irons.

Now Mr. G—n, having fully laid his plan, clapped his hat on the back of his head, twirled his walking-stick, and with a twinkle in his eye started up Water Street. Mr. G -r was standing at his shop door. After the accustomed greetings he asked Mr. G—n how business was looking. Mr. G—n put on a very solemn face and replied, "Oh badly enough! in fact I'm ruined altogether."

"Why, how is that, Mr. G—n?"

"Oh, how is that? *You* know very well how it is. I'm just after getting "a large assortment of those d—d dog-irons, and I'm afraid these "new stoves of yours are going to cut them out completely; I haven't had "a customer for one of them for the past fortnight. I shall have to sell "them for old iron."

Mr. G—r coughed, turned his head aside to hide his expression. Then assuming an air of indifference, he said in a careless tone—"Well now, "that's too bad; but come, after all, we're old friends though rivals, and "I'm sorry to see you in such a fix, so, I'll tell you what: I'll take them "off your hands at cost price."

Mr. G—n was unbounded in his expressions of gratitude. He shook Mr. G—r warmly by the hand. "You were always a good fellow, G—r, I'll never forget it for you. I'll send the confounded things right up at once."

"Alright, G—n, I'll give you the cheque immediately. I'm going in strongly for the founding business, and the dog-irons will come in handy for casting for the new stoves."

G n returned at once to his store, packed up the dog-irons and received his cheque. Each thought he had made a first rate bargain. But Mr. G—r found after a short time that he really had to sell the dog-irons for old iron, for strange to say after that fatal day no more demands were made for dog-irons, and G—n went deeply into the stove business, and so passed the dog-iron.

CANIFER.

Tavern Yarns.

By H. W. LeMessurier.

IN 1820, or about that period, the town of St. John's had a very different appearance from what it has to-day. The fires of 1817 and 1818 had somewhat altered the appearance of the water-front, but had not interfered with the meanderings of Water Street which was at that date but a narrow lane, known as the Lower Path, across which, in many places, a man could clasp hands with his neighbour on the opposite side. The formation of the land in many places caused this narrowness. In the East End, at Job's Cove, the lower part of what is now Prescott Street, reached almost to the landwash in a hill which had in later years to be cut through to continue Water Street. From west of where the *Telegram* office now stands the cliffs forced the houses of the north side into what is now the middle of Water Street, and where Garland's shop is now, a cart of ordinary size could not pass along the road. Where Ayre & Son's buildings now stands the road was so narrow, that Mr. Renouf, who had a shop on the north side, could stand in his shop door and converse with his neighbor opposite without raising his voice. Those who remember the premises occupied by Messrs. Knowling and R. H. Prowse & Sons, prior to the fire of 1892, will bring to mind the fact that an access to the water-side, from Water Street, was by an arch to the westward of R. H. Prowse & Sons, and by a crooked lane which was, on the south, built over. This was the old lane, opposite to which the Admiral's ship was moored, and was known as Man-o' War's Lane. A landing place was here fitted up for the accommodation of the officers and men of H. M. Ships. At what is now known as Job's Cove a boom was placed, and there the boats of the warships obtained water from a brook which, running down on the west side of Prescott Street, discharged into that cove. About 1825 the use of this watering place was discontinued by the ships-of-war, and water for their use was obtained from the brook on the Southside, which still flows east of the Admiralty property now occupied by Bowring Bros., and known as Mudge's premises. The water-front from Chain Rock to Riverhead was covered with fishing-rooms and merchant's premises, containing fish-stores, oil-vats, cook-rooms, and all the necessary buildings used in the carrying on of the fishery. But few buildings existed off Water Street, and those that did were chiefly to be found in the East End of the town, whilst a few were erected in the West End. Between Waldegrave Street and Beck's Cove firebreak, flakes were erected, covering a large area of ground, and these were connected with the various mercantile establishments by overhead ways as bridges. After the fire of 1846 a new order of things sprung up and Water Street was so much altered and widened that the people who occupied the business places in 1820 would not, after the alterations, have recognized any of the old, and to them, familiar spots.

The town, being in its earlier days wholly a fishing town, and the resort of fishermen from all parts of the kingdom, of necessity, furnished means for their entertainments. In various places there were taverns which in many cases were the rendezvous of those, who in the old country, lived in the same counties of either England or Ireland. One tavern in particular, situated on Water Street, near where Smallwood's stands, was noted for its Devonshire cider and ale, and was the resort of Devonshire captains and of the outport Devonshire born planters, who came to town occasionally. Here you would find, in the fall of the year, the Winsors, Carters, Folletts, Darbys, Cookes, Tremains, &c., &c., enjoying a pipe and some pots of cider or ale. One evening of October, about 1830, there gathered at this tavern a number of goodly Devonshire men and some captains from that country. A well known outport friend had brought with him an Irishman, who had successfully navigated his vessel to the waters of Placentia Bay for a number of years, although he was not a navigator and could barely write his own name. After discussing the news of the day, the latest from the old country, the fishery and the price of fish, a discussion arose as to who had met with the most curious incidents in crossing the Atlantic. This discussion was purposely started by one of the company, who was known as "The devils darning needle," and was noted for his love of mischievous fun. "Come Captain Holmes," said he, "I'm sure in your experience you've seen and heard some queer things." "That I have" said Captain Holmes, "and the most remarkable event that ever I met with

was last fall when we were a coming to the westward. Youse all remember that I had a very long passage from Poole, and got driven off twice over the Banks in the month of November, and didn't get here with the fall's stock until the 2nd of December. My word for it, but it was the coldest voyage ever I made. We was on short commons, and our water was getting so low that I had ordered the last cask locked up and served it out with me own hands. Two nights before we reached port it froze guns, and after four o'clock in the morning, being my watch below, I turned in cold enough, just taking the precaution to put a small tot of spirits in me to liven up the temperature. I couldn't have been very long asleep when I woke up with a start, and heard pistol shots near me, followed by the noise of the bullets striking the roof of the cabin. I was afraid to stir thinking I might be hit, but as the noise ceased after a time I had the courage to strike a light and look about, but I could see nothing, and at length concluded that it must have been some noise on deck, so I turned in and went to sleep again. In the morning, when I was called, and commenced to dress, I found every sparrowbill drawn out of my boots, and looking up saw them stuck in the top of the cabin roof. Gentlemen the frost had been so great that it had actually drawn them all out, and it was the noise of them coming out of the boots that sounded like pistol shots, and their striking the top of the cabin was like the noise of pistol balls,—and that was hard frost I tell you."

After some good natured quizzing had taken place a Captain named Newbury said: "Gentlemen, I had a singular experience last year when coming out from Bideford. I always have a good supply of dips (tallow candles which used to be tied in bunches by the wicks, which were left long for that purpose) on board, and to keep them from being stolen, they were hung on nails overhead in the cabin. For some time I had missed a bunch now and again, and after a time I raised "cain" with the crew, who I suspected had stolen them. I was certain that the cook wasn't the theif, as he called my attention to the place where had hung the last bunch which had disappeared. The mate suggested that it must be rats, and although I scouted the idea, I was determined to watch and see whether he was correct. It was my watch below at midnight and I turned in, leaving a fresh dip burning. I was so long waiting for something to happen that I must have been just dozing when a squeak attracted my attention, and without moving I cast my eyes along the floor and there sure enough was a rat sitting up just underneath a bunch of dips, as it was quite smooth, and we were going along quietly on an even keel, with a light air of wind abaft the beam. Presently out came a dozen rats and they made a pyramid by standing on one another's shoulders like, until the last rat reached the candles when he cut the string and down dropped rats and candles on the floor. Each rat tugged off a candle until there was only one rat left and he had none. Before you could say Jack Robinson, gentlemen, that rat had the lighted candle out of the sconce, and was away with it."

Much laughter succeeded this yarn and a new fill of glasses having been ordered the Irishman was asked for his experience. "Begor, gentlemen, I never had any rats or them things to contend with, but a curious thing happened when I was coming across the Banks two years ago in the spring of the year. It had been very foggy and we got stuck in some ice which carried away our forefoot and she was making a farish lot of water. I might have gone south of the ice, but as it would take me off me track I didn't like to do it. To make a long story short the ice opened up a bit and we made tracks for Cape St. Mary's, but before we got off the Banks down came the fog again with a spanking breeze from the south-east. We were running along with all the clothes on her, when all at once the watch sung out "a big iceberg on the starboard hand," and almost in the same moment he said, "and another on the port hand." I jumped and took the tiller myself, and ran her right for the middle of the two which appeared to be clear, and as we passed between them the brig rose and slid along and then stopped. I thought she was going to fall over on her side, but she didn't, and the sails pressing her, she slowly slipped along until we found she was almost high and dry on the floor which joined the two walls of ice on either side. I at once ordered all sails to be taken in and went to examine our position. I found we had run into a natural ice graving dock and we were so well shored up with ice that the brig could not but stand upright. After the alarm caused by our strange position had calmed down, we began to consider what we would do, and as the most of the day was before us the mate suggested that we rig out a scaffold over the bows and examine the cut-water. We did so and found that the stem wanted fixing badly, so the mate being a handy man, set to work and caulked it and put a temporary cut-water on it. We were on the ice for two days and had just finished the job when I noticed by the compass that the iceberg had wheeled, so that our bow was to the southward. As a good breeze of southerly wind was springing up I thought that if all the sails were set we might go out the way we came in, so ordered all hands to set the square sails. After about a half an hour the old brig commenced to slide, and with a leap like a hound after a fox she went stern first clear of the ice, and wheeling on her heel rushed off as if the old nick was after her. When we got clear I ordered the pumps to be tried, and we found she was as tight as a bottle and didn't afterwards need any repairs until we reached the Cove of Cork on our homeward voyage."



CLARICE IN DECEMBER.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

If you had been a rose,
(Another said so, dear,)
Your cheek were blanched and sere
In these December snows:
Yet warm and red it is,
And redder for my kiss;
But like a rose?—you know
I never told you so.

If you were like a bird,
(They thought to flatter you),
Your song 'mid frozen dew
Would now no more be heard.
But, Clarice, I rejoice
To hear your full-toned voice;
A song-bird? Did *I* say
You were such any day?

If you were like the sun,
('Twas so, the foolish said)
Your brightness would be shed,
And mists becloud your throne
But you by day and night
Still glance before my sight;
If you were mere sunshine
How could I call you mine?

No rose can bloom at all,
No song-bird mount the scale,
The sun looks wan and pale,
December twilights fall.
But you in winter-time
Move my most rapturous rhyme,
Clarice, my more than sun
And rose, and bird in one.

The Wreck of "The Queen."

A CHRISTMAS MEMORY OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

By Sir Edward Morris, K.C., Kt., LL.D.

SUCH was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
In the midnight and the snow;
Christ save us all from a death like this
On the reef of Norman's Woe. —*Longfellow.*

ON the north-east coast of Newfoundland, off the great promontory known as Cape St. John, familiar in Newfoundland history as one of the *terminii* of the French rights on the Treaty Coast, and standing out in the sea about four miles from the foamy shore, there is an island named on the charts as "Gull Island," but generally known as the "Gull Island of Cape John." In size it is not probably more than a mile in circumference, rising up out of the sea at its highest point to about two hundred feet. The waters all round it are hundreds of fathoms deep; its whole physical outline resembling some marine mammoth obelisk lifting its head from



THE AUTHOR, SIR EDWARD MORRIS, K.C., KT., LL.D.

ocean. Nothing save brushwood and alder bushes grow on its barren hillside; no robin ever ventured here to warble o'er its gloomy shores. It has been and will be for ever the home of that bird of tireless wing, cradled on ocean's breast, whose name it bears. A more dreary, desolate, uninviting spot can scarcely be imagined. When the raging billows of the wintry sea roll along its shores, and the "white horses" leap and gallop o'er its strand, mariners trust themselves to the bosom of the deep in preference to hugging its rugged, precipitous shores. This was truer forty years ago than to-day, for then there was no friendly light, as now, to cheer the mariner, and guide him on his way—no hospitable fireside to gladden and comfort him by its warmth if rescued from the buffetting of the storm. Had there been such a refuge we should not be chronicling one of the most melancholy marine disasters that has ever occurred in this or any other land.

A whole generation has passed away since the brigantine *Queen* went on shore on Gull Island on the 12th December, 1867. Rarely is a marine occurrence recorded which combine all the elements of tragedy, embracing the most harrowing details of exposure, suffering, want, starvation and death, as that revealed by the story of the wreck of the *Queen*. The particulars of this sad occurrence found in the newspapers of the day are scant and meagre indeed. Those I am about to relate are partly gathered from an unpublished letter written by Dr. Dowsley, a passenger on the *Queen*, to his wife, then residing in St. John's, and found on his person when his remains were discovered, and partly from conversations had with persons resident near the scene of the ship-wreck.

The *Queen* left St. John's on Thursday, the 5th of December, 1867, and on the evening of that day encountered a terrific gale which, raging for three whole days, drove the vessel to sea a distance of nearly one hundred and sixty miles. On the gale subsiding she was hauled in for the land, and went on shore during a snowstorm, running into a gulch on "Gull Island" at 6 o'clock on the morning of December 12th. The whole of the crew and passengers, numbering in all fourteen, succeeded in getting on shore, but whilst being thus saved from a watery grave, a fate more awful, and a death more agonizing was reserved for the greater number of them. All having reached the land, the pilot, boatswain, one seaman and a passenger returned to the ship in the hope of getting some provisions on shore, but whilst on board, the cable by which she hung to the cliff parted, and in less than fifteen minutes after she had struck she was



GULL ISLAND AS IN 1867.

carried out to sea, taking with her those on board, never again to be heard from. Those who remained found themselves on a barren rock without food, or shelter, or clothes, in an inclement season of the year, with nothing but snow and ice all around them. It is awful to contemplate the misery, hardship and privation of this little band, from that hour until they laid down for the last time to die, with no shelter but the sky of a cold, northern clime, their requiem that of the screeching sea-gull in the air above. The exact number of days they lived; who was the first to die; who was the last to succumb will never be told. All we know is that on Christmas Eve they were all alive, if men and women can be said to be alive who have been lying in snow and snow-water, consumed with thirst and famished with

hunger for twelve whole days in winter weather withouf the slightest warmth or shelter. And yet it is wonderful to relate that Doctor Dowsley, one of the passengers kept a diary or journal recording the principal events from the day the vessel struck, up to Christmas Eve. With the Captain, and a Mr. Hoskins, were, also, found similiar records, but not by any means as full as that of Doctor Dowsley. In once more recording this sad tale of shipwreck, I do not think I can do better than give extracts from Doctor Dowsley's records, to show the readers of THE QUARTERLY Christmas Number what a fearful experience these poor ship-wrecked people put over them, during that awful Christmas time. Dr. Dowsley says:

"Gull Island, off Cape John,

"Tuesday, December 16th.

"We left St. John's on Thursday the 5th inst. On the evening of that day a dreadful gale came on, which continued for two or three days. We got driven off about 160 miles to sea. We thought every moment the vessel would be swamped, but it appears we have been only spared for a worse fate. We ran into a gulch on the Island on the morning of Thursday, the 12th inst. about six o'clock, when the sea was running mountains high. The vessel only remained there about ten or fifteen minutes which was not sufficient time for all to save themselves, all with the exception of two of the crew. Duggan the Pilot, and Mullowney's step-brother were dragged up the cliff by means of a rope tied around their waists. Not one of us saved a single thing, not even a bit of bread. This is our fifth day and we have not had even a drink of water, there being no such thing on the Island. It is void of everything which could give us comfort, so barren and bleak. We cannot get wood enough to make a fire to warm us. Our bed is on the cold rocks with a piece of canvas full of gutter to cover us. I fear, if Providence does not send a boat or vessel this way to-day or to-morrow, that some of us will be no more, and I very much fear I will be the first victim. I am famishing with thirst. I would give all the wealth of this world for one drink of water. If I had plenty of water I know I would live much longer, such a dreadful feverish thirst and no means af relieving it, Is it not a hard case that I cannot get a drink of water? Oh! did I ever think my life would end in this way? cast away on a barren island and left there to perish of cold, hunger and thirst, our bodies the food for the wild fowl and our bones bleached by the winter frost and the summer's sun. Oh! is it not sad to think of this and so little would save us; we are only eight miles from Shoe Cove where we would be received with open arms. I don't know how I have written what I have. I am writing under the little bit of canvas and am shivering with weakness from head to foot; the facts are far worse than I have named. We are all wet, my clothes are frozen. I am now going under the canvas to lay down and die. May God pity me and have mercy on my soul."

"Wednesday, Dec. 18th, '67.

"I have been out to see if there is any chance of a rescue, but no such thing. I am almost mad with thirst. Oh! for one drink of water!

"FELIX DOWSLEY."

"Gull Island, Dec. 24th, '67.

"We are still alive. We had no relief since, and now we are not likely to have any. We have not tasted a bit of food up to this of any kind with the exception of the dirty snow-water around and under our feet which we are very glad to devour. The place we are sheltered in (if I may call it a shelter) is up to our ankles in water. O what a desolate Christmas Eve and Christmas Day! I fancy I can see you making all the preparations for to-morrow. My feet are very painful, last night I was in perfect agony with them, my clothes are completely saturated. I never knew how to appreciate the comforts of a home or bed until now. Who would ever have supposed this would be my sad ending. I did not think we could have lived so long, but now our case is hopeless. No chance of a rescue. My sufferings have been beyond description since we landed on this barren Island. I would write more but feel unable.

"FELIX DOWSLEY."

The following May the news of this sad occurrence reached St. John's, and in the *Morning Chronicle* of May 4th, I find the following:

"The following we extract from a letter addressed to and kindly handed us by T. B. Smith, Esq. It is dated 'Twillingate, May 1st.'"

"A few days ago a Mr. Rowsell was out on a sealing voyage in his schooner. When near Cape John Gull Island he saw a line hanging over the rocks. The men went on shore, and to their horror found two skeletons, and several dead bodies covered with a sail. They immediately left the Island and went to Tilt Cove, when they gave the information to Mr. Gill. Mr. Rowsell offered the use of his schooner and crew to assist in removing the bodies. Mr. Maloney and a crew immediately went to the Island, and there they found eleven bodies, consisting of the Captain, Mate, Mr. Dowsley, Mr. and Miss Hoskins, Miss Stitson and five others. Duggan, Mr. Maloney's brother-in-law, and two seamen were driven away with the vessel. Documents have been found on the Captain, Mr. Hoskins and Doctor Dowsley. The last record found on poor Dowsley is dated 24th December, when they were all living without food, fire or water."

The saddest part of this story is yet to be told. On one of the first days after their shipwreck a man named Dicks belong- to Shoe Cove who had been out hunting birds, on returning to his home which was distant from Gull Island about eight miles reported having seen a fire on the Gull Island. He appears to have repeated the same story but from some unaccountable reason no attention was paid to it. Those who discovered the bodies the following spring were convinced of the truth of Dicks' report, by what they found on the Island; namely, the remains of a fire near where the bodies had been found. For some cause perhaps, it being that the spot was more sheltered—or that they looked more to sea than to land for rescue, only one fire was made on the Island and that one—on the side of the Island looking out to sea. If Dicks really saw the fire it must have been the reflection over the Island, as from where the fire was kindled he could not have seen the flame. If credence had been given to his story there would have been no difficulty in effecting the rescue of the whole party, and instead of chronicling their melancholy and sad fate, we should have been telling the story of their fortunate deliverance.

The last, the closing scene in this harrowing tale musr forever remain unwritten and untold. Whether these poor castaways laid down one by one and died or all perished together, it may be on some specially wild and bitter night when the blast blew colder and louder; why two of their number separated from their companions and lay down by themselves to die making even the loneliness of their last resting place still more lonely, we are unable to conjecture. It was decreed that we were never to know what really did transpire during their last hours. Young and old, the strong and the weak, the timid and the brave, their last hours are alike shrouded in mystery. All we know is they lay where they died for six whole months wrapped in their shrouds of snow, until the vernal showers revealed them to those good people who so charitably interred them in the quiet and rest of God's Acre.

That their sufferings must have been exquisite is but too true. It was agony in itself for brave souls, stout hearts, and resolute spirits to look on day after day unable to aid their weaker companions, who, even in that abandoned spot, hopefully looked to them for succor, to read in the emaciated forms around them the certain signs of their own dissolution. And yet, if we could lift the veil, certain it is that history's page, rich with the spoils of noble deeds, would be still further enriched: Deeds of heroism, deeds born even amidst the awful solitudes of Gull Island; acts of self-denial and self-renunciation; acts of humanity and bravery; acts of love and devotion; cheering the weak, comforting the timid. There must have been moments when the guidance of the strong hand and cool judgment was needed to calm the frenzied spirits of those who, when the dread reality of their certain death was made manifest, sunk into the very depths of despair; and yet this guidance and firmness had to be administered by those who each hour were rendered themselves weaker and less able to perform their much-needed task. To

the brave "Cæsar should die standing" has a meaning. A little of the Spartan Boy is the inheritance of all. No one wishes to parade the ills that flesh is heir to; rather does he desire to conceal what he is unable to overcome. Here it was unavoidable. There was no means of disguising it—there was no avenue of escape—and thus an additional drop was added to the bitterness of their already over-flowing cup. But of this we may be certain: they all died true to the traditions of their race.

Deeper than speech our love,
Stronger than life our tether;
We do not fall on the neck,
Nor kiss when we come together.

Go to your work and be strong,
Halting not in your ways;
Baulking the end half won,
For an instant dole of praise.

Stand to your work and be wise,
Certain of sword and pen;
Who are neither children nor gods,
But men in a world of men.

A BACH FUGUE,

As Interpreted by Mr. A. H. Allen at the Organ Recital at the C. E. Cathedral, Sept. 27th, 1906.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

Because your life is all enclosed in mine,
Think not that it need therefore cease to grow;
Or that, should my development be slow,
Yours will be cramped; for you may well divine,
And bid your heart take comfort from the sign,
How some skilled artist bids his Fancy go
To form the point round which his tone-waves flow;—
You must be soul within my soul, in fine.
And then, remember, you will also feel
Warmth from my heart that wraps yours round about,
Warmth that in time will melt away your doubt;
And we may vaguely, humbly understand
How in our hours of woe and years of weal
God holds us in the hollow of His hand.



Photo. by James Vey.

ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR, OCTOBER, 1906.

AFTER THE RAIN.

By Dan Carroll.

Long, wet, dank, dreary days we've known, the sodden sail, the gloom,
The mingling in the dismal dawns of groan of spar and boom;
Like forest sown in mist, gaunt masts thro' drip and drizzle loom,
All else, that gray robed Druid, fog, enshrouds as for the tomb.

* * * * * * *

As bursts the rescuing host across the 'laboured city's square,
So bursts the sun, with rainbow banners streaming on the air,
And lo! the grateful harbour lifts its heart in gladness there.

Now twice a thousand gleaming masts are lifted 'gainst the gray
And webs of jeweled cordage swing with rhythmic swell and sway,
Where flash the riggings of the fleet more brightly in the ray.

The Skipper's cheery voice is heard, from deck to deck it hails;
Above the clink of chains arise the song of lifting sails,
And over all, the blissful charm of sunshine pure prevails.

The mi-t is lifting from the sea, the bright sails brighter gleam,
A thousand snowy pinions wave more fair until they seem
A white-winged prayerful host that swing their censers there and dream.

MR. R. G. REID AND THE SHORTEST CANADIAN ROUTE.

THE head of the well-known Reid-Newfoundland Company, a gentleman who has done so much for the development of Britain's oldest Colony that he has earned the title of "the greatest benefactor of Newfoundland of modern times," while on a visit to England in September last, was interviewed by a representative of the Weekly Illustrated *Canada* on many matters affecting the mutual welfare of Canada and Newfoundland.

"Mr. Reid expressed himself as thoroughly satisfied with the progress Newfoundland had been making the past few years, and considered that her marvellous natural resources alone warranted him in prophesying a great future for the Island. As yet, fishing was the most important industry, though mining, which was not yet fully developed, gave promise of most substantial returns. The railway had done a great deal towards opening up the interior, but for the most part the inhabitants clung to the coast. The wood pulp industry promised great things, and once the land was cleared there was a soil of remarkable fertility. To the pleasure seeker, the tourist, the hunter, and the angler, Newfoundland in addition offered opportunites unsurpassed in any part of the globe.



MR. R. G. REID.

"What do you think of the prospects of an ultimate union with the Dominion?" ventured our representative.

"I don't care about discussing political matters," answered Mr. Reid, "though," he added significantly, "Newfoundland seems to be getting on extremely well as she is."

Mr. Reid was most enthusiastic when the proposed new Canada Atlantic line via Newfoundland was touched upon. He thought there were great prospects and opportunities of making Newfoundland not only the front-door of Canada, but of the whole American continent.

"But to make this scheme feasible," he remarked, "it will be necessary to obtain a subsidy from the Newfoundland Government. I have been given to understand that the matter is likely to be raised in the Newfoundland Legislature at no very distant date. I am certain that should the scheme materialise, it would result in a great impetus being given to the development of the island."

Mr. Reid briefly outlined the plan for a new specially fast Atlantic service. The idea, he said, was to run a line of fast steamboats from Galway, on the west coast of Ireland, to Green Bay, one of the inlets on Notre Dame Bay, on the east coast of Newfoundland. The distance from port to port would be 1,750 miles. Thence, the passengers would be transferred by the Reid Newfoundland Company's railway to Port-aux-Basques, in the south-western extremity of the island. This would involve the building of fifty miles of railway to join the main line near Grand Lake. The whole journey, however, across Newfoundland at this point would be only a trifle more than two hundred miles. At Port-aux-Basques, fast packet boats would meet the passengers, and a ninety-mile journey across Cabot Strait would land them in four hours on Canadian territory at North Sydney, the eastern terminus of the Inter-Colonial Railway.

Mr. Reid put forward an even more important consideration than the advantage which would be gained by a shortening of the journey. The Newfoundland route, he pointed out, would curiously enough, be free of the greatest impediment which now besets ocean liners taking a more southerly course. At present the route lies through the region of fog, where the cold Arctic currents meet the warm Gulf Stream. The proposed new route, though more northerly, would be well clear of the fog region, which now causes so many delays.

People who are accustomed to the position of countries as shown on Mercator's projection, have, as Mr. Reid explained, a totally wrong conception of the real position of Newfoundland. For instance, how many are aware that a line drawn from London to New York would be almost identical with that of the proposed route betwen London and Green Bay Newfoundland.

By the Newfoundland route it would be possible to complete the journey from land to land, between Galway and Newfoundland, in three days; a reduction in sea-going time which would induce thousands more to go both to Canada and the United States. Moreover, the adoption of such a line would bring the magnificent scenery and the illimitable hunting and fishing possibilites of Newfoundland within easy reach of the British tourist and sportsman.

No country is better adapted for rest from the toil and turmoil of great cities than Newfoundland. It is equally suitable for either a peaceful or strenuous holiday, and there is little doubt that once easy access is made to this island, it will be visited in large numbers by pleasure-seekers from all parts of Europe. Now it is practically unknown, except to the Canadians and Americans who annually resort there.

Newfoundland has well been named the "Norway of the New World." The deep fiords which indent the shores, guarded by lofty cliffs, whose forms are reflected in the bright clear waters of the bays, have a marked resemblance to those of Norway, and are not less magnificent. Many of the inlets run inland for eighty or ninety miles, are studded with islands, and are much finer and grander than the famous Norwegian fiords. The two great bays of Trinity and Placentia, which almost cut the island in two, and the beautiful bays of Notre Dame and Bonavista are unsurpassed for beauty. The scenery on the south coast is grand beyond description; and in its magnificent harbours the whole of the navies of Europe could float secure.

Newfoundland is a veritable paradise for the sportsman, and all the deer "barrens," grouse moors, salmon and trout streams are open to to the public. Countless herds af lordly caribou roam the interior of the island, in some parts as yet unvisited by the foot of man. Kitty's Brook, the Gaff Topsail, and Patrick's Marsh are specially fine centres for hunters of the caribou. There are a few black bears, but lynx abound, and beaver, otter, and foxes are found all over the island.

Mr. F. C. Selous, the famous big game hunter, has, Mr. Reid stated, paid several visits to the island in search of the finest specimens, and he has never been known to go away unsatisfied.

The game fish of Newfoundland are all of the salmonidæ species, and are found in plenty all over the country. Experienced anglers declare that no other fresh water fish, excepting perhaps the salmon, affords so much sport to the fly fisherman as the ouananiche, which are found in abundance in many of the Newfoundland lakes.

In every respect, therefore, Newfoundland is worthy of closer acquaintance, and the project which Mr. Reid propounds of a faster ocean service for Canada, will, in the natural course of things, bring a beautiful land within easy access."



Photo. by P. F. Doyle.

RESIDENCE OF M. G. WINTER, ESQ.



ST. BONAVENTURE'S COLLEGE.



METHODIST COLLEGE.



SPENCER COLLEGE.





SHOOTING AND FISHING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

A HOLIDAY ON THE "DEAR OLD SOUTHSIDE HILL."

By a Member of the Littledale Literary Club.

TO the majority of school-girls, it is rather doubtful, which is more delightful—preparation for a holiday, which has been well earned, or an unexpected excursion to unexplored woodland regions, where one revels in the sunshine, and in the delicious freedom of "school let out." To everyone who has experienced the delight and fun of a school holiday, the following sketch may appeal, and perhaps, afford some slight pleasure in recalling glad memories of old friends and of the interesting expeditions of childhood.

It was during the second week of October that our school was honored with a visit from the Bishop Elect of Harbour Grace, the Right Reverend Dr. March. Of course a holiday was given, and merrily and cheerily did a chorus of good wishes resound that the new Bishop should enjoy "*Ad Multos Annos.*"

Readers, do not imagine for a moment that our own beloved Archbishop, who accompanied His Lordship of Harbour Grace, was forgotten in the sudden excitement. With His Grace's usual urbanity and good nature, he desired that all honor should be accorded the new Bishop Elect; Then, when the dignitaries had said "Adieu," there was a council held by the elders of the L. L. C. to arrange a programme for our holiday, whilst the younger children went to bed with hearts jubilant in anticipation of the morrow's freedom. Our plans were pleasantly altered next morning, when it was announced that as a "surprise," permission was given for all to make an excursion to the South Side Hill, and this pleasure was intensified when it was known that the Sisters were to accompany us.

The morning was beautiful, a glad contrast to the preceding weeks of chilly weather, and at ten o'clock a joyous party issued from the gates to ascend the opposite hill-side. The warm breeze, the sunshine, the laughter of the children as they trudged along over brambles and brushwood, the songs of the little birds and the merry prattle and conversation, all combined to make the event as enjoyable as could be desired. One of the objects of this expedition was to visit a reservoir lately constructed in connection with an increased water supply for our Academy. By the sound of voices and the smoke of a fire we soon discovered the spot. The appearance of the reservoir was such that our curiosity was instantly aroused. Concrete walls enclosed a cistern of water which seemed to us unlimited as it flashed on our wondering sight. We concluded that so immense a quantity could almost work a Power House."

After our curiosity had been satisfied, our attention was absorbed by the beauty of our surroundings.

It is a well known fact that the scenery of Waterford Valley, in which Littledale is located is, at this time of the year especially enchanting; but, in order to see it to greatest advantage, one should view it from the South Side Hill, It is no doubt a great privilege to travel—to visit foreign countries, and to see their wonders; but we who have never been abroad feel satisfied that our own dear Newfoundland contains landscape-pictures so charming that even sunny Italy, fair Ireland, or stately England cannot surpass our Island in point of natural scenery.

Standing on the hillside, the observant eye takes in at a glance the beauty of the valley. Opposite, encircled in a lattice-work of foliage stands Littledale with its shady avenue and wide-spreading lawn.

To the north, the eye travels through vistas of shadowy fir-trees to undulating pasture fields with cattle peacefully grazing in the sunshine. To describe this scene, or even to attempt such a description is beyond my skill, and far beyond my presumption; but I should like to convey some faint idea of its beauty—so brilliant was the foliage, so silvery and sparkling the river, meandering through the verdant slopes, so bright the sunshine and so exquisitely beautiful the whole stretch of country, lying north, west and east. As we gaze with rapture, a tiny grey cloud seems to curl around the distant hill; presently it increases, until a soft, thick, white, fleecy cloud moves quickly and gracefully on, and very soon we are aware of the approach of the incoming train.

But I have digressed from my subject. When we had feasted on Natures charms, and rambled through the deliciously odorous, wooded paths, we rested on a spacious glade, where, after a pleasant chat, games were organised, and when seniors and juniors alike had romped and danced themselves into a state of delightful fatigue, a slow homeward march, was next in order. It was then near dinner-time, and still gazing on "the best charms of Nature" we descended the hill, but not without the hope of soon revisiting the charming spot. Needless to tell, ample justice was done the good things provided for us on our return.

In the afternoon, a meeting of the "Club" claimed our attention, and the evening closed with Benediction, when, as we knelt to receive our Lord's "most solemn blessing," our hearts swelled with gratitude to the Almighty Creator the Author of all beauty, joy and happiness, and the beautiful words of the Psalms were fervently recalled "Benedicite Omnia opera Domini, Domino."



Photo. by James Vey. LITTLEDALE, FROM SOUTHSIDE ROAD,

Rev. George Doyle, D.D.

By Rev. Richard Howley, D.D.

TO preserve the memory of a life dear to many who knew him in the past; cherished also by not a few who have long survived him, I beg to present, through THE NFLD. QUARTERLY the following tribute that appeared in *The Newfoundlander* on August 29th, 1873, on occasion of the death of Rev. Dr. George Doyle. He was the most brilliant, and, in many respects, the most winning personality of all the youth that Newfoundland sent to Rome and that Rome sent back to Newfoundland fashioned to fair form by Rome's master hand.

November 20, 1906. R. H.

"Rarely has it been the lot of a journalist to record a death which awakened more profound grief and sympathy. His youth, his gentle bearing, his high culture and undoubted talents, pointed him out as one destined to make his mark in the history of his time, and to attach to him troops of friends ond adherents. Born in this Country he first graduated at Saint Bonaventure's College, and subsequently became a student of the Propaganda at Rome, where he deservedly took high honors. St. John's, his native place, has been the scene of his ministerial labours, and for the past six years he has been a zealous and devoted Priest in whom the people recognised those qualities of heart and intellect that gave promise of a bright career of future usefulness.

"No one who knew him, as did the writer of this imperfect but loving tribute, could doubt the full realization of the anticipations he awakened, had it pleased the Omnipotent One to leave him in our midst. But no doubt the issue has been wisely ordered, though if we could we would delay the acquisition of his reward until he had filled his sheep fold with ripe corn and stored a fuller harvest; but it has not been so decreed, and we must bear humbly, though with sore hearts the unerring fiat. The lines below are from one who knew his inner being, and who joines the thousands who mourn the loss of this bright ornament of the Catholic Church in this country."

IN MEMORIAM.

By Rev. Richard Howley, D.D.

FEAST OF ST. AUGUSTINE, AUGUST 28TH, 1873.

In the Summer, 'ere the bloom,
That was ripening for his tomb,
Knew decay.
In his youth, 'ere yet the fruit,
Of his life had taken root,
Passed away.

Ah, that life was not his own,
That with Summer's breath has flown,
To our loss.
'Twas a life that knew not life
In earth's pleasure or earth's strife,
Or earth's cross.

Let us think of him as Priest,
One short moment at the Feast,
Of the King.
One short sunlight 'mid the vine,
Where the workmen prune and twine,
Weep and sing.

Let our thought recall his gift
Of the word—and see him lift
The dread cup,
Hear that voice, so young to bless;
Bid each spirit in distress,
To look up.

Oh to think how cruel death
Has unkindly sped the breath
Of his youth!
How he loved his kind and land,
And was free of heart and hand.
Full of truth!

Yet he might have lived to mourn
The sad lesson, which each turn,
Of life bears.
He might have lived to die
In ripe age, yet ah! to sigh
O'er his years.

'Tis well—As priest and man,
A guileless course he ran—
Who can say.
What sorrow, and what dole
Lay in wait for the young soul
Passed away?

Farewell—God give thee rest.
And thy birthright 'mid the blest
May he give.
Thou did'st speak His word and break
The bread immortals take—
Thou shalt live.*

* JOHN VI. 55. 57. 58.

IN MEMORY

Of Rev. Brother R. B. Fleming.

THY columns, fair Glasnevin! bear many an honoured name,
Names that shall ring for ever adown the aisles of Fame,
And there beside them sleeping, pride of their land and blood,
The pioneer chiefs of Erin's great Christian Brotherhood.
* * * * * * *

Thy sacred earth, Glasnevin, holds none more brave than they,
The Celtic cross is lifting above no nobler clay;
They've braved the Arctic snow-drift, the Tropics' deadly rays,
Bearing the torch of Learning where e'er the exile strays.

From vales and hills of Erin they've sought their scattered race,
And hailed them up and onward to fill the leader's place;
Australia's valleys knew them, and Afric's cities fair
Have felt their hands in moudling highminded manhood there:
The stranger's land has seen them by mount and spreading vale
With noble soul, uplifting the sea-divided Gael.
* * * * * * *

Glasnevin! sad Glasnevin! thy sacred mold is prest
Upon our friend, a Brother, by us beloved the best,
Whose cheer inspired the doubter, whose hand-grip true, whose smile
Sent weak ones, brave and brighter, into the world of toil;
And there where many a tribute from grateful pupils come,
From far Tasmanian homesteads and from the heart of Rome,—
We seek a grave, our master's, amid that hero band
With his well loved peoples tribute from grateful Newfoundland. *D. C.*

IN MEMORY

Of Rev. Father P. M. O'Connor.

Died November 23rd, 1906.

SOFTLY, when the day was breaking,
Came the Angel Messenger
And he called him home to Heaven,
From his life of suffering here,
Home, from days of weary toiling,
Home from nights of sleepless pain,
Home, where he shall know no sorrow,
Or the cares of life again;
He has heard the Master saying:
"Thou has't borne my cross with me,
Now, with those who loved and served Me,
Thou shalt rest, eternally."

Faithful Priest, and truest teacher;
Though thy life is passed! yet still,
We, thy people, shall remember,
All thy noble lessons, still.
Rest in peace! thy warfare over,
Valiant soldier of the Cross
Thine the glory, ours the sorrow,
Thine the gain, but ours the loss.

Burin, Newfoundland. *E, S.*

The "Great Wrong."

THE LAST SLAVES IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

By W. J. Carroll.

"Oh thou Great Wrong, that through the slow-paced years
Didst hold thy millions fettered, and didst wield
The scourge that drove the labourer to the field,
And turn a stony gaze on human tears,
Thy cruel reign is o'er
Thy bondmen crouch no more
In terror at the menace of thine eye."



BY a legal decision of the British Law Courts, A.D. 1772, in the case of a fugitive negro slave named Somerset, it was decreed that once a slave put his foot on English soil he was free, his shackles touched

"* * * at the appointed hour
And lo! they fall, and he whose limbs they galled
Stands in his native manhood, disenthralled."

This, however, held good only while under the protecting folds of the Union Jack; if he returned to the land whence he had escaped, he was liable again to become a slave.

In 1787 the feeling against slavery ran so high that the first Society for the suppression of the slave trade was instituted in London.

In 1791, in response to the growing sentiment in England, the Wilberforce Bill prohibiting the further importation of slaves was introduced, but was defeated in the House of Commons.

A Bill, abolishing slavery after the 1st day of January, 1808, was introduced by Lord Howick (afterwards Earl Grey, a forbear of the present Governor-General of Canada) in the House of Commons, passed that body and the Lords, and received the Royal assent March 25, 1807.

The breaches of the law were so numerous, and heavy fines having proved inadequate to eradicate the evil, Lord Brougham introduced a Bill in 1811 making the slave trade a felony. While the slave trade was virtually abolished in England, yet a large trade was done between the various colonies, so that it became necessary to enact stricter laws; an act passed in 1824 declared the slave trade piracy, and as such a capital crime punishable with death. In 1837 this law was modified, and the punishment substituted for the death penalty, was transportation for life.

In 1862 Lincoln's Proclamation abolished slavery in the United States.

While the Southern Colonies dealt in slaves for the necessary work on the plantations, it is not anywhere recorded that Newfoundlahd had much interest in the slave traffic. Probably the nature of the fishery work was better suited to the brawny West Country and Irish youngsters who were always to be had in abundance, at nearly as cheap a rate as slave labour.

But there is one, at least, well authenticated record, of a family of slaves having lived in St. John's in the early part of the 19th century.

In 1814, the 54th year of His Majesty's Reign (George III.), there died in St. John's one John Ryan founder and proprietor of the *Royal Gazette*. He had been a printer in New Brunswick. Inducements were offered him and he came down here to establish the *Gazette*. He ran it successfully for some years, and when he died he willed his printing establishment in Newfoundland to Lewis Kelly Ryan, with the proviso that he pay to Amelia Ryan (widow of John and mother of Lewis) the sum of £300 stg. for 12 years.

Afterwards the Ryans sold the plant to Mr. John Withers, father of the present proprietor, in whose possession it has since remained.

He left seven children in all viz.: Lewis Kelly, John, Robert Buleod, Ingraham Brown, Mary Somerindyke, Sarah Mayhee, and Leah. To his nephew—James Macombe—he left all the printing materials belonging to him in New Brunswick.

After disposing of all his real and personal property the following curious bequest occurs in the will:—

"I will and bequeath my female slave Dinah her freedom immediately after my decease, and that her two children, Cornelius and Rachel, be retained in the service of my family, or bound out to some creditable person until they come to the age of twenty-one years, then to enjoy their freedom."

The will was witnessed by George Lilly, Notary Public, and George Burton.

It would be interesting to discover what became of the children, and if they secured their freedom. It will also interest the historian of the future, if it be found that Dinah and her two children, the bond slaves of John Ryan were the last victims of the "great wrong" in Newfoundland.



CHRISTMAS AND NATURE.

I FELT as if all nature shared in the joy of the Great Birthhday.

GOING through the woods, the softness of my tread upon the mossy ground and among the brown leaves enhanced the Christmas Sacredness by which I felt surrounded. As the whitened stems environed me, I thought how the Founder of the Time had never raised His benignant hand, save to bless and heal, except in the case ot one unconsious tree. I came to the village, and the churchyard, where the dead had been quietly buried, "in the sure and certain hope" which Christmas-time inspired. What children could I see at play, and not beloving of, recalling Who had loved them? No garden that I passed was out of unison with the day, for I remembered that the Tomb was in a garden, and that "she supposing him to be a gardener," had said, "Sir, if thou have borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take him away." In time, the distant river with the ships came full in view, and with it pictures of the poor Fishermen, mending their nets, who arose and followed Him,—of the teaching of the people from a ship pushed off a little way from the shore, by reason of the multitude, of a majestic figure walking on the water, in the loneliness of night. My very shadow on the ground was eloquent of Christmas; for did not the people lay their sick where the mere shadows of the men who had heard and seen Him might fall as they passed along.

Thus Christmas begirt me far and near.—*The Seven Poor Travellers*—CHAS. DICKENS.

Unique in the Annals of Crime.

By Judge Prowse, LL.D.



OVER and over again I have been pressed to tell the story of the strange robbery and partial forgery of ten thousand pounds' worth of Colonial notes at the French Colony of St. Pierre, and the remarkable way in which the offenders were brought to justice. I have now decided to do so.

The title of my story, perhaps, needs some explanation. So far as I know the crime I tracked out is unique The only other case at all like it that I have heard of was the robbery of boxes of Indian stamps cast ashore intact from a wrecked ship in the Red Sea, and afterwards fraudently circulated throughout Bengal, Bombay, Madras, whereby the Government of India lost sixty thousand pounds. The perpetrators of this fraud were never discovered. And now for my own narrative.



THE AUTHOR, HIS HONOUR JUDGE PROWSE, K.C., LL.D.

For thirty years it was my custom as a Government official to indulge in an autumnal holiday. Periodically I informed the ruling powers that my heavy judicial labours were impairing my health, and that in order to serve the public efficiently my massive intellect required some weeks' repose. These applications, curiously enough, always corresponded with the grouse-shooting season. One year there was neither assistant judge nor clerk of the peace to take my place. To leave the city and district for several days without judge or magistrate seemed outrageous, but "where there's a will there's a way." I cleared off every possible case, and left behind me a clean docket.

It was on this occasion that I first became connected with the remarkable case of the forged bank-notes. I had thoroughly enjoyed a delightful fortnight's holiday and was on my way home when a telegraph boy ran after me with this message: "Bring back Miller, of St.Pierre, now on his way to Holyrood."

This was curious. The Minister of Justice did not seem to have taken into consideration the fact that I had not a shadow of legal authority to compel "Miller" to return with me to the capital. However, the Government had for years looked on me as sort of handy-man for all kinds of work. At one time I was district Judge, police-magistrate, by statue also police-inspector, chairman of the Board of Health, surrogate of the Admirality Court, president of the Royal Marine Court of Inquiry, and, to crown all, they appointed me Naval Commander of the Bait Squadron!

I had hard work to persuade Miller to return. He was, however, a Frenchman (though bearing an English name), and in mighty dread of the law. His story was a very simple one. A young woman, of rather dubious antecedents, had brought to his shop in St.Pierre a blank five-pound Commercial Bank note, complete in every respect save for the manager's and accountant's signatures. Miller took this paper to the bank in St. John's and asked for payment. The officials laughed at him.

No one in the establishment seems to have comprehended at the time what the incident of this unsigned note really meant.

To explain its real significance it is necessary to go back a little. Several years before the Commercial Bank of St. John's, Newfoundland, ordered through their stationers Messrs. W. Brown and Co., of London, ten thousand pounds' worth of five-pound notes. These were done up in booklets of one hundred, enclosed in a tin-lined case, and then packed in a strong wooden box, securely bound with iron. This box was shipped out to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and there transferred to the steamer *Gaspe* for St. John's. On the passage down the ship ran ashore on the Dunes, a sandbank between Great and Little Miquelon, near St. Pierre. The crew were saved, but in a furious southerly gale the old vessel was dashed to pieces and her cargo destroyed. The bank recovered the insurance on their box, and for years after no more was heard of the ill-fated *Gaspe.*

After Miller's application the bank officials began to get alarmed. The blank note, they realized, must be one of the issue lost in the steamer! The puzzle was, how had it appeared? An examination of their currency revealed more notes of the same issue, with—worst of all—the necessary signatures *forged!*

On this startling discovery the bank people became greatly disturbed, and in consequence I was ordered by telegraph to find Miller and bring him back. I did so, but the man gave us little assistance. All we discovered was that the girl who gave him the note had in turn received it from a fisherman named Jacquard, of Miquelon.

The case was now left in my hands, and a nice mystery it looked. The amount of information I possessed upon which to base any theory of the crime was as follows. I had before me one blank unsigned note—that presented by Miller—and a dozen or so other notes of the same issue bearing forged signatures of the manager and accountant. I learned how they had been packed in the box in which they travelled. Further, I knew the French Islands of St. Pierre, and also something about the ways of their inhabitants.

From the time the case was put in my hands, curiously enough, it took complete possession of me. I could think of nothing else. By degrees, as I cogitated over the known facts, every incident of the affair became as clearly visible to me as if I had been bodily present and actually seen the whole proceedings with my own eyes. I wrote out an account of the complete chain of events as I believed they had occured. I felt as sure of them as of my own existence. As the result will show, every portion of my theory, down to the smallest detail, turned out to be true facts.

I described how the box had come ashore at Miquelon intact; how it had been found by a fisherman, who showed it to another; that between them they had taken the notes, or some of them, to a low shopkeeper or huckster of St. Pierre. This go-between in his turn had found an educated man of some position to execute the forgeries. I described the four actors in the fraud and the part that each took in the conspiracy—the man who found the box and his companion at Miquelon, the marine-store dealer to whom they took the notes, and the educated man who forged the signatures. I also expressed my opinion that not more than fifty of the notes had gone through the hands of the forger.

When I came to tell my tale before the manager and directors of the bank they were astonished, but it was evident that they listened to me with absolute incredulity. My theories would have been thrown aside altogether but for the action of John W. Smith, a trained and experienced financier and manager of the Union Bank. He informed the sceptics that in his opinion I was absolutely right in my views, and he urged them to send me to St. Pierre at once to investigate.

The directors, however, did not believe in me, and practically told me so in dismissing me. Nevertheless, shortly afterwards, I was again summoned to their presence. This time they were thoroughly frightened, for more forged notes had been discovered.

"This is an extraordinary story of yours," said the manager. "Have you any outside facts to go upon that we do not know?"

"Absolutely none," I said.

"You say the box was washed ashore intact and unbroken; how do you know that?"

"Very simply. The notes are clean and unstained by sea-water. They run in consecutive numbers out of one booklet. That is proof that they have not been in the water or blown about the beach."

"You are very positive this work was done at St. Pierre. How do you prove that?"

"The ink used is French," I replied. "The forged notes have all come from the French Colony, or from places trading with St. Pierre; none from northern outports that do no business there."

I further informed the perturbed bankers that the two who were executing the forgeries and putting the paper into circulation were men of means and position who had something to lose, consequently they were acting with extreme caution and putting out the notes by ones and twos. "Not more than fifty notes are out," I added.

Here I fancy the reader will say. "Your explanations are all very well, but how could you possibly know both the number and character of the persons who were engaged in the conspiracy? You probably made a happy hit, but after all it was pure guess-work."

Well, in tracing out crime one should know not only the character but the antecedents, habits, and motives of the accused. One should also be able to piece together the broken links in the slender chain of evidence, and the imagination should work over all the probabilities and possibilities in the case. I had considerable experience of wrecks and wreckers; I knew all about the fisherman's ways and exactly what he would do in such a case as this. Whilst in imagination I saw the very actors in the drama, it was by a clear chain of reasoning that my mind worked out the problem. I knew from his actions that Jacquard, the fellow who gave the unsigned note to the girl, was the finder of the box. That he had an accomplice was clear from two facts—firstly, the box would be too heavy for one man to handle; and, secondly, the working out showed another and more cunning hand. As beach-combers and gatherers of wrecked goods the finders would hold the fisherman's creed that gifts from the ocean were theirs, and theirs only, sent to them by special Providence. To hide these from the authorities and sell them on the sly to the marine-store dealer would be their obvious course of procedure. They would take the notes to an old rascal in this line of business. Being illiterate, he would be obliged to resort to a fourth man, educated enough to copy the signatures from legally-signed notes in circulation among the islands.

The bank directors were still in doubt, but at Mr. Smith's urgent insistence they applied to the Government. The Attorney-General, Sir J. I. Little, would not agree to my going on what he called a "wild-goose chase." However, the Premier prevailed, and I was sent off so hurriedly at the last that I had not even time to go home and change my shooting-coat. After a short but stormy passage of twenty hours in a little tub of a steamer of only twenty tons, I arrived at the small French island of St. Pierre. My business there soon made me the butt and laughing-stock of the idle and witty Pierrois.

I shall never forget my first interview with the French Colonial authorities. They were most polite and cordial, but evidently thought that the idea of a smart and daring piece of roguery having been perpetrated by the stupid Norman and Breton fisherman of their little colony was altogether too absurd. Everyone I met used to ask me with a sardonic grin, "Well, Judge, have you caught the forgers of the *billets de banque?*"

The Chief Justice and Procureur Imperial emphatically declared that the work was done by the *Gaspe's* Yankee crew. They had stolen the box of notes. they said, taken them to New York, and forged the signatures in America.

Well aware of the difficulties placed in the way of foreigners dealing with French officials, I had come provided with a very strong and urgent letter from our Governor Hill, requesting the St. Pierre authorities to aid me in every way.

I knew the ruler of the little colony and his wife, and I found both most cordial. Mme. Joubert, a cousin of Paul de Cassagnac, was sympathetic; his Excellency the little Governor, polite but incredulous. He told me that it was my vivid imagination that had conjured up the story. "Our Bretons are far too *bete* for such a finished and artistic business as this conspiracy," he said.

I pointed out to him the intimate relations between the colonies, their constant use of our bank-notes, and the fact that a large forged issue would injure his people as well as ours. All through the business I must say that the Governor assisted me very cordially, yet I had always to be rigidly on my guard in dealing with him.

The only actual bit of evidence that I could produce at first to the St. Pierre authorities was the statement from the girl that the blank, unsigned five-pound note produced by Miller, which I had brought with me, had been given to her by a fisherman called Jacquard, living at Miquelon, the larger island of the St. Pierre group. I spent several days trying to get the Chief Justice (who was also Procureur Imperial) to bring over Jacquard from Miquelon and commence the inquiry. I pointed out that this was the man who had found the box. He was evidently a very simple fellow, or he would not have given the girl the blank note. As the box was full of stationery besides the notes, it would be too heavy for one man to carry. I traced out the whole story for him, and he made a note of it; but, all the same, I could see he did not believe me, and kept putting me off.

One morning I burst into the presence of the two assistant judges. Whether it was my impulsive manner or my very execrable French, I do not know, but his Honour had a fainting fit. The wags promtly sent the report abroad that I had killed the judge!

After another urgent appeal to the Governor, Jacquard was at last brought over from Miquelon. He proved to be a typical Norman, pig-headed and obstinate, and apparently intensely stupid. Confronted with the girl, he flatly denied giving her the blank note. Even the French inquisitorial system failed to get anything out of this disappointing witness, and I was almost in despair. The Procureur, however, was now on his mettle. The obstinacy of Jacquard, his denial of such an obvious fact as his giving the note, made the Procureur suspect that there was a secret behind all of this. He noticed also the start Jacquard gave when my story was told to him.

Inquiries were made. It was found out that the prisoner had been a good deal in company with another Norman called Roblot, a farmer and fisherman. They had also made several secret trips to St. Pierre, and had been seen about the shop of an old marine-store dealer called Bunot. So, according to the Gallic method—without any evidence, and merely on suspicion

—Roblot and all his family were brought over to be examined. After two days of cross-heckling and every kind of pressure nothing was discovered, and all the witnesses, with the exception of Jacquard, were allowed to return home to Miquelon. Two days after their dispatch, either from the solitary confinement or the pricking of his guilty conscience, the prisoner Jacquard gave way and made a full confession.

Months after the loss of the *Gaspe* and far away from the scene of the wreck, he said, whilst walking on Miquelon beach, he came across a large wooden box strongly bound with iron. Whilst in the act of opening the box his neighbour, Roblot, came along. The inside tin lining was cut open, and then, to his disappointment, Jacquard found only a lot of small booklets. "You fool!" said Roblot, "that's money!" Jacquard then went on to relate how they carried the box up to the woods after nightfall and hid it away.

After some time they went to St. Pierre, and showed a bundle of notes to an old marine-store dealer called Bunot. This rascal then made a bargain with them to divide the spoils, Bunot, of course, getting the lion's share. Bunot was very ignorant, but very rich. He had influence enough over a young Frenchman of education and good family to make him join in the conspiracy and forge the signatures. Thus for two years or more, Bunot had been circulating the false notes in a very cautious way, and the actual forger had died before the trial came on.

This discovery was a great *coup*. The Procureur was wild with delight, and, of course, claimed all the credit. Rejoiced as I was over the confession, I felt at the same time in a terrible predicament, for Roblot had gone home, and all the notes, with the exception of one booklet, remained in his possession. Unless I secured the whole of the remaining one thousand nine hundred and fifty unsigned notes I felt that my mission to St. Pierre would be a failure. What would Roblot do? That was the momentous question. Would the fear of discovery lead him to destroy the notes, or would he feel assured, after the failure of the Procureur to elicit any information, that the secret was? My confidence mainly rested in his French peasants avarice—that all-devouring passion which so often leads men to their undoing.

To add to my anxiety a fog came down like a blanket and there was no possible communication with Miquelon. Just at this critical juncture of affairs, however, the little Newfoundland steamer *Greyhound* put into St. Pierre. The captain, Jacob Simms, was an old friend of mine. I explained my position to him, and he agreed to help me. He was on his way to Harbor Breton, and so Miquelon lay in his course. He offered to land myself, a police officer, and a pilot.

Now the question arose, could I persuade the touchy little Governor to allow his official to be taken to Miquelon in an English steamer? My friend McLoughlan, an American, came to my assistance. Between us we drew up a most respectful memorial to his Excellency, waited upon him with it, and finally obtained his consent.

My next move was to get hold of M. Cantaloupe, the chief of the local gendarmerie, a fine, stolid old soldier. My constant ally, the host of the Lion d'Or, M. Hackela, *Capitaine des Sapeurs Pompiers*, otherwise head of the fire brigade. showed me how to handle this official.

"You must drive into his head and keep on at it," said Hackela. So, with his assistance, I procured two bottles of the best Cognac that St. Pierre could afford and the choicest cigars. At nightfall I went across like a conspirator, and spent nearly the whole evening with the old warrior. Over and over again we went through the programme for the next day. In pantomine, under my instruction, my bold brigadier would go up to Roblot, pistol in hand and sword by his side.

"Roblot," he cried, fiercely, "show me the box of notes, or you are a dead man!"

Next morning our little steamer set off in the densest of fogs. M. Cantaloupe and the pilot were landed at Miquelon. The chief marched up into the hills, caught Roblot wood-gathering, put the pistol to his head, and faithfully repeated the formula I had taught him: "Show me the notes, Roblot, or you are a dead man!"

Cantaloupe, backed by the revolver, had a mighty taking manner, and soon, carefully concealed in a dense thicket, the box of notes was revealed intact, with only the single booklet missing. There was great excitement in the little island next day when Canteloupe marched up to the Palois de Justice with the box.

I was not present at the trial, but I learned afterwards that M. Solomon, the prisoners' counsel, made an eloquent appeal to the national feelings of the jury.

"Would they convict their own countrymen," he pleaded, "at the instance of such an individual as the one who had come there, pretending to represent the British authorities in the case? However, the prisoners were duly convicted and sentenced, Bunot, the old marine-store dealer, the chief criminal, to twenty-one years' penal servitude, Roblot to fourteen, and Jacquard to seven years.

In conclusion I must briefly record one most amusing episode in this curious affair. The bank directors and their manager, finding results so long delayed, lost faith in me. They took it into their heads that a certain Franco-American gentlemen, connected with the telegraph company, was the real culprit. So day after day this suspected official would hand me message about himself and his supposed crimes, and I had to gravely hand back my replies, promising faithfully to attend to their instructions about him. The official was always as solemn as an owl. I must confess, however, that I had hard work at times to keep my countenance. And so ended my connection with this remarkable case.

THE PRIEST'S WELL.

By Dan Carroll.

THERE'S many a lone and dreary road around this storm-swept shore,
Made sacred by the hero-priest who toiled in days before
The wand of Progress waved above this land; it thus befell,
The "old Priests" made on many a down and ridge the roadside well.

They're almost holy, almost shrines, altho' no emblem lifts
Above their wave, save here and there, the grandeur of the cliffs:
The traveller here will stoop to drink and oft his *aves* tell,
And bless the dear Soggarth Aroon who built the wayside well.

There's many a legend weird and strange, rehearsed by fishermen
Of those old halting spots, so lone, by mountain-path and glen;
But oh! their waters, sweeter far than legendary lays,
Are whispering to the wilderness the pioneer Fathers' praise.

Foot-worn and weary, here at dusk, at dawn, at noon, at night,
From this lone rugged wayside fount, he's quaffed the waters bright,
When toiling towards the home bereft, the stricken to console,
Or hurrying o'er the cliffs to shrive the dying sinner's soul.

Beneath the stars of Summer nights, alone you've trod the moor,
And sought thro' bitter Winter's wrath, the dying fisher's door;
And here above this stone-rimmed well, my Fancy sees thee lean,
Then cross thyself, to face again, the waste that lay between.

Oh! valiant days of faithful saints,—Erin, thou well mayst boast,
For they were sturdy sons of thine, the vanguard of a host—
Who raised the standard of thy Faith above this Western Land,
From this sea-girdled Isle of Ours to far Pacific's strand.

That Faith, with ardent steadfast hearts we cherish, may it swell,
As pure and fresh'ning as the stream that feeds the wayside well;
Forever springing towards the light, yes, may this Faith of thine,—
Spring ever, e'en in dreary wastes, from out the Rock Sublime.

Your monuments, oh! warrior priests are in the hearts of men
Enshrined in deeds of valour, well remembered now, as when
You braved the tempest and the sea, and on the frail craft's deck
Faced for thy Faith the raging tide, gaunt Famine's fang and wreck.

God grant us zeal in this our day to strive to emulate,
The fervour of those grand old priests, those Fathers of the Faith;
And let that Faith's bright fountain pure, to many a byeway come,
To cheer the parched and dreary ways, and lead the wanderer home.

BAINE, JOHNSTON & Co.

Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland,

General Merchants and Ship Owners.

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Codfish, Cod Oil, Seal Oil, Seal Skins,
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Salmon, Split Herring, and Lobsters.

Sealing Steamers for Arctic hire. Steamers on Labrador requiring **COALS** can be supplied at Battle Harbor, at entrance to Straits of Belle Isle, where there is telegraphic communication.

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In Cases of 1 doz. each,
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RAISINS and Currants, all qualities.

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well known office on the most
liberal terms.

JOHN CORMACK,

AGENT FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

PROCLAMATION

By His Excellency Sir WILLIAM MACGREGOR, *Doctor of Medicine, Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in and over the Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies.*

WM. MACGREGOR
Governor.
[L.S.]

WHEREAS it is provided by Chapter 23 of 2 Edward VII., entitled "An Act to amend the Post Office Act, 1891," that upon the recommendation of the Board appointed under the provisions of the said Act, the Governor in Council shall by Proclamation give notice of any alteration of name, naming or re-naming of places within this Colony, provided that Public Notice of such proposed alteration of name, naming, or re-naming of places shall have been given for Three Months previous;

And whereas by Public Notice, of date the 6th day of March, 1906, certain alterations of name and re-naming of places within this Colony were notified, as required by the above-mentioned Act;

I do, therefore, by this my Proclamation, order and direct that the alteration of name and re-naming of places within this Colonly, as contained in the said Public Notice of the 6th of March, 1906, shall come into effect from the date of these presents, that is to say:

1. Ragged Harbour, District of Trinity, to be re-named "Melrose";

2. Western Arm, Rocky Bay, District of Fogo, to be re-named "Carmanville";

3. Grand River Gut, Codroy Valley, District of St. George, to be re-named "Searston";

4. Flat Islands, District of Bonavista, to be re-named "Samson";

5. Spaniard's Bay, District of Trinity, to be re-named "Spaniard's Cove";

6. Fox Island, Bay, d' Espoir, District of Fortune, to be re-named "Isle Galet";

7. Cat's Cove, Conception Bay, District of Harbour Main, to be re-named "Avondale North";

8. Middle Bight, District of Harbour Main, to be re-named "Codner";

9. Crabb's, District of St. George, to be re-named "Crabbe's."

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the Government House, St. John's, this 18th day of June, A.D., 1906.

By His Excellency's Command,

ARTHUR MEWS,
Deputy Colonial Secretary.

Opening of New Cable Route to South America, "Via Commercial-Azores-St. Vincent."

ACCELERATED Service. Most direct line to Pernambuco, Para, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, and other places in South America. All cable route to Uruguay and Argentine. To insure messages being sent by this route they must be filed at Postal Telegraph Offices.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

Notice to Mariners.

No. 6 of 1906.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

NOTICE is hereby given that Fixed White Lights have recently been placed at the entrance to the undernamed harbours in White Bay:

Canada Bay, Aiguillettes or Inglee Harbour

Latitude... 56° 43' 30" North. } Approx.
Longitude.. 59° 06' 00" West. }

St. Mein Bay, St. Anthony Harbour.

Latitude... 51° 22' 00" North. } Approx.
Longitude.. 55° 33' 00" West. }

Straits of Bell Isle, Red Bay.

Western End of Saddle Island.

Latitude... 51° 43' 00" North. } Approx.
Longitude.. 56° 25' 00" West. }

Each Light is exhibited from a lens lantern, hoisted to an open frame-work painted white, and will be kept in operation during period of open navigation, or from June to end of December annually.

These lights are established as "harbour lights" only.

W. B. PAYN,
Acting Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
St. John's, Nfld., October 22nd, 1906.

NOTICE TO Ship Owners.

NOTICE is hereby given that all the provisions of the **Merchant's Shipping Acts** and of the **Rules** made thereunder in respect of **Life Saving Appliances** will be rigidly enforced, and that when a notice is received from any Surveyor of Ships appointed by the Governor under the provisions of Section 727, of the Merchant Shipping Act, 1894, any ship is not properly provided with Life Saving Appliances, all Customs Officers will be instructed to refuse a clearance to any such ship until a Certificate under the hand of any such Surveyor is produced to the effect that the said ship is properly provided with Life Saving Appliances in conformity with the said Act.

ELI DAWE,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Marine and Fisheries' Department,
St. John's, Nfld., November, 1906.

Supreme Court of Newfoundland.

List of Deputy Sheriffs.

SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

Residence.	Districts.	Names.	Residence.	Districts.	Names.
Ferryland	Ferryland	George Geary.	St. Jacques	Fortune Bay	
Mobile	"	John T. Fitzgerald.	Belleoram	"	J. Pearce.
Fermeuse	"	William Trainer.	Pushthrough	"	Joseph Camp.
St. Mary's	Placentia and St. Mary's.	Jas. J. Bishop.	Harbor Breton	"	Benjamin Chapman.
Salmonier	" "	Francis R. Curtis.	Burgeo	Burgeo and La Poile	Albert Kelland.
Placentia	" "	M. Morrissey.	Ramea	" "	Matthew Nash.
Presque	" "		Rose Blanche	" "	Prosper A. Garcien.
Oderin	" "	Peter Manning.	Channel	" "	James H. Wilcox.
Flat Island	Burin	Howard Parsons.	Codroy	St. George	Henry Gallop.
Burin	" "	Stephen White.	Grand River	"	Thomas B. Doyle.
St. Lawrence	" "	Cyrus Beck, sr.	Robinson's Head	"	Abraham Tilley.
Lawn	" "		St. George—Sandy Pt.	"	M. E. Messervey.
Lamaline	" "	William G. Pittman.	Wood's Island	"	Simeon Jennex.
Grand Bank	" "	Eli Harris.	Bay of Islands	"	Daniel J. Gilker.
			Bonne Bay	St. Barbe	Geo. Halfyard.

NORTHERN DISTRICT.

Residence.	Districts.	Names.	Residence.	Districts.	Names.
St. Anthony	St. Barbe	James Johnson.	King's Cove	Bonavista	
Conche	"		Bonavista	"	Noah Burge.
La Scie	"	Wm. A. Toms.	Catalina	Trinity	Isaac Manuel
Tilt Cove	Twillingate	Constable T. Walsh.	Trinity	"	John W. James.
Little Bay	"	P. J. Leary.	Bonaventure	"	Noah Miller.
Little Bay Islands	"	Peter Campbell.	Northern Bight	"	Edmond Benson.
Pilley's Island	"	Thomas Roberts.	Britannia Cove	"	R. Currie.
Leading Tickles	"	William Lanning.	Shoal Harbor	"	Galeb Tuck.
New Bay	"	Peter Moores.	Clarenville	"	George Janes.
Botwoodville	"	J. T. Bendle.	Foster's Point	"	George Leawood.
Exploits	"	George S. Lilly.	Bay Bull's Arm	"	
Lewisport	"	Alfred G. Young.	Whitbourne	"	Eliel Noseworthy.
Twillingate	"	William Baird.	New Harbor	"	
Moreton's Harbor	"		Heart's Content	"	Charles Rendell.
Fogo	Fogo	Ambrose Fitzgerald.	Hant's Harbor	"	A. Targett.
Barr'd Island	"	George Foster.	Old Perlican	Bay-de-Verde	Moses Bursey.
Seldom-Come-By	"	Philip Perry.	Bay-de-Verde	"	Reuben Curtis.
Change Islands	"		Lower Island Cove	"	Eli Garland.
Gander Bay	"	Robert Pike.	Western Bay	"	Ewen Kennedy.
Musgrave Harbor	"	Adam Bradley. / N. Gillingham.	Carbonear	Carbonear	Ernest Forward.
			Harbor Grace	Harbor Grace	John Trapnell.
Pinchard's Island	Bonavista	Jacob Hefferton.	Spaniard's Bay	"	
Wesleyville	"	Wm. Sainsbury. / Peter Roberts.	Bay Roberts	"	A. Hierlihy.
			Brigus	Port-de-Grave	Benjamin Butler.
Pool's Island	"		Conception Harbor	Harbor Main	
Greenspond	"	Thomas Wornell.	Harbor Main	"	James Murphy.
Glovertown	"	Charles Kean.	Holyrood	"	William Maher.
Gambo	"	Mark Gibbons.	Middle Bight	"	William Butler.
Brooklyn	"		Bell Isl'd—Lance Cove	St. John's East	A. E. Rees.
Salvage	"	John Burden.	Bell Island—Beach	"	John H. Bennett.
Alexander Bay	"		Portugal Cove	"	Edward Harding.

November 1906.

JAMES CARTER, Sheriff, Newfoundland.
W. J. CARROLL, Sub-Sheriff, "

John Carew

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Carbonear, Newfoundland.

1906 Greeting 1906

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PERFUMERY!

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Sachet Powders, Fancy Toilet Soaps,
Toilet Boxes, Smelling Bottles,
Hair Brushes, Washing Gloves,

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etc., etc.

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Head McBride's Hill Duckworth Street, St. John's, Nfld.

Public Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to reserve from the operation of the Crown Lands' Act a strip of land along the North shore of Sandy Point, in the District of Saint George, 200 yards wide from high water mark on said shore, for the protection of Sandy Point.

The public are, therefore, notified that the cutting of trees or bushes on the said strip of land for any purposes whatever is strictly prohibited, any person so cutting will be liable to prosecution.

R. BOND,
Colonial Secretary.

Colonial Secretary's Office, October 23rd, 1906.

Published by Authority

ON the recommendation of the Minister of Agriculture and Mines, His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to direct that the following piece of land be reserved from lease or grant, namely:—

All that piece or parcel of land, situate and being inland from Bay Saint George, commencing at a point at the intersection of the South boundary of Lot 15 granted to the Reid-Newfoundland Company, with the North-East boundary of land granted to the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company, Limited, running thence East (true) twelve miles, thence South (true) to a line, the Eastern intersection of the South boundary of Lot 13 granted to the Reid-Newfoundland Company; thence West to the South-East angle of Lot 13 aforesaid, and thence by the said lot, by mining locations leased to Honourable Philip Cleary, and by the aforesaid land granted to the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company, Limited, to the point of commencement.

R. BOND,
Colonial Secretary.

Secretary's Office, 28th August, 1906.

The White Dwarf.

A GHOST STORY.

"I have heard (but not believed) the spirit of the dead
May walk again * * *"

—*Shakspeare.*



ONCE upon a time, and a very good time it was, every house in Newfoundland had an open fire place. During the long winter nights, after the lamp had been trimmed, the hearth swept, and fresh logs piled on the cheerful dog-irons; after the father had filled and lit the pipe, the mother brought out her knitting and the neighbouring boys and girls had dropped in for a gossip, all hands drew their chairs around the bright hospitable log-fire, and basked in its ruddy beams.

Every neighbourhood had one or two houses, where after tea the boys and girls, old and young, would congregate. These were the clubs, public libraries, and the rallying places where the good simple people, after the chit-chat and light gossip had been disposed of, heard of the deeds of daring of their forbears, the early history of the country as it passed from father to son, and propagated and perpetuated the traditions of the race, historical, social and religious.

In fact so accurately were some of those traditions passed by "word o' mouth," by people whose compass was limited to a very narrow circle of human interests, that it was not an uncommon happening that a grand-son would detail word for word as it had fallen from the lips of a grandsire long gathered to his fathers, a long and interesting account of some great visitation, or of some event of note in the history of the seal or cod fishery, in which his ancestors had been participants nearly a century previous, and narrate it in the same words that it had been described in a hundred times before. Sometimes the evening would be enlivened by the singing of the old songs and ballads, in which as often as not, the whole company joined: or the singer *par excellence* of the neighborhood rendered with such feeling and pathos some homely old melody, that it not only earned the hearty approbation of these unaffected people, but under other circumstances, the voice and the singer possessed real merit enough, to compel attention and applause from a much larger and far more critical audience.

At Christmas time especially these gatherings were an institution as real and as regular as the feast itself. And after the laugh and jest had gone round and the folks had settled down in real earnest, then the oracle of the neighbourhood got his chance, and narrated with minute detail, his celebrated ghost story. Everyone knew it, had heard it a hundred times, but like the fairy tales of children, it never lost its savour. This was followed perhaps by the criticisms of a doubter, who questioned if ever anyone had seen a real ghost. And then some father of the hamlet, whose truth and integrity had never been questioned, would give the details of a ghostly apparition that had appeared to some close friend of his, with such attention to the most trifling detail of time, when and where, that all doubts would be dispelled, the doubter silenced, and the circles gathered closer together. Once started, stories of ghosts and goblins, spirits and apparitions, of fairies and mysterious warnings, would follow each other in rapid succession; a hush would come over the gathering, the least noise would cause a trembling and he who would first move to go homeward, although a little nervous now, would be the stamp of man who feared no mortal danger on land or sea. The startling of one, was the signal for all. If one lived a long distance or had to pass an "eerie place" or a graveyard, the chances are that the whole company accompanied him to his own door.

I had often in my boyhood attended such gatherings, and though I did not believe in ghosts (in the day), often in the dark nights when walking a lonely road, the tales told of old time ghosts. would come vividly back to me, and have the effect of quickening my footsteps, making my sight and hearing more alert, and of lubricating my heels if I heard any sound not too obviously commonplace.

Some years ago I lived in a near outport. I was coming home one night late from a visit to a friend of mine who lived about three miles distant. It was a night in drear November. It was a soft muggy night, and I could hear like a distant moan, the "rote" of the sea on the beach a half a mile off. It was more like a spring night than an autumn one, and there was a dense white fog over all the land. The hour was just near midnight, and the rote and the soughing of the spruce and fir trees, and the noises of the night and the thought that it was just the time when graveyards yawn tightened my nerves a bit and made me a wee bit apprehensive.

In fact I was in that state of nerve tension which a heavy drinker experiences when he is recovering from an orgy that he celebrates well, but not wisely, when as the saying is, "if you snap your fingers behind him suddenly, he'll go to wing,"—when I saw the white dwarf. I was about half way home, at a place on the main line, where a road leaves it at right angles leading to the beach. It was no delusion, no trick of overwrought fancy or heated imagination,—there, right before me on the corner of the bye-road, mopping his head with one hand, stood a little white man, looking straight at me.

I could see, plainly and distinctly as the haze would permit, a small white man standing upright; I could see his legs quite plainly, and could see between them to the road beyond; I could see his body plainly, and I could see him distinctly waving one arm at me. He never spoke a word. I gazed at him with a fearful intensity, and while I gazed I suddenly felt a cold perspiration cover my whole body; my hair performed a feat of which I had often heard and discredited until that moment,—it really and truly and literally "stood of an end," and nearly precipitated my hat to the ground; my back bone tingled, like as if a cold, dead hand traversed it up and down, and my knees trembled perceptibly. I stood an instant and gazed on him as intently as if I had been hypnotized. He did not utter a sound or speak a word, and I remembering in time that it was not good to be the first to speak in a case like this, recovered myself and moved on. Every sense of my being was alert. I kept my eyes glued on the white dwarf, and walked a dozen paces or so when he moved: I braced every muscle for swift and instant flight. He moved again. I heard his feet rattle on the stones; I involuntarily turned my footsteps, and walked right towards him; I could no more stop myself than can the needle when it comes within the scope of the magnet. I got nearer, and was just going to ask him his business with me in God's name, when he looked around.

A revulsion of feeling seized me; I grasped the first stone I could lay hand to, I hurled it at him with full force, and I exorcised him as effectively with a bit of a boulder as if I had done it with bell-book and candle. The white dwarf disappeared, and you can imagine my feelings of chagrin and disgust, when I saw a scraggy old pony trotting down the road. He had been grazing "end on" to me, he had been wisping himself with his tail; he had nearly driven me into hysterics; in a few moments he had punished me for years of scoffing at apparitions; and then when I had re-erected all my theories about ghosts and hobgoblins. and had recanted and repented all my heretical utterances as to their existence, this mean, scraggy, half-starved, barnless old pony shattered them as completely as my chunk of sandsone did the little white dwarf.

RISE, happy morn, rise holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night;
Oh Father, touch the East, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.

—*Tennyson.*

Metropolitan Montreal.

By Rev. J. A. O'Reilly, D.D.

NOT the Official Capital, nor yet the Ancient Capital, for these distinctions pertain to Ottawa and Quebec. Still Montreal is the London or New York, or Paris of the Canadian Dominion.

Even if the West and the North-West were to develop civilization hitherto unparalleled, it would yet take them many a long day to evolve a civic community equal to the Imperial City of the Saint Lawrence. A river boat—*The Duchess of York*—brought your correspondent down the Ottawa River, and then into the Saint Lawrence where the ship, after passing under a colossal bridge which at that point spans the river, landed its living freight at one of the many piers which project into the tide from the great city. The steaming along the two rivers gave opportunity to study some of the finest river scenery that could be witnessed. The waters broaden at several places into inland seas, whilst the tide here and there ripples the surface. Wooded islands and shores, still studded with the growth of primeval nature, enhanced the attractiveness of the landscape. The boat touched at a few places, where country towns are established. At every place substantial stone piers offered landing facilities for people and goods. The water route presented an animated appearance. White sailed pleasure boats disported on either side of the steamer, whilst often, the curving shape of some venturesome canoe would come in sight, and the man paddling his own canoe, would drive the boat into the swollen tide in the wake of the steamer when the plucky little craft would be flung about like a cork, to the great delight of the steamer's passengers and no doubt to the satisfaction of the man with the canoe. Occasionally, too, some bold swimmers would plunge then headlong in the tide-like Horatius of antique fame, and swim out for the centre of the river as though to race the steamer. The steamer's deck was a throng of humanity, all intent on the many points of interest along the shore. Canadians take a keen artistic delight in the varied beauties of their great river.

The St. Lawrence is to them what the Atlantic Ocean is to Newfoundland. It is the great water-way of their commerce, and its coasts and islands, and winding channels and turbulent rapids, make it an outlet for pleasure seekers and a great conveyance for the products of the country. Even as Canadians more and more appreciate the attractive landscape and the many utilities of their great country-penetrating river.

So doubtless shall Newfoundlanders each year set more and more value on the oceanic environment of their Atlantic girdled home, and shall more and more appreciate that wonderful combination of headlands and harbors; bays, creeks, channels and island; verdant fields, and endless forest vistas which give an interest indescribable to the sea margin of the country. Now that the Ancient Colony has fully and fairly entered on a tourist era, it will soon be as fashionable to make a complete tour of the Island from the centre to the sea, and from St. Pierre to Labrador as it is to-day to make a river voyage through Canada or a trip up the Mediterranean.

Travellers from other lands seem to be setting a pace for the average Newfoundlander in the matter of exploring the coastal recesses, and wonderful inland spaces of the Island. However, the time is now come when the Humber and Exploits, and Bays, Lakes and Islands, hitherto deemed remote as Cathay shall be the recognized holiday haunts both of resident Newfoundlanders and of summer guests in the Island. One of the chief interests attaching to a voyage from the Ottawa River to the St. Lawrence, is the passing of Lachine Rapids, which passing occurs nearly at that point where the two rivers mingle their waters. The place is studded with rocks and shoals: some appearing above the water, some completely submerged. The tides run on such a complicated system as to strike the ship apparently at a dozen opposite points at the same time. Here are Scylla and Charybdis, for there are sharp-edged rocky projections on either side of the boat, sharp enough to bore a hole through steel or timber if the wheels-man should divert the course in the slightest degree. As the boat goes along she seems to be charged from a number of opposite points, and occasionally appears to tilt over or to run on some shoal. None of these things happens, but you feel that the steering must be extremely delicate to bring the boat through such a labyrinth of rocks, shoals and racing cross currents. The view of the water surface, as it foams in its white rage, tells of the many obstacles which Lachine Rapids might present to smooth navigation: until science, practically applied, had conjured the natural difficulties. As the boat goes through the Rapids, the passengers press forward to take in the scene as presented from the steamer's prows. A wild war of tide and rock, and a dragging motion of the vessel, no doubt, affords the "spice of danger" which they say is a not unpleasant element in seafaring.

Lachine Rapids are not unapt figures of the surging tides of human commerce flowing through the streets of a great city. There you have the currents and cross currents of people all intermingled with cabs and street cars and motor cars and every species of vehicle that was ever set on wheels. In this respect Montreal is like all other vast communities. High above the restless sea of human life, rise the towers and steeples of many churches. The silver like dome of St. James's Cathedral and the "gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame" will challenge the admiration of all. St. James's is an exact copy of St. Peter's Rome and Notre Dame is modelled on the church of the same title in Paris. In St. James's you find a copy of the great Roman picture, the last communion of St. Jerome. The sainted and patriarchal figure of the great recluse of Bethlehem kneels on the ground to receive the viaticum. A large lion crouches near the cave. The dying saint is upheld by attendants, and the communion under both species of bread and wine, according to Greek rite, is given by an ecclesiastic assisted by a Deacon in Dalmatics. In the church is also a bronze effigy of the Pontiff, after the model of that in Rome. The High Altar of Montreal Cathedral is surmounted by twisted bronze columns, just as is the Pontifical Altar in the Roman Basilica. In fact nearly every detail of the famous Roman ecclesiastical structure is reproduced in the Montreal Church. Externally, too, the buildings are alike in form. The front roof of the Montreal Cathedral, has the statues of the Apostles, whilst a grand Dome surmounted by ball and cross, crown the edifice. Notre Dame, Montreal, is as the Notre Dame in Paris. The square towers, the variegated architecture within, the small but rich church at the rear of the grand altar, and the tremendous bells in the turrets, are as you find them in the great Parisian prototype. These churches are always visited by travellers, and every hour of the day may be seen a stream of people in and out for devotional exercises. A church is never more eloquent of peace than when it stands near the "central roar" of a great city. All around it ebbs and flows the unceasing war-fare of human life, but there is peace before the tabernacle and at the foot of the cross. There you have the shadow of the rock in a sun-scorched land; the oasis in the Desert; the "raging whirlwind's heart of peace" Montreal is a city of many churches but St. James's and Notre Dame will claim the special interest of every visitor.

In St. James's Street, a many storied newspaper office, that of the *Star* fronts the city. A crowd gathered in front of that drew my attention. It is odd that nothing is easier than to collect a crowd in a large city. This time I thought it might be a "horse down" or a motor smash, or a man selling nostrums, but it was nothing more tragic than the placing of bulletins in front of the *Star* office, giving notice to the public of the changing fortunes of a great game of LaCrosse, then being fought *pro aris et focis* between Montreal and somebody else in another part of the country. No Russian Revolution, or Californian Earthquake, could have centred more attention than reports from the LaCrosse field. I don't know who won; and I suppose the "gentle reader" will scarcely care.

Montreal of a Sunday offers its features of interest. The functions to-day

at Notre Dame were most impressive. The high altar, profusely strewn with electric lights, shone like gold. A great concourse of accolytes assisted at the ceremony—all in red cassocks. There are churches here for both the French and English speaking peoples. St. Patrick's is a most popular place of worship for the latter, though the various religious orders—Jesuits, Franciscans and others have their churches.

Extensive tours of the city surroundings may be made either by street cars or river boats. The latter are kept running continually, and serve to enormously develop the tourist trade. When Newfoundland becomes the greatest tourist country in America it will require a constant service of such ferries to make short routes between St. John's and all ports that may be reached and returned from in the course of a day. A day's trip by sea between St. John's and various points of Conception Bay would be a holiday outing as they understand it here. In foreign cities that have such commanding heights as Signal Hill, Southside Hill and Freshwater Valley, they make it a point to construct carriage roads through and over them so as to open up panoramic views of ocean, country and city. Such drives are special features in every city from Naples to Montreal. The "Mountain" is the Signal Hill in the latter city. Splendid roads go there, and the views obtainable from its height are such as to include the whole scene. Travellers in Edinburgh will remember the great Mountain Drive to "Uncle Arthur's Seat," which is the Signal Hill of "Auld Reekie." And I may also refer to the Athenian Accropolis, the Signal Hill of the Greek Metropolis. A city and country are best appreciated from some mountain peak, and cities ambitious of scenic distinction always bring such places in reach of travellers by roads. The expense is compensated by the new interest which such arteries of commerce develop in a country. The Cabot Tower commands the finest ocean and land views imaginable, so that a road leading around it and opening up the Norwegian or Orkney Island scenery to the seaward will possibly be amongst the enterprizes of the new era.

Amongst the public establishments of the city, the Bank of Montreal, the City Hall, Temple Building, and the railway offices are all notable structures. The Bank of Montreal is internally constructed on a very expensive plan. Its gilded ceiling is sustained by a series of pillars made of polished Vermont granite—lustrous as the finest marble. These have Corinthian and Ionic columns of bronze, and pedestals of Belgic marble.

The City Hall includes a number of law offices, a library, and a Hall of Justice. From its Dome, ascended by elevator, your correspondent had a very good outlook on part of the City, harbor and river. One of the most prominent sights from that point is the Victorian Bridge which by a series of arches joins the two banks of the St. Lawrence. One of the most comprehensive views of Montreal is that from the Towers of Notre Dame, to which the ascent is made by elevator. The general appearance of the city is rather of a level; the Mountain, however, rising in tree-clad slopes, varies this levelness and introduces a vista of primeval forest into the heart of the City. Within the Notre Dame turret may be seen the largest Bell on the American Continent. It is a tremendous piece of metal and must produce a great volume of sound heard, doubtless, for many a mile beyond the city's furthest bounds. The walls and ceiling of Notre Dame Church are most elaborately decorated and give the impression of great richness. The City streets to-day were animated by a novel spectacle: the marching through of the Massachusetts Regiment, now touring Canada, and being feasted by the Canadians. The soldiers, uniformed in blue, made a martial appearance, as they went through St. James Street four deep. The marching columns were loudly applauded by onlookers on sidewalks and in windows. Several British soldiers were in the military procession, and came in for a very large share of popular applause. The railway offices in Montreal are centres of great interest during tourist season. They distribute tourist literature in tons, and issue tickets for the whole globe. The amount of business which they dispose of must be phenomenal This year the tourist movement, all over Canada, was the greatest in man's memory. This general wave of tourist travel is bound to sweep all over Newfoundland and Labrador after a few seasons.

In Newfoundland the question of being the greatest tourist field in America, will be a question of hotels and railways. The manifold attractions of the sea coast, and the boundless opportunities for forest and river sport, are matters of general concession. The issuing of tourist literature, the facilitating of travel, and the housing of arrivals, will be the practical questions for the Newfoundland Tourist Association when it opens shop.

One of the treats of Montreal is to make the ascent of Mount Royal Park by the railway. This height rises by seven or eight hundred feet of sheer precipice from the ground level. It is profusely covered with trees, divided into groves by splendid roadways, and gives the best and most extensive views of Montreal that could be obtained. In fact this hill would seem to be planted there with the express purpose of dominating city, river and country. To ascend or descend that all but straight precipice by the sliding railway is quite an experience, and many people shrink the experiment. If you can picture a railway climbing from the sea-level up one of the straightest and highest precipices of Signal Hill, you can form a not exaggerated idea of the railway voyage up Mount Royal. Whether looking upwards from your car as you are winched up by a triple cable, or whether you look down as you descend, you seem to have the unique and original sensation of taking a railway voyage through the air, and can well understand how many people somewhat hesitate to go up and down in the "elevator railway" along these all put perpendicular cliffs. As the car goes up it seems always liable to slide down! and as it goes down it gives the sensation of plunging into the lower space. The ascent of Mount Royal has its counterpart in the shooting of Lachine Rapids. As you step from the car to the "Look-out" platform, at a prominent point on the Mountain, you get a view of Montreal, so wide, so varied, and so complete, as might be truly called panoramic. In width and breath, the scene stretches to the furthest horizon, including city, river, plains, and mountains, with houses, bridges and trees all intermingled. It would be impossible to describe the varied colors of that picture. The blue water of the St. Lawrence, the azure hue of the distant hill, the greenery of the ubiquitous forest, the silvery domes and steeples, and the dark, brown and red colors of the city houses made a scene which had in it every possible tint. In one sweep of the eye you take in the whole prospect. The city gives the impression of being level, as some vast plain. Looking down from its Mount you can see the cars winding through its streets, and the boats on its river. In fact you get a clearly defined view of every detail of that wonderful landscape. Prominent in the forefront are the Towers of Notre Dame and the Michael Angelo Dome of Montreal, St. Peter's, *i.e.*, St. James's Cathedral. Mount Royal Park is one vast forest scene, with wide grassy spaces intervening. The trees attain to great height, and their wide spreading foliage makes a curtain to screen the walks and drives from the rays of a sun beating with fury on the unprotected streets of the city. Because of its coolness in the equatorial heat of midsummer, Mount Royal is in great request with the unnumbered tourists who come here on their yearly migrations, even as we see foreign visitors seek the breezy crest of Signal Hill, which many yet only reached by elevator. One side of the Mountain is set apart as a burying ground for the city. Here are cemeteries for Christians and Jews. Millions of dollars must be represented by the marble and granite monuments, marking the last resting place of the great city's dead. The grounds of these cemeteries are kept in most perfect condition. All that art and wealth and Faith could do to beautify "God's Acre," the "Campo Santo" of the community has been done by the public of Montreal.

In writing of Canadian scenery, as seen by the tourist of the period, I should say that all these resources of scenery are enhanced by the construction of public works, such as roads, bridges, terraces, and ascending railways, all calculated to give a spectacular idea of the country. A splendid carriage drive, for instance, winds up Mount Royal—passing many of the leading institutes in Montreal, such as McGill University, Victorian Hospital and Hotel Dieu; Dufferin Terrace, with the Frontenace Hotel in its rear, the Citadel rising above it, and the St. Lawrence at its foot, is the most panoramic out-look on Quebec. The building of such works will be found to be of need in every country that ambitions fame as a tourist centre, and until such structures are placed, half the advantages of a country, as a holiday resort, are unused. The natural surroundings of St. John's are as spectacular as may be seen anywhere; but terraces, railway elevators, and mountain drives are of need to supplement the works of nature by the appliances of art.

At present there is growing in Canada a strong idea that if the Dominion is to develop fully, her trans-ocean and cross-continent service of transport, if she is to bring her European emigrants by the shortest sea route to the great grain countries of the West, she must depend on the Island, which lies across the mouth of the Gulf the "stepping stone" between the old world and the new—Newfoundland. Just imagine the revolution in Newfoundland's position when the mails and passengers of two Continents would be landed on her shores, and rushed by a fast railway across part of the Island. This question has been raised in Canada, and is now regarded as a practical issue. When this comes to pass, and they say here it is coming, then Newfoundland shall come in for her own.

This is not a question of union with the Dominion. It is a matter of the Dominion depending on Newfoundland to give her right of way, and if Canada, to serve herself, should build up such a system, she will be serving Newfoundland without any prejudice to the latter's political independence.

The idea of progress must go before progress. Nothing can be ambitioned unless what is in some way already known. *Nil volitum quin prae cognitum.* So it is necessary that a country should realize its own capacity for progress first, and if it be a matter of tourist industry, impress that idea on the mind of the outer world by organized intelligent and concentrated advertisement extending over many years – and reaching many countries. Here is a field for artists, photographers, magazine writers and newspaper contributors, to bring before as broad a public as possible the wealth, beauty, and variety of Newfoundland's resources. At the same time not neglecting to encourage by voice and pen the upbuilding of such public works as railways, street-car services, bridges, elevators, harbor and coastal ferries, and hotels, all of which are of prime necessity in a tourist centre. The United States vacationists alone are said to spend Three Hundred Millions of Dollars a year in Continental Europe. It will be to our Island's interest to divert to its shores some portion of that golden stream, and no doubt when the short route across the Atlantic is established Newfoundland will share in this almost fabulous outpouring of wealth. But to gain that end it will be necessary to work for it in a concentrated manner. It will be necessary to have all Newfoundlanders behind the movement for developing and advertising the scenic and other resources of the Island, just all Canadians are behind the movement for the development of their country.

Is there not proportionately as strong a spirit of Patriotism in Newfoundland as in any part of Canada? Since there is, let it exercise itself in the work of advertising the varied capabilities of the Island.



Christmas Eve.

By Barry Pain.

THE Dining Saloon—it was so styled by the Italian ape who was its proprietor and did not permit pipes to be smoked in it—was empty of guests when the young man entered it at his usual hour. Mrs. Proprietor smiled at him from behind her counter. The head-waiter smiled and took his hat and coat. No, there was no business. Everybody was away or dining with friends. "If every day was to be like dis," said the head-waiter, confidentially, "I would——" He stopped, and drew a finger across his throat significantly. "*Sole frite, filet aux cressons, pommes nature, omelette aux fines herbes, numero treize—une demi, n'est-ce-pas? Treshien, Monsieur.*"

The young man sat and stared at the imitation roses in the gilded glass vase on his table; there was a similar vase with similar roses on each of the tables. He was a practical young man in a practical blue serge suit, and little given to staring and mooning. But the desolation of the place struck him. So everybody was away, seeking and finding enjoyment; and he was busy, though it was Christmas-time, because even at Christmas London requires the electric light, and he was engaged in the business of providing it. He had worked as usual, entered his usual restaurant at the usual hour for dinner. It was not quite the usual dinner; it was more luxurious, for one must do something of the kind at Christmas, especially when the good Uncle George has sent one his very good cheque for £10, quite unexpectedly, and with the compliments of the season.

Plop! The waiter drew the cork from the little bottle of the white wine of Capri, and poured out a glass.

The young man took a sip. Good—that wine certainly had a pleasant perfume. But it was a curious thing—on any ordinary evening he would wait five or ten minutes to get a table to himself; and to-night he would have welcomed an invader. He would have talked—yes, even to the puffy old gentleman who said it would be a sad day, sir, for England; or the young man with the stammer who always dined on chops. "Qui-quickest to cook and and and easiest to pip-pip-pip-pronounce." he had once explained; "though," he added pathetically, "as a mum-matter of fa-fact, I—er—hate chops."

He had friends, of course—plenty of them at home, and a few here in London. In fact, the Tomlinsons, hearing of his lonely condition, had asked him to dinner that very night; but they lived in the remoter parts of St. John's Wood, and it would have taken too much time. Besides, he could hate Mrs. Tomlinson and the daughters (nice elderly girls) quite well enough from where he was. So it had chanced that he was alone on Christmas Eve, and he felt sorry for himself.

At this moment a fried sole was placed before him, and another diner entered—a girl.

A girl? Why, it was *the* girl—the girl with the lovely red hair and pale face—the girl that he had noticed on many previous nights. Sometimes she dined alone; sometimes she was in the company of another girl—plain, but soulful. She had a great charm. She also had an air of knowing exactly what she was doing—which is sufficiently rare in girls ordering food in restaurants. Yes, the young man had noticed her quite a good deal. She swept past him, took the table furthest away from him, and picked up the bill of fare.

It was a sudden impulse. He hardly knew he was going to do it before he had done it. There he was—standing in front of her with her perplexed eyes looking at him—and distinctly nervous.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I wonder if you would do me a very great kindness. I am a stranger to you, I know, and I shall quite understand if you refuse me, and in that case I will not trouble you one moment further."

In a flash the girl saw that he was not drunk; in another flash she saw that he was trying to borrow money (though he did not look like it), and was almost certain that she would not lend him a penny.

"What is it?" she asked, and her big grey eyes were cold and severe.

"I'm an electrical engineer, kept here in London through Christmas by my work, and quite alone. I—er—well, I suppose I feel it more than I thought I should."

The big grey eyes softened a little. He was telling the absolute truth. And when any man does that any woman knows it.

"You also seem to be quite alone. If we had some mutual friend here to introduce us, I suppose it would be all right; we should not sit and stare from our respective solitudes at different corners of the room. Unfortunately for me we have not. And I thought if I might dine at your table—it was impulsive of me, but I didn't mean to be disrespectful. You needn't tell me your name, and you needn't even know me if we chance to meet again. And I should be so grateful to you—it's such a desolate business dining all alone on Christmas Eve."

The girl with the lovely red hair smiled.

(Did I mention that the young man was by no means ill-looking?)

"I don't know," she said—she had a perfectly charming voice. "If it weren't Christmas Eve——" She stopped. The young man looked all right. One of the few advantages of being all right is that you look it, and that there are occasions in life when this saves a good deal of argument. "Yes," she said. "You may come if you like—just for the half-hour that we are at dinner. I believe I oughtn't to, but I think it doesn't matter much, really."

He thanked her warmly. Soon the head-waiter (obsequious, though shocked) was transferring a small bottle of the white wine of Capri and a very cold fried sole to the lady's table.

They talked easily, and were amused easily. She told him, unasked, much about herself. She was an independent typist, and found there was always plenty of work to be picked up at holiday-time, when other typists are away; and she lived in a top flat with another girl, who was so nice, though not clever in business.

When it came to the coffee, they were discussing his art of unconventionality. "It was quite all right," she said. "That kind of thing ought always to be possible. If it were a better world it would be."

* * * * *

But that was all years ago. And to-night, if the young man were alone, he would not dare to try to make friends with a beautiful lady—also all alone—in the shabby dining saloon of a small Italian restaurant. It would be quite impossible, and it may be the world has not got any better.

But, then, he does not any longer dine in the small Italian restaurant. He has risen so much in the world since he inherited Uncle George's money.

And also he is not quite alone, because he married the girl with the lovely golden hair.



AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION

Held in the British Hall, Commencing October 17th, 1906.

[*Photos by James Vey.*]



JOHN B. AYRE.

ANGLO-AMERICAN BAKERY.

Fresh Baked Biscuits, Cake, Soft and Hard Bread, &c., &c.

Soda Biscuits,	Wine Biscuits,	Lemon Biscuits,
Pilot Biscuits,	Sugar Biscuits,	Fruit Biscuits,
Boston Biscuits,	Abernethy Biscuits,	Vanilla Biscuits,
Butter Biscuits,	Lunch Biscuits,	Oswego Biscuits,
Toast Biscuits,	Border Biscuits,	Gems Biscuits,
Tea Biscuits,	Jumble Biscuits,	Seed Biscuits,
Coffee Biscuits,	Ginger Biscuits,	Ginger Snaps,
Lemon Snaps,	Queen Cake,	Maringoes,
Tarts,	Pound Cake,	Jelly Roll,
Puffs,	Sponge Cake,	Citron Cake,
Tartletts,	Shrewsberys,	New York Cake,
Apple Pies,	Cheese Cakes,	Seed Cake,
Washington Pies,	Sponge Drops,	Rich Pound Cake,
Gems,	Spiced Gingerbread,	Plain Cake, &c.

Iced Cake of all kinds; also, Wedding Cakes always on hand.

Pure Home-made and British and American CONFECTIONERY of every description; all kinds of FRUITS in season

Importer of CHINA, EARTHEN and GLASSWARE. Full lines always on hand. Outport orders promptly attended to.

At the Old Stand 46 New Gower Street.

Also, at our New Store, Merchant's Block, Water Street.

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ASSURANCE CO., LTD.,

Of London, England.

ESTABLISHED 1831.

The Guardian has the largest paid-up capital of any Company in the world transacting a Fire business.

Subscribed Capital - -	$10,000,000
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T. & M. WINTER,

Agents for Newfoundland.



FOR the Christmas season, which is now fast approaching, we offer our trade the most practical and the most sensible of all Christmas Gifts.

FOOTWEAR

What could make a more acceptable Christmas remembrance for the Older Members of the Family than a pair of our Fine Shoes, a pair of Choice Slippers, a pair of good Winter Rubbers or Arctics?

We've a splendid showing of every good style, suitable for every purpose.

What would please the Younger Members of the Family more than Shoes, Slippers, Leggins or Rubber Boots?

Remember Baby, too, with a pair of our cunning little Slippers, soft soles.

Men's and Women's Hockey Boots.

We've Christmas Footwear, Galore!

You can't, if you try, make more sensible or more acceptable Christmas Gifts than Footwear.

Come, see our splendid Holiday Display.

PARKER & MONROE,

THE SHOE MEN,

195 & 363 Water Street.

JOHN KEAN,

14 Adelaide Street.

Manufacturer of all kinds of **Boots and Shoes**

All kinds of Rubbers neatly repaired.

Opening Announcement

J. T. NELDER, late of M. F. MURPHY, has opened a first-class Hair Dressing Parlor opposite G. Knowling's, Water Street West.

Hair Cutting, Shaving, Refreshing Sea Foam, etc., etc.

149 Gower Street. **Corner Cabot & Lime Streets.**

M. PECKHAM, Butcher,

Have always on hand and for sale at very lowest prices, Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork, and Poultry; also, Corned Beef and Fish a specialty. His Christmas Stock exceeds that of other years. Call and see for yourself before going anywhere else. He takes this opportunity of wishing his many friends and patrons a Happy Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year. All orders called for and delivered free of charge.

For Xmas

The Choicest Confectionery,

English, American and Local, in artistic boxes of novel designs, at from 7 cts. to $5.00 each.

The Finest Fresh Fruit obtainable.

RICH CAKE, all kinds and sizes.

FRESH PASTERY of finest quality.

....AT....

The F. B. WOOD Co's, Ltd.,

Stores and Restaurants.

Water Street East, and Duckworth Street, Water Street West,

DON'T COME TO THE Union Grocery

If you are looking for old cheap Raisins, Currants, Citron, Lemon Peel, Spices, or Flavouring Extracts for your Xmas Puddings and Cakes. All Good Things.

At the UNION, 104 New Gower Street.

H. TAPPER.

GEORGE NEAL,

Wholesale Dealer in Provisions Groceries, Fruit, Vegetables.

Large Stock Oats, Hay, Cattlefeed, Bran, Corn, &c., always on hand. Big Shipment **Poultry** to arrive for Xmas.

XMAS 1906



I wonder what Charlie will give me

This Christmas for a gift ;

I hope 'tis a pair of Jackman's Walk-Overs,

For they give such a splendid fit.



JACKMAN'S

Ladies' Department.

Essence of Ginger Wine,

Perfumes, Toilet Soaps, etc.

DEAR READER,—

Having had considerable correspondence with parties in the Old Country, I have at last succeeded in obtaining the genuine and original receipe for the "Essence of Ginger Wine," which I now offer at 15 cents per bottle. This receipe has been safely guarded for a great many years. It was originally prepared by an old Squire in Lancastershire, A.D. 1575. It is made from the purest ingredients, and is strictly non-alcoholic. It makes an ideal Christmas drink for the young and the old. The contents of one fifteen-cent bottle, mixed with three quarts of hot water, in which there has been previously dissolved one and a quarter pounds of sugar, makes the Ginger Wine ready for use. I have much pleasure in introducing this old (but still new) preparation.

I have also received a nice assortment of Perfumes, Toilet Soaps and Ceulloid Soap Boxes, which will make appropriate Xmas presents.

I also take this opportunity of wishing you "A Very Happy Christmas," and trusting that your New Year may be one of happiness and prosperity.

I remain, yours respectfully,

PETER O'MARA, Druggist.

Water Street West, near Railway Station,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

CARD.

M. J. HAWKER,

General Agent
and
Accountant.

P.O. Box 56., **CARBONEAR.**

The publisher return sincere thanks to all who have contributed towards the success of "The Quarterly" during the year, and wish one and all "A Merry Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year."

A DIFFICULTY SOLVED!

Mrs. C.—"What! worrying again?"

Mrs. B.—"Yes, I can't help it. I have such a lot to get for the house and cannot go to Town, that I'm really puzzled."

Mrs. C.—(Laughing)—"Oh, don't let that worry you. Do as I do. Simply send to the Royal Stores Mail Order Department, and state your requirements, and you will be sure to get everything satisfactory, as they keep one of the largest and best selected stocks of Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, Furniture, Crockeryware, Gramophones, Sewing Machines, &c., also they have Dress-making, Skirt-making, Millinery and Custom Tailoring Departments. Samples of materials and self-measuring Cards sent on request."

Mrs. B.—"Oh, thank you very much. I have never thought of that. I will send a trial order at once."

NOTE.—Mrs. B. sent her order to the Royal Stores, and was charmed with the care and promptness with which it was filled.

No need for any more worry. Send your order to

THE ROYAL STORES, Ltd.

Who Said

BOVRIL?

"I," said the Physician;

"For that run-down condition,

I said **BOVRIL."**

T. J. EDENS,

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WE MAKE

Anchor Brand CANS,

and guarantee them to be good. When you are ordering your cans for the spring packing see that you get

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All Supplying Merchants handle them, and will supply them if ordered

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A Happy Xmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

And to remind them that our Ærated Waters are still unequalled for Brilliancy, Purity and Flavor.

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Notice to Creditors.

A FINAL DIVIDEND OF ONE AND A HALF PER CENT. will be payable at the office of the Trustee, Mechanics' Building on and after DECEMBER 10th. Office Hours, until further notice: 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., 2.30 p.m. to 5 p.m.

JOHN ANDERSON,

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Dividend to holders of Certificates for registered Notes, is payable at P. H. COWAN & CO'S Office, Water Street.

The Spaniard's Grave.

By Rev. J. L Slattery.

DURING a recent visit to well remembered scenes by the Shannon I saw many a spot made very dear by remembrance of boyhood's associations. The old hurling field; the dark pool in the mountain stream where we alternatively angled or bathed during the long summer days; the mountains we climbed; the woods we searched for bird's nest; the little chapel on the hillside endeared by holiest thoughts; the rustic graveyard where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep —all these were sought out and peopled again by companions and friends who long have stolen to rest, or who have wandered to other lands. The fields were all there, so were the old Chapel and the mountain brook, but no place brought me more in touch with the past than the old churchyard. Better residences dotted the plain, other faces than those I had known met my gaze, but in the names on the tombstones I found the truest realization of the past. Pacing the lonely walks my heart again beat in harmony with those of many dear friends of earlier days. Below they slept in peace; above, their names seemed to smile in welcoming back a long lost friend. Breathing a heartfelt prayer for their peaceful rest, I was about leaving the hallowed spot when in a forgotten corner I stumbled on a large boulder, unhewn,undressed and moss-covered. Though I had quite forgotten its history the sight of the headstone recalled at once an episode of childhood's days which had much impressed me at the time. From one face I soon rubbed off the soft moss and found the rude inscripition I now remembered well: "THE SPANIARD'S GRAVE." Half a century ago a local stone-cutter had roughly chiselled the brief epitaph before an admiring crowd of boys who sat near and wondered: perhaps the readers of THE QUARTERLY may be interested in the story.

* * * * * *

It was on a Sunday evening in June somewhere in the Fifties when a crowd of boys and girls, at the cross roads on one of the slopes of the Arra Hills, overlooking the Shannon and overshadowed by the lordly Keeper Hill, paused for a moment before dispersing. The games were finished, the hurling and wrestling contests were decided and the last dance was over. The collection for the old piper had been made, yet the crowd still delayed.

It was nearly sunset, the evening balmy and soft and the young people seemed unwilling to bring to a close what had been a most enjoyable day. There was still a pause, another word was being said to friend or acquaintance, when two strangers approached, and at once attracted universal attention. Their dress and appearance at once proclaimed that they were not only strangers but foreigners.

The elder might be about forty-five, but his curious woolen cap, his untrimmed hair and beard, and his very swarthy face, left one very much in doubt as to his age. A much faded colored blouse and other strange habiliments marked him as a foreigner. By the hand he held his companion, a boy of about ten years. The oval face, dark eyes, and the hair in ringlets spoke of gentle birth, while the rich tassel in the silken cap, the frayed velvet blouse with coat of arms and monogram on the breast, and the silver buckles at the knees, left no doubt that he had little in common with the rough man who accompanied him.

They both stood facing the crowd and silence fell on the strange rescue. The older of the travellers broke the spell by addressing his audience in some strange tongue, and as no response came he looked anxious and helpless on the gaping crowd before him.

He again adressed them and pointed appealingly to his young companion. No one answered, no one understood, the crowd still stood helplessly silent while tears filled the eyes of the stranger.

In seeming despair he pointed to the setting sun, raised his two fingers aloft, and placed a few blades of grass in his mouth, which he chewed ravenously.

"Why, they are hungry," said Catherine Boyle, one of the girls, as she darted forward, took the boy by the hand and beckoned the man to follow.

Shy and retiring Catherine was a splendid type of the Irish peasant girl. Timid by nature she was brave as a lion when visiting the fever stricken poor that lived around her. The great crowd stood helpless but her generous spirit was the first to understand the call of charity. For long after people remembered the gentle boy, held on one side by the rough stranger, on the other by the bashful girl of sixteen.

The group advanced towards the house of her father, not a hundred yards from the Cross Roads. Mr. Boyle's home was the best in the neighbourhood and its gay porch and ivy mantled front gave a welcome resting place to the strangers.

Soon appeared Catherine with a large tray bearing glasses and a large jug of fresh milk, while just behind her appeared her mother bearing a large rich cake, evidently intended for the family supper. The strangers did honor to the simple meal, but though they eat ravenously, they kept up a vigorous conversation between themselves. Yet all the time the elder paid great attention to the wants of the boy.

Tears filled the gentle eyes of dear Mrs. Boyle as she pressed her homely face on the famished strangers, while they, in their unknown tongue tried to express their grateful feelings. But no words are necessary for the expression of real feeling, for it is beyond their power, and the eyes of the strangers were as eloquent in their gratitude as were those of Mrs. Boyle in her hospitality. So they sat and rested while the remains of the meal were removed.

"The room is ready, Mother," said Catherine who came and stood by the seat. "Father will soon be home and he will be delighted that we kept these poor strangers."

Mrs. Boyle motioned to the man to remain where he was, and taking the boy by the hand led him to a small inner room. In a most motherly way she bathed his weary dusty feet, changed his underclothing and showed him the little bed Catherine had prepared. Seeing her about to leave he threw his arms around her neck kissing her again and again, and uttering passionate unknown words.

In another room a large sofa was fixed up as a bed for the man, and soon they were both resting in profound sleep. Mr. Boyle returned soon after and was told of the arrival of the strangers and of what had been done for them.

Next day the boy was apparently no worse for his sufferings but the man was evidently very ill. He ate little and suffered very much from some chest trouble. The greatest attention was paid him by his simple hosts and as the day wore on he seemed better. The boy spent the greater part of the day in company with Frank Boyle. Being about the same age they seemed to entirely understand each other. Hand in hand they climbed a neighbouring hill, then wandered through the woods searching lor birds' nests, and bathed in the pool in the mountain stream. They returned towards evening and the little stranger spent a long time with the sick man, conversing in their strange tongue.

The Boyles were very respectable people in their simple peasant way, and they soon noticed the great difference between their visitors. Not only were the man's clothes coarse, but his hands were very rough. and his manners but little refined. The boy on the contrary wore clothes that must at one time have been expensive and elegant. But it was his gentle manner and his exquisite politeness that most attracted notice. He kept himself scrupulously clean and earnestly drew Mrs. Boyle's attention to any part of his dress that required attention. He bowed most graciously to her or Catherine, whenever he approached or left them, and his sweet and winning smile captivated them all. His oval face and rather dark features reflected very plainly his inner feelings. When happy his face shone with pure joy. When at times conversing with his companion he was a picture of gloom and sorrow.

Nearly a week passed and the sick man became slowly worse, while the boy endeared himself more and more to the whole Boyle family. The neighbours sometimes sent little presents of their farm and dairy produce to the strangers. The man was too sick to notice these little courtesies, but the boy bowed so gracefully, smiled so sweetly, and pressed so warmly the hands of the donor that all were charmed by his grace and sweetness.

Sunday came and the family prepared for Mass. Frank Boyle was an Altar Boy and he and his mother generally started first, while Catherine and her father followed soon after. Dear Mrs. Boyle gave the the last touches to the little stranger's dress, and he to show his gratitude drew her matronly face down to him and kissed her on the cheek, murmuring at the same time what was evidently meant to be words of love and fondness.

Frank soon joined them swinging round his head the neat satchel that contained his little surplice and soutane. The stranger looked most enquiringly at the satchel, pointed to it earnestly, and as plain as looks could express, wanted to know what it contained. Frank at once opened it and showed the simple contents. Happiness radiated from every feature, he laughed aloud, patted himself on the breast, and caught Mrs. Boyle's arm alternately pointing to the little surplice and to himself. As if fearing he had failed to make them understand he made the sign of the Cross and then placing his palms together he assumed an attitude of piety and prayer.

Mrs. Boyle smiled and nodded that she understood. When the three reached the little chapel on the hill-side he accompanied Frank to the vestry and Mrs. Boyle went to her place in the Church where she was soon after joined by her husband and daughter.

The old Priest, Father Vincent Nagle, was on his knees when the boys entered, but he soon rose and murmuring some prayers began to put on his vestments. Frank took the little stranger by the hand and brought him forward. Father Vincent asked who he was, and Frank briefly told him of the arrival of the strangers, of the illness of the elder and of the apparent desire of the boy to serve Mass. The Priest agreed at once, both boys were soon ready, and the little procession started for the Altar. If the strange boy looked well and above the ordinary in his decayed fine dress, in the snowy surplice and purple soutane he acquired a most angelic and dignified bearing.

In the Latin responses as he followed the Priest his clear treble voice quite filled the little Church with music, while the simple dignity with which he went through the ceremonies drew the wrapt attention of the present congregation. In serving the Priest, he bowed so gravely and kissed the Priest's hand so piously that all eyes were fixed on the solemn little face, crowned with rich dark auburn tresses. On the Altar, though only a boy of ten or eleven, there was a something about him that no one present ever forgot.

Father Nagle was quite charmed with the touching sight which made this foreign lad, from some unknown land, entirely at home at the Great Sacrifice which is "offered from the rising to the setting of the sun"

After Mass the old priest spoke to the boy in different languages, and at last said to the Altar Boys, "I think he is a Spaniard, but it is so long since I heard anyone speaking that language I cannot understand him—I shall go see the sick man this evening."

"Get the Doctor at once," he said, "I fear he is dying." He anointed him and left, the Doctor came soon after, but the man died that night.

Before leaving, Mrs. Boyle had handed the priest some sheets of paper, which the dying man had written while the family were at Mass. He had signed to the servant for writing materials and this was the result.

"Yes," said the priest, this is Spanish and they are Spaniards, but I shall require a little time for translation."

At the sight of his dead companion, the boy was inconsolable. He remained by the coffin hour after hour, now weeping passionately, now gazing lovingly on the rough cold face of his friend, and then clasping his hands he would address the corpse, his big brown eyes wide open, as if expecting a reply.

Often the tender-hearted Catherine led him away, enticing him to take some food or to lie down, but no sooner was he free than he silently stole back again to the side of his dead friend.

Keeper Hill frowned its shadows and the silent Shannon flowed peacefully by when two days later there was a large funeral as the neighbours gathered to follow the remains of the unknown stranger to the vacant corner in the old Abbey Churchyard

At the grave-side the boy weened piteously and often broke out passionately in sad accents, and many a tear came to the eyes of the good natured peasants as they saw the deep grief they well understood but could not assuage.

Gently Frank Boyle brought him home, but a sad helplessness settled on him and all feared for his tender life.

When Mrs. Boyle or Catherine urged him to eat and pressed on him little delicacies which they thought he liked, he sweetly put out his hand to repel them. Often he threw his arms round Mrs. Boyle, sobbing out his little soul in grief, and speaking slowly and impressively—trying to make her understand. The kind-hearted lady tried every means to soothe the little stranger and used all those endearments which kind Nature abundantly supplies to a fond mother.

She succeeded to some extent and when quite exhausted he went to sleep her hand was lovingly clasped in his.

Next day the good old priest came to see them and read for them a translation of the writing left by the dying Spaniard.

"We are Spaniards and were wrecked on the wild coast of Kerry over a week ago. Our ship was bound from Spain to the port of Galway, with wines, fruits, &c. We two are the sole survivors of a crew of fifteen and we floated ashore on a loose plank, The people on the shore were most kind, though not understanding our language they could not direct us. "Dublin" was the one word that has brought us so far. We are striving to reach that City and to find the Spanish Consul there. But my course is ended and I feel the hand of death is on me.

For many months by sea and land I have preserved the secret of my young companion's history, but now that I am dying I must divulge it in the hope that some good Christian will be true and charitable to a forlorn child, alone in a far and strange land.

He is the son and heir of the noble Duke of Merido, and if he reaches in safety the Spanish Consulate in Dublin he will certainly succeed to the title and to the large estates. His noble father gave all his weatlh and influence to promote the just cause of Don Carlos, our rightful King, and took a prominent part in the late war. The attempt was a failure, as is well known, and the Spanish Government relentlessly pursued the partisans of the ill-fated Don Carlos. The Duke hid among the Basque mountains, but the perils of the campaign had ruined his health and he died alone in a shepherd's hut.

The officials of the Government found and identified his body and at once tried to capture his son and heir, my little companion. When the war broke out the Duchess retired quietly with her son to a cottage in Alicante, and unknown to anyone else, awaited the issue.

I had been head gardener at the Castle of Merido, but on my marriage had removed to Alicante. Here she came with her noble son and lived near me as my sister till she received the awful news of her noble husband's death. The shock killed her, she pined and was dying in a few days.

Before dying she made me promise to save the boy from the Spanish Government, which wished to bring him up as page to the Queen of Spain and so detach him from the cause of Don Carlos, or else confiscate the estates.

Just before the death of my noble mistress, I disguised myself and the young Duke, and finding a vessel sailing for Galway I hired myself and "my son" on board the ship hoping to reach the Spanish Consul in Dublin who is secretly devoted to the Carlist cause and is the foster brother of my noble mistress.

Very willingly would I lay down my life for the family of my noble patrons. For generations my ancestors lived on their estates, trusted and honored by them. But the exposure at the wreck and my efforts to save the young Duke have proved too much for me, and I am heartbroken to find myself at the point of death and unable to fulfil my promise to my dying mistress.

From the depths of my heart I appeal to anyone who may read these dying words of mine to protect and help the son and heir of my noble patrons.

Some one should write cautiously to the Spanish Consul asking about the young Duke. His reply will show his identity and inclinations.

I cannot live many hours and I wish to express how deeply I feel all the tender care I have received in this hospitable family. Weary and footsore the young Duke found here a home, a mother, and a sister. He cannot speak your tongue nor can he tell you his feelings. But his noble heart overflows with affection and gratitude to his new-found friends. Be kind to him, but find the Spanish Consul as soon as posssble for,—caution,—my name———."

No more, his mind and hand failed him as the pen loosed itself from his grasp. He died that night in the feeble effort of making the sign of the Cross. He was buried in the disused corner of the old Churchyard. A few of the young men rolled to the spot a rough boulder on which, old Denis Ryan the mason roughly carved the letters "THE SPANIARD'S GRAVE."

That evening Father Nagle adressed a very cautions note to the Spanish Consul in Dublin, saying he was deeply interested in the young Duke of Merido and asking the Consul for news of him.

Three days later two strangers drove up to the door of Father Nagle's humble presbytery and one of them announced himself as the Spanish Consul. He spoke English well, but his companion evidently was not acquainted with it.

The Priest was cautious not knowing what danger to the boy might underlie this visit. The story he elicited corresponded with the gardener's statement. The death of the Duke and Duchess, the disappearance of the boy, and the sailing of the ship to an Irish port.

"I had an agent awaiting them in Galway," he said. "but a few days ago he returned to tell me that the ship had been wrecked on the Kerry Coast, since then I have had no news."

"Before going farther," said Father Nagle, "may I ask who is your companion ?"

"He is a relation of mine, a Spaniard and a gentleman."

"But," said the Priest, "I wish to know his politics and how he stands towards the House of Merido."

"My friends, it is dangerous for a Spanish gentleman to announce his politics just now, but my companion is a Grandee of Spain and deeply attached to the family of the Duke of Merido."

"Enough," said the priest rising, "would you know the young Duke ?"

"Certainly," said the Consul, rising also and eagerly approaching the priest. "Is he alive ?"

"We shall soon see," said Father Nagle, leaving the room, while the two Spaniards eagerly began an animated conversation.

Mrs. Boyle, Catherine and the boy were in the room opposite and in great trepidation they all rose on the entrance of the priest.

When the priest came first the Spaniards rose most eagerly and enquiringly, but when the boy appeared they both uttered cries of joy and happiness.

Yet the Consul stood somewhat aside while his companion fondled and kissed the boy who on his part seemed to forget everyone else.

The scene was touching beyond description, and the Priest, the Consul, and the Boyles stood around deeply moved.

"Who is this gentleman?" said the priest in amazement. "I thought you were the Consul, and the boy your friend."

"The boy is my friend," said the Consul, "and this gentleman is the Duke of Merido, his father."

"What!" said Father Nagle, "the gardener in his dying deposition said he was dead and you told me the same."

"That was all a ruse to deceive the Spanish Government," said the Consul. "A dead officer, rather like him in appearance, was dressed in his uniform and left in the shepherd's hut—his enemies were deceived and he escaped."

The Duke now detached the boy from his arms and brought him to the Consul and they embraced tenderly while the Duke overcome with emotion turned away his face. His son soon freed himself and flew to Mrs. Boyle and Catherine. Taking each by a hand he led them to his father, and in earnest affectionate words seemed to be telling him of their kindness. He bowed to them with the utmost grace, took their hands in his and spoke to the Consul.

"Tell those good people," he said in Spanish, "that my son and my wife shall never forget their goodness. As long as the House of Merido exists we shall be friends."

"But," said Father Nagle, "is his mother alive also?"

"Yes, indeed," said the Consul, "she awaits us in Dublin. The news of her husband's death nearly killed her, but at the last when the Duke well disguised appeared at her cottage in Alicante, she rallied and soon was quite well. From her he learned of the destiny of their son and the gardener. They hastened to my home in Dublin, and the Duke crossed over to Galway to await the arrival of the overdue ship. You know the rest.

A few days later, having paid a long visit to the Abbey Graveyard, the Spaniards left Dunhara. The parting of the Boyles from the young Duke was tender in the extreme. While they rejoined in his good fortune they had been wholly enraptured by his gentle effectionate way, and felt the separation very much.

Some months later a stout box reached the Boyles, containing great valuables. Rare silks, gold and silver ornaments, and a Crucifix set in diamonds. On its base was engraved. "To my second mother, dear Mrs. Boyle, from Jose of Merido."

Other Carlist risings have since been attempted, yet the present Don Carlos wears no crown. But whether wandering through Europe or lurking among the Hills of Spain, whether residing in his lovely Swiss Villa, or being privately received at certain European Courts, in close and loyal attendance on him is the boy who was cast on the wild Kerry Coast, for a short time found a home by the Shannon and is now Don Jose Duke of Merido.

BISHOP MARCH.

Consecrated Bishop of Harbor Grace, Nov. 4th, 1906, by His Grace Archbishop Howley.

By P. K. Devine.

HIS Lordship Bishop March was born in Northern Bay on July 16th, 1863. His father was Simeon March, of Old Perlican, and his mother Cecily Hogan, of Northern Bay. At the age of fourteen he came to St. John's to attend school in the old Orphan Asylum, conducted by the Christian Brothers. In 1878 he entered St. Bonaventure's College, of which Rev. William Fitzpatrick was at that time President, Rev. Michael Fitzgerald, Vice-President, and John Morris, Professor of Classics and Mathematics. Amongst his school-fellows of that year were many young men who afterwards made their mark in life, and became successful in their different professions. The list includes Hon. F. J. Morris, M. W. Furlong, T. J. Murphy, the late J. F. McGrath, Rev. Dr. M. J. Ryan, Rev. P. W. Brown, Dr. Joseph Murphy, Rev. P. O'Brien, and W. J. Carroll. The young student from Northern Bay at once gained the respect and esteem of his fellow students by his unobtrusive demeanour and gentle disposition. In the observance of all the rules of the College, he was scrupulous in the extreme, and whilst most others at some time indulged in school-boy pranks that brought them in trouble there was never a black mark recorded against the future Bishop of Harbor Grace. Not that he was averse to boyish sports or genial and loving comradeship. On the contrary he was always ready to join in all legitimate amusements incident to college life, and his radiant smile and musical laughter often added merriment to the sport of the hour. Having spent about a year at St. Bonaventure's the young student realizing that he had a vocation for the Priesthood, went to L' Assumption College at Jolliette, Montreal, where he pursued his studies for two years. Amongst his fellow students here were Rev. F. D. McCarthy, Rev. J. Lynch, and Rev. L. Hoyden, all Newfoundlanders. In 1881 he spent a term at St. Sulpice College, Montreal, and next year went to Rome, where he entered the Propaganda. Here the future Bishop spent seven years in ecclesiastical studies. He became a great favourite amongst his fellow students by his kindly disposition and manly deportment. He also won the professors, who, recognizing his sterling qualities, appointed him Prefect, a position which he held up to the time he was ordained Priest—March 16th, 1889. He returned to his native land in



HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP MARCH.

the following June, and was appointed by His Lordship Bishop Macdonald as Assistant at the Cathedral Parish where he continued to labor in his sacred calling for 17 years, spending three summers in missionary work on the Labrador. His sincere piety, his zeal in the discharge of his duties, and above all his unostentatious demeanour, have made him beloved by the people of Harbor Grace and neighbouring places to that degree that was evidenced in the spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm that was so pronouced on the occasion of his consecration. He understands his people and they understand him, and this mutual sympathy is the secret of the jubilation that marked Father March's elevation to the Bishopric. Long may he live!

THE LEGEND OF THE ROSES.

By Fred. B. Wood, St. John's, Newfoundland.

LONG ago there lived a maiden
Fair of form and pure in thought;
Charged with crime by cruel wretches,
She to die midst flames was brought.

Where the fagots had been lighted
Her sweet voice was raised in prayer:
"Father of thy love forgive them
Who in this my death have share,

And oh, Father I beseech Thee,
Let their people standing by
Know that of this crime I'm guiltless—
Let them know it ere I die."

Scarcely were those strange words uttered,
Scarcely had this prayer been said,
When the faggots turned to bushes
Each bedecked with roses red.

Scattered here and there were faggots
That the flames did not ignite,—
Each of these became a rose-bush,
But their roses were pure white.

'Till the day on which this happened
Men of roses never knew;
And here endeth this old legend
Which has oft been told as true.

Smile we may at such quaint legends
And the fancies they infold,
Love has oft wrought greater marvels
Than was ere by legend told.



JAMES CARTER,
Sheriff of Newfoundland.

THERE appears to be something in the air of the office of Sheriff of Newfoundland, that is conducive to literary effort. Long ago Sheriff Nugent, who was a scholar of some repute, plucked some laurels in the fields of literature. Afterwards, a successor, the Hon. T. Talbot, made both himself and his office famous by his literary effusions. Besides a volume of poems, he was the author of a three volume novel "The Granvilles," "Notes on the Enchyridion of Epictetus," and the "Hebrews at Home." Mr. Talbot's mantle has fallen on the shoulders of the present Sheriff, James Carter, Esq., and he gives promise to wear it worthily. His first contribution to literature treats of pleasant wanderings in the Holy Places in the East.* The proportion of Western Christians familiar with the Scriptural writings, who have not at some time or other, longed to behold the scenes made immortal by the inspired writers, must be very insignificant.

It is given to very few comparatively to see the birth-place of the Saviour of the World at Bethlehem and to trace his footsteps from that to the scene of the Great Tragedy—His Crucifixion on Mount Calvary: and to see in the flesh the storied places that intervene,—Bethlehem, Nazareth, Damascus, Egypt, Jerusalem and Calvary. What visions those names conjure up. And then the places mentioned by the Old Testament writers, familiar from our earliest days,—Palestine, Syria, Galilee, the Jordan, the Dead Sea, Tiberias, etc. What a priceless boon it is to be privileged to visit such places. If the general reader is debarred from visiting in the flesh, he can at least visit and enjoy them in the Spirit.

In Sheriff Carter's book we get graphic and picturesque descriptions of all places of note in the East, as they appeared to a man from the Northland, with keen eyes, receptive mind, sympathetic heart, and cunning hand. The various places are described just as they exist—the ruins and the palaces and temples; gorgeous Oriental settings of magnificence and squalor; the sun-glare in the cloudless blue; the desert place, and the pleasant running waters; all are depicted with the faithfulness of an historian, with the warmth of a sympathetic and poetic temperament.

And the journey through the Continent of Europe; Greece, Italy, Turkey, Germany, France, through the Homeland England, Ireland and Scotland; the green lanes of Devon, the University of Oxford, Edinburgh Castle, the Lakes of Killarney, names familiar to all in song and story. To fully appreciate the description of these and other scenes we'd advise our readers to peruse this book. It has received very flattering criticisms from Canadian and other reviewers. Though the Sheriff was born in Devon England, he has lived so many years in this colony, all his tastes and sympathies and ambitions are those of a born Newfoundlander. After revelling in gorgeous panoramas of the East, and after paying fitting tribute to what religion, art, science, wealth and centuries of civilization, have done for Europe, with its grand edifices and its beautiful scenery, the spirit of the Islanders bursts from him when he sees the rugged hills of his adopted land, and this is how he apostrophizes her.

"Glories of other lands, some may tell
Of mountain slope, river, field and dell;
Yet fairest St. John's we love thee best,
Thy sea-laved beach and hilly crest,
To us more classic than the hills of Rome!
Heaven ever prosper thee, Home, dear Home."

* Six Months in Europe and the Orient, by James Carter. At all local Bookseller, $1.50.



THOMAS LONG, I.S.O.,
Deputy Minister of Agriculture and Mines.

MR. LONG, if not the oldest, is very nearly the oldest civil servant in the Colony. Born in Shefford, England, in 1827, he came to this country in 1845. In 1872 he was appointed Topographical Surveyor, and in 1883 he became First Clerk in Surveyor General's Department. In 1898 he was appointed First Deputy Minister of Agriculture and Mines, a position he still worthily fills. In 1906 Mr. Long received from His Majesty the King, in recognition of his long and faithful service, the distinction of a Companionship in the Imperial Service Order. The QUARTERLY wishes him many years yet to enjoy his honours.

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Department of Agriculture and Mines.

THE following extracts from the CROWN LANDS ACT, 1903, are published for general information:—

Ordinary Sale of Crown Lands.

Crown Lands for agricultural purposes, and in 20 acre lots, are open for sale at 30 cents per acre and upwards.

Grants for more than 20 acres contain conditions for clearing and cultivating.

Licenses of occupation of areas not exceeding 6400 acres are issued on payment of a fee of $5 per 160 acres, subject to following conditions:—(1) To settle within two years one family for each 160 acres; (2) To clear, per year, for five years, two acres for every hundred held under license. If families remain on the land and cultivation continues for ten years, licensee will be issued a Grant in Fee.

Bog Lands.

Lands declared to be *bog lands*, under the Act, may be leased in 5,000 acre lots, for such term, at such rent, and on such conditions as may be determined upon by the Governor in Council.

Quarries.

Lands may be leased for quarrying purposes in lots of 80 acres for terms not exceeding 99 years. Rent not less than 25 cents per acre. (1) Lessee to commence quarrying within two years and continue effective operation. (2) Upon expenditure of $6000 within first five years of term, a Grant will issue in fee. (3) Lease to be void if work cease for five years.

Timber and Timber Lands.

The right to cut timber is granted upon payment of a bonus of $2 per square mile, an annual rental of $2 per square mile, and also a royalty of 50 cents per thousand feet, board measure, on all logs cut. Rent, royalty or other dues not paid on date on which they become due bear interest at 6 per cent. per annum until paid. *Rents become due and payable on 30th November each year.* Lands approved to be surveyed and have boundaries cut within one year. Persons throwing sawdust or refuse of any kind from mills into rivers, etc., are liable to a penalty of $100 for each offence.

Pulp Licenses.

Licenses to cut pulp wood may be issued for a term of 99 years, in areas of not more than 150 miles. Rent $5 per square mile for first year; $3 per square mile for subsequent years. Licensee to erect factory within five years.

Holders of timber or pulp licenses may not export trees, logs or timber in unmanufactured state.

Holders of timber and pulp licenses may not cut timber on ungranted Crown Lands.

Mineral Lands.

Any person may search for minerals, and on discovery of a vein, lode or deposit of mineral may obtain a license thereof in the following way: (1) Driving a stake not less than 4 inches square into the ground, leaving 18 inches over ground; name of person and date to be written on stake. Application for license to be filed with affidavit (see Act for particulars) within two months. Cost of license for first year is $10 for each location. Subsequent rentals: 1st year, $20; 2nd, to and including 5th year, $30; for next period of five years, $50; and for following years $100.

Upon expenditure of $6000 within five years, lessee shall be entitled to a Grant in fee.

Licenses for larger areas may also be granted upon terms set forth in the Act.

Further information may be had on application to

J. A. CLIFT,
Minister of Agriculture and Mines.

Department of Agriculture and Mines,
St. John's, Newfoundland, November, 1906.

Customs Circular

No. 15.

WHEN TOURISTS, ANGLERS and SPORTSMEN arriving in this Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Angler's Outfits, Trouting Gear, Fire-arms and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions:—

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Trouting Poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes, and tent equipage. A receipt (No. 1) according to the form attached shall be given for the deposit and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt as well as in the marginal cheques. Receipt No. 2 if taken at an outport office shall be mailed at once directed to the Assistant Collector, St. John's, if taken in St. John's the Receipt No. 2 shall be sent to the Landing Surveyor.

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the receipt. The Examining Officer shall initial on the receipt the result of his examination and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits or provisions of any kind will be admitted free and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
Assistant Collector.

CUSTOM HOUSE,
St. John's, Newfoundland, 22nd June, 1903.

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ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.

Newfoundland Penitentiary, November, 1906.

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PROCLAMATION

By His Excellency Sir WILLIAM MACGREGOR, *Doctor of Medicine, Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in and over the Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies.*

WM. MACGREGOR
Governor.
[L.S.]

WHEREAS it is provided by Chapter 23 of 2 Edward VII., entitled "An Act to amend the Post Office Act, 1891," that upon the recommendation of the Board appointed under the provisions of the said Act, the Governor in Council shall by Proclamation give notice of any alteration of name, naming or re-naming of places within this Colony, provided that Public Notice of such proposed alteration of name, naming or re-naming of places shall have been given for Three Months previous;

And whereas by Public Notice, of date the 6th day of March, 1906, certain alterations of name and re-naming of places within this Colony were notified, as required by the above-mentioned Act;

I do, therefore, by this my Proclamation, order and direct that the alteration of name and re-naming of places within this Colony, as contained in the said Public Notice of the 6th of March, 1906, shall come into effect from the date of these presents, that is to say:

1. Ragged Harbour, District of Trinity, to be re-named "Melrose";

2. Western Arm, Rocky Bay, District of Fogo, to be re-named "Carmanville";

3. Grand River Gut, Codroy Valley, District of St. George, to be re-named "Searston";

4. Flat Islands, District of Bonavista, to be re-named "Samson";

5. Spaniard's Bay, District of Trinity, to be re-named "Spaniard's Cove";

6. Fox Island, Bay d' Espoir, District of Fortune, to be re-named "Isle Galet";

7. Cat's Cove, Conception Bay, District of Harbour Main, to be re-named "Avondale North";

8. Middle Bight, District of Harbour Main, to be re-named "Codner";

9. Crabb's, District of St. George, to be re-named "Crabbe's."

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the Government House, St. John's, this 18th day of June, A.D., 1906.

By His Excellency's Command,

ARTHUR MEWS,
Deputy Colonial Secretary.

Opening of New Cable Route to South America, "Via Commercial-Azores-St. Vincent."

ACCELERATED Service. Most direct line to Pernambuco, Para, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, and other places in South America. All cable route to Uruguay and Argentine. To insure messages being sent by this route they must be filed at Postal Telegraph Offices.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

Customs Circular

No. 15.

WHEN TOURISTS, ANGLERS and SPORTSMEN arriving in this Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Angler's Outfits, Trouting Gear, Fire-arms and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions:—

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Trouting Poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes, and tent equipage. A receipt (No. 1) according to the form attached shall be given for the deposit and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt as well as in the marginal cheques. Receipt No. 2 if taken at an outport office shall be mailed at once directed to the Assistant Collector, St. John's, if taken in St. John's the Receipt No. 2 shall be sent to the Landing Surveyor.

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the receipt. The Examining Officer shall initial on the receipt the result of his examination and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits or provisions of any kind will be admitted free and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
Assistant Collector.

CUSTOM HOUSE,
St. John's, Newfoundland, 22nd June, 1903.

The Public are reminded that the

GAME LAWS
OF
NEWFOUNDLAND

Provide that:

No person ..... shall pursue with intent to kill any Caribou from the 1st day of February to the 31st day of July, or from the 1st day of October to the 20th October in any year. And no person shall..... kill or take more than two Stag and one Doe Caribou in any one year.

No person is allowed to hunt or kill Caribou within specified limits of either side of the railway track from Grand Lake to Goose Brook, these limits being defined by gazetted Proclamation.

No non-resident may hunt or kill Deer (three Stag) without previously having purchased ($50.00) and procured a License therefor. Licenses to non-resident guides are issued, costing $50.00.

No person may kill, or pursue with intent to kill any Caribou with dogs, or with hatchet ..... or any weapon other than fire-arms loaded with ball or bullet, or while crossing any pond, stream or water-course.

Tinning or canning of Caribou is absolutely prohibited.

No person may purchase, or receive in barter or exchange any flesh of Caribou between January 1st and July 31st, in any year.

Penalties for violation of these laws, a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars, or in default imprisonment not exceeding two months.

No person shall hunt, or kill Partridges before the first day of October or after 12th January in any year. Penalty not exceeding $100.00 or imprisonment.

Any person who shall hunt Beaver, or export Beaver skins before October 1st, 1907, shall be liable to confiscation of skins, and fine or imprisonment.

No person shall hunt Foxes from March 15 to October 15 in any year.

No person shall use any appliances other than rod, hook and line to catch any Salmon, Trout, or inland water fishes, within fifty fathoms from either bank on the strand, sea, stream, pond, lake, or estuary debouching into the sea.

Close season for salmon and trout fishing: 15th day of September to 15th day of January following.

ELI DAWE,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
March, 1907.

NEWFOUNDLAND PENITENTIARY.

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☞ All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

ALEX. A. PARSONS, Superintendent.

Newfoundland Penitentiary, March, 1907.

Public Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to reserve from the operation of the Crown Lands' Act a strip of land along the North shore of Sandy Point, in the District of Saint George, 200 yards wide from high water mark on said shore, for the protection of Sandy Point.

The public are, therefore, notified that the cutting of trees or bushes on the said strip of land for any purposes whatever is strictly prohibited, any person so cutting will be liable to prosecution.

R. BOND,
Colonial Secretary.

Colonial Secretary's Office, October 23rd, 1906.

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JOHN CORMACK,
AGENT FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY

VOL. VI.—No. 4. MARCH, 1907. 40 CTS. PER YEAR.

Newfoundland Name-Lore.

By Most Rev. M. F. Howley, D.D.

XVII.



PROCEEDING along the south shore of Trinity Bay, after leaving Heart's Content, we have some names the origin of which is unknown to me. Thus, *Garlop Point*, on Taverner's map, 1744, is given as Garblo's Pt., Hant's Hr. This latter is called by Abbé Baudouin in his journal (1696) *Lance Arbre*, which would mean "Tree Cove." But I have no doubt that this was only an attempt at the phonetic spelling of the English name, as in the case of *Arcisse*. Hant is most likely a proper name of a person, just as *Russel's Cove*, a little further on. This latter name has lately been changed to *New Melbourne*. This is rather to be regretted, but I believe it was at the request of the people of the place. The name Sherwink, or Skerwink, is also repeated here. I have explained it in No. XV. I find a curious corruption of this name, viz., *Scurvy*, on the French King's map of 1784, but on Taverner's map, 1744, these are given as two different points. The name *Scilly Cove* is also here repeated. It has been alluded to and explained in Article No. X. Other names on this part of the coast are Jean's Harbor, probably from the family name. *Salvage* explained in No. XVI.—Sgeir Id.—I cannot explain this name. We have next a name that is repeated under various forms on different parts of the coast, viz.:

TURK'S COVE.

Near Brigus we have *Turk's Gut*. In explaining the name of St. Barbes (Article VIII.), I mentioned that in early days our seas were infested by pirates from Barbary. These terrible corsairs, who did much damage around our coasts, were called by the old English settlers by the generic name of *Turks*, and the names above mentioned record the memory of some adventure, or landing by them in these harbours. (See Prowse, p. 146.)

PERLICAN.

There are two harbours bearing this name, and called respectively New and Old Perlican. This word is written *Pelican* on the French maps, and no doubt this is correct. The name is derived from the sea-bird of the species, which is frequent on the coast. The form Parlican, as it appears on some old maps, and is no doubt a West-Country mispronunciation. A little to the westward of Grates Point, there is a headland called

BREAK-HEART HEAD.

This name is of frequent occurrence in Newfoundland, and seems to imply a very steep headland difficult of being climbed or ascended. It appears at Placentia in its French form

CREVEZ CŒUR

which is corrupted into *Prevecure*. It is the name given to the very high and bluff head of *Castle Hill*. Another French form of it is *Casse Cœur*, which means the same thing. Litterally, Casse Cœur is break heart; and Crevez Cœur—burst heart. Casse Cœur appears in the corrupt English form of

GASKERS,

a name given to a part of the shore near St. Mary's. *Gastries*, the point between Harbour Main, and Conception; and *Gaskin*, would seem to be further corruptious of this word.

We now come to

THE GRATES POINT.

This is an important headland, being, as the—"Sailing Directions" tells us, "· · · The northern extremity of the peninsula forming the south side of Trinity Bay." The origin of this name is the same as that of *Cap. de Grat*, and is fully explained in Article No. VI. of this series. Also the next name

SPLIT CAPE

which forms the "*Southern* extremity of the peninsula forming the Northern side of Conception Bay." It is named from the natural formation of the land which shows a great cleft or fissure. It is named by the French *Cap Fendu*—pronounced *fondu*, which means the same thing. In Nova Scotia the well-known Bay of *Fundy* is a corruption of the same name. In speaking of *Cap. de Grat* I mentioned that there is in its neighbourhood a "*Split Cape*." There may be a natural phenomenon of a rift in the rock also in that place, or it may arise from that tendency so general all over the Island, of repeating names in a sort of regular routine.

Off the Split Point about two miles distant stands out the bold and prominent Island of *Bacaliu*. The passage between is known as the Tickle. This was the site of the Loss of the Steamer *Lion* some thirty years ago.

The meaning, origin and history of the name Baccalieu has been fully explained in Articles I. and II.

Coming round Split Point, we enter the great

BAY OF CONCEPTION.

This beautiful name was no doubt given by Cortereal, who followed Cabot in 1500, and claimed the newly discovered land for the Crown of Portugal. The name is found on the earliest maps extant, as for instance that of Majollo, 1527; Homem's map, 1558; Mason's, 1625; Jacobscz's, 1621, &c., &c. On some of the English maps as e.g. Seller's, it has been absurdly corrupted into *Consumption Bay!* and it is so called by some of our people even at the present day. It alludes to the doctrine of the *Immaculate Conception* of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It is well known that it was not until the year 1854 that this doctrine was declared, and solemnly defined as a Dogma of the Catholic Faith by Pope Pius IX. It was, however, always held as a pius belief by Catholics from time immemorial, and the early navigators and explorers had a great devotion to this Mystery. Thus, Father Marquetle, S.J., the great discoverer of the Mississippi, writes:—"Above all I recommended our journey to the Immacculate Virgin, and I promised her if we succeeded in discovering the 'Great River' to give it the name of '*the Conception.*'"

The harbour of Conception near the bottom of this Bay, was formerly called *Cat's Cove*. Some years ago it was changed to *Conception Harbour*. It would have been better to have left out the word *Harbour*, and use simply the word *Conception*, just as

we say Trinity, St. Mary's, Placentia, Fortune, St. George's, &c., without the addition of Harbour. I think an effort in that direction is now being made.

Coming up the northern shore of Conception Bay the first name of any historical importance which we meet is

BAY DE VERDES.

In No. VIII. of this series, when speaking of Bay Verte, I have given some reasons for the origin of this name. I showed that in this latter case the name was appropriately given on account of the brilliant emerald green of the headlands. These grassy headlands, bare of woods and covered with a very bright green grassy sward, are quite common. They are called by the fishermen "green gardens." The name in some form or other is found on the earliest maps in our possession, as for instance the supposed Cabot map (1544) has I. del Berto or *Verto*. Green Island, also Lok's map (1582) I. Verde. According to the reports of the voyage of Gaspar de Cortereal, in 1500, he first made land on the coast of Newfoundland, and he called the place

TERRA VERDE,

either for the reasons above mentioned or because he thought the land was

GREENLAND.

If this latter were the case it would show that he was acquainted with the voyages of the Norsemen, or at all events that the name of that great Northern Continent was known to him. As a matter of fact the existence of Greenland, was well known to the learned in Europe ever since the close of the IX. or X. century. The records of Norse History tell us that in the year A.D. 886, this land was first discovered by Gunbjarn, and for about a century from that time was known only as

GUNBJARN'S ROCKS.

But in the year 980 Eric Ruad, having fled from Iceland on account of some family dispute, was driven westward until he alighted on the coast of this inhospitable land. He determined to found a colony there, and in order to induce settlers to come he by a clever piece of diplomacy, gave the country the name of

GRŒN-LANDT.

or Greenland, "For," said he, "people will be attracted there if "it has a good name!" The ruse was successful, and the colony became thickly inhabited and of much importance. It became the seat of a Bishopric; and for 400 years communication was kept up with the Vatican at Rome. It was converted to Christianity in 1030. And the Vatican Archives show documents as late as 1448, that is to say within fifty years of Columbus's voyage. It appears upon the pre-Columbian maps, sometimes showing as a peninsula projecting from the north of Europe, sometimes as part of Asia; and sometimes as a link between Europe and America.

There is no other name on this part of the coast of any historical interest till we come to

CROCKER'S COVE

The meaning of this name has been explained when speaking of *Crocq* Harbour, (No. VII. of this series.) We now come to a name the most interesting perhaps of any name in our country, namely,

CARBONEAR.

This place is one of the most famous settlements of our country. It holds the proud honor of having never been captured by the French, in the early wars of our history, and the legends that cluster around Carbonear Island, might be woven into a most interesting Historical Romance.

There is a considerable mystery about the origin of the name and several suggestions on the subject have been made. There is as usual a great variety of spellings of the name. The French generally spelt it *Carbonniere*. It is so spelt by Abbé Baudouin in his account of the invasion of the Island by the French under captain Le Moyne d'Iibberville in 1696. A portion of the French army under command of De Brouillant, Governor of Placentia, marched overland to Ferryland, while d'Ibberville went round by sea in the ship *L'Envieux*. They captured Ferryland, Bay Bulls, Whittle's Bay, Petty Harbour and St. John's. They then marched to Portugal Cove, and along the South Shore of the Bay (Conception) to Harbour Main. Thence by boats to Brigus, Port de Grave, Harbour Grace and finally to *Carbonniere*. The people had entrenched themselves on the Island to the number of about 200 armed men. After several attempts to land on the Island the French were obliged to abandon it. They took *Bay Ver* (Bay de Verdes) and crossed the country to Heart's Content. Thence down the shore of Trinity Bay to Chapel Arm, and back to Placentia. This was indeed a wondrous feat of manœuvring for that period and could hardly be accomplished by an army at the present day. The following year, 1697, peace was proclaimed and the Treaty of Ryswick signed. The French retained Placentia. The peace was of short duration. War broke out again in 1705, and the French repeated their exploit of 1696. This time they were commanded by M. Soubercase, Governor of Placentia, and Nescambouit, an Indian Chief who was in charge of a troop of Native (Indian) soldiers. But again they failed to capture the impregnable *Carboaniere* as Charlevoix the French Historian writes the word. There is a letter from Lord Colville, commanding the British fleet in North America, to Mr. Cleaveland on board the ship *Northumberland* at St. John's, in which the name is spelt as we now spell it—*Carbonear*, for the first time as far as I know.

The late Rev. Dr. Patterson of New Glasgow, a great authority on the Portuguese colonies in North America. attributes the discovery of this place to Cortereal at the same time as his discovery of *Bay de Verde*, and he says, on the autority of Cordeiro, a Portuguese Historian, that Cortereal gave it the name of

CARBONIERO,

which is the name of a prominent cape on the coast of Portugal. Some wish to derive the name from

CARBONARI,

the name adopted by a revolutionary secret society in Italy, but this is of course altogether out of the question. Besides the fact that there would be no possible appropriateness of application of the word, it is to be remembered that this society had its origin as late as the beginning of the XIX. Century (1808). It was composed of some discontented Neapolitans and other Italian republicans, who, rebelling against the rule of the Bourbons and House of Savoy as well as the Buonaparte regime, retired to the mountains of the Abruzzi and Calabria and concealed themselves among the Carbonari or charcoal burners of these regions, assuming their garb and occupation as a cover for their seditious designs.

It seems to me that I have discovered the real meaning and origin of this name. In the year 1882, when I visited Carbonear for the first time, I was shown at the Convent there a rather antique Chalice. On examining it I found that it had been presented by the people to the chapel there. The Hall marks on the Chalice, viz.: figure of Erin: Crowned harp: Sovereign's head (Geo. IV.) and the letters D. E., show that the Chalice was made in Ireland in 1825, or 6. But the most interesting part is the Inscription which is as follows:—

PRESENTED BY THE PEOPLE OF THE HARBOR OF CARBINEERS TO THEIR CHAPEL.

I believe the above is the correct spelling of the word, and it at once throws a clear light on the matter, and solves the whole mystery. The place was so called on account of being garrisoned by a regiment of Carbineers, *i. e.* soldiers armed with the *Carbine or Carabine*. This was a short light musket or rifle much in use in those times and the regiment using it were called *Carbineers*. The word has almost gone out of use in the English army, but it is still heard in France and Italy where the regiments of Swiss sharp shooters are still called *Carabinieri*. The change from Carbineer to Carbiniere and Carboniere was a natural transition. I find it spelled in this latter manner as late as 1822 in a letter written by Bishop Scallan. I think when the above remarks are compared with what I shall have to say about *Mosquito* Harbour in next number, the argument will be convincing. On Thornton's map, 1689, it is spelt *Carbonere*. The same on T. Cour Lotter's map. 1720. On Cook's map 1774 it is Carboniere. On a map by N. B. (Bellin a French Engineer) of date 1744 we have *Carbinera*, for the Harbour and *Carbonere* for the Island. The "British Pilot," 1744, has Carbonera.

Thus we see the gradual development of the name until it assumed its present form which is not at all as pretty or euphonious as some of the more ancient forms.

+M. F. II.

With The Ice Hunters.

By Hon. John Harvey.

TO write of the seal fishery for Newfoundland readers seems rather like emulating that time-honoured work of supererogation—the carrying of coals to Newcastle. One approaches the subject with a certain amount of diffidence; yet it is remarkable how few have personal acquaintance with the tragedy which annually dyes in crimson the virgin tracts of ice a few miles from our shores; a voyage yielding experiences unique and interesting, and surrounded with a certain element of glamour and excitement.



THE AUTHOR, HON. JOHN HARVEY, M.L.C.

Some of the glamour, alas! has gone with the days of the old sailing fleet, when the prizes were for any man and not alone for the capitalist, and when every cottage had its stake in the great hunt; in those days did the shipwrights and the sailmakers flourish, and the famous toast, "Bloody decks and many of them," stirred the imagination and chivalry of the land.

Steam came—and in the sordid smoke, the tall masts and swelling canvas of our old vikings of the west slowly vanished; but while much of the picturesqueness of those days has gone some of it still remains, and though the number of the men is less, their hardihood, pluck, and skill have in no way abated.

There is perhaps little need to premise here that our seals are hair seals and quite distinct from the fur seals of Alaska and the south; that in the main they may be regarded as of two principal species, the Harp (phoca Greenlandica) and the Hood (cystophora cystata). Not much is known of the life and habits of either in their Arctic home. Both, however, migrate, with the coming of winter, southward like the birds. The Harps are mild, civilised, and gregarious. The Hoods are like a mountain tribe, fierce, independent, solitary, yet to some extent the latter seem to exercise a protective care over their more peaceful neighbors.

The Hoods come from the shores of Greenland, the Harps probably from the quieter shelter of Hudson's Bay. Late in October they both start south, the Hoods crossing from Greenland to the Labrador and joining the Harps.

They appears to travel in two long parallel columns, the Hoods always holding the eastern or seaward position. Thus they move slowly south, until they reach the great Ocean Banks off Cape Race. Returning, they mount the ice about the end of February, in the neighbourhood of the Straits of Belle Isle. The Harps select young and freshly frozen ice and large, flat pans. Through these they bore themselves holes which they keep constantly open and by them enter and leave the water at will. They congregate in enormous numbers on what was originally in all probability one large pan, with an area of some miles, maybe with as many as 300,000, old and young.

To the eastward is the heavier and more rugged ice, consisting of broken bergs and chips of glaciers ground up in the far away northern latitudes, and borne south on the bosom of the Arctic current; here, true to their principles, the Hoods ride the floe in scattered families. The young Harps or "Whitecoats" are covered with an unspotted soft fur, only less white than the snow on which they lie. They are as pretty as anything can be, the personification of happiness and content as they lie lazily on their backs, basking in the sunshine and fanning themselves gently with their flippers. Close by is the family blow-hole, through which the old seals go off daily to fish. They often have to swim long distances in search of food, and while they are away the great body of ice is moving at the rate of several miles an hour, while at the same time the pans will perhaps wheel round one another and change their relative positions; but each old seal, swimming for miles and miles under these vast tracts of ice, unerringly returns to its own blow-hole and to its own pup, and where there may be several hundred thousand of these all identically alike, it would not seem a difficult matter to make a mistake sometimes; the old Harps never do. The young and the mothers are killed by a blow or two from a heavy "gaff" or "bat," and are then cut open and divested of their great coat of fat, which is the only valuable part of them; this is then dragged direct to the ship or is piled with others on a large pan which has a flag hoisted on it and is often lighted up with a torch at night, until the ship can come and pick it up. The dogs, as a rule, have to be shot.

The stealing of panned seals has been a fruitful source of litigation, and of a good deal of hard swearing.

That pathetic incident when the old captain and his men met outside the Harbour Grace Courthouse at the termination



A SEALING VESSEL OF ABOUT 70 YEARS AGO.

of one of these lengthy trials, during which they had successfully sustained the charge of taking the pans of another ship, will live long in sealing annals. It was a famous lawsuit, with a large amount at stake. There was no denying that the prosecution had made out a strong *prima facie* case; but thereafter for the defence arose many witnesses, with an unwavering and indignant repudiation of the prosecution's soft impeachment, and no amount of legal artifice could avail to shake their tale. They were all, as the expression is, "On de one word." After the trial had spun itself into many days a verdict was at last rendered in favor of the defendants; outraged innocence was vindicated, and as our gallant crew left the Courthouse their faces betrayed the stress of excitement and anxiety past. It was no time for much speaking, and the skipper's voice was husky and his words were few as he grasped the toil-hardened hands stretched out to reach his own. "Men! ye swore noble!"

Writers who have personally seen nothing of the seal fishery, and who ought to know better, have imagined all sorts of cruelties practised on the seals. This is a great libel. As a fact, there is very little suffering inflicted considering the immense number of seals annually slaughtered, and none wantonly. The animal is completely stunned by the first blow, and the second kills it.

I have seen men bitten badly and once or twice divested of important portions of their nether garments as the result of an encounter with a mother Hood. As soon as the pup can get into the water the mother loses her affection for him, and quickly leaves him to shift for himself.

Although the dog Hood, when danger approaches, will generally leave his wife and child on the ice, he does not desert them but keeps bobbing up in the water stretching his neck and gazing anxiously at the spot he has left; and sometimes returning on the ice when he finds the business that is toward, he will fight for his family until he too lies beside them; nor is he any mean antagonist, for he weighs four hundred to five hundred pounds and is a good match for three men unless armed with rifles; neither is it an unusual thing for him to drive his antagonist temporarily right off his private pan.

I must say the men have a wholesome respect for him. These dog Hoods have a large and very tough bladder extending from the nose to the back of the neck, which they can inflate at will, and which renders their heads absolutely impervious to blows, while it gives them when at rest rather a comical appearance. When fighting on the ice they rear themselves up to a considerable height and as they turn quickly and bite very savagely the assailant has to look alive. The only way to "bat" them is for one man to hit the seal hard on the tail, and as the animal rears and turns to go for him, another gets a blow in on the throat. It is, however, very seldom that they are successfully "batted." Stalking them is as fine a sport as any one need want. To approach near enough to get accurate aim without alarming them requires the greatest care. It is necessary to keep out of sight and this is by no means an easy matter on a background that betrays at once every dark speck and every movement. In order to skirt the lakes of open water that probably lie between, or to avoid such ice as it is unsafe to walk on, long detours and roundabout routes have to be taken and every pinnacle and hummock utilized, and there is a greatly added zest in the imminent risk one is all the time running of getting a wet jacket; for travelling over this ice is, quite by itself, rather exciting work, requiring both activity and judgment. After the dog takes to the water you can generally get a chance at him if you are patient, but quick and accurate shooting is necessary to get him as he bobs up in an unexpected direction; it is necessary also to have a man ready to run and gaff him as soon as hit or you will certainly lose him. The dog will carry away an immense quantity of lead if not lodged in the right place. Russian seal-hunters array themselves in white, which no doubt greatly facilitates stalking. With the seals whelping about March first off the Straits of Belle Isle, and



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S.S. TERRA NOVA, IN THE ICE—BOWRING BROS., LTD.

The next improved class of sealing steamer of about 20 years ago.

When the Harps are approached by man the dog is the first to lose his nerve. Off he goes headfirst down his blow-hole. The mother remains by her pup a little longer, but pretty soon she too comes to the conclusion that "it is the time for disappearing," and she takes her header. There begins a stampede, and it is very funny when two or three of these fat animals meet at a blow-hole, where there is only room for one, and try to get down all at once.

The little Harps are thus left alone to their fate. The rugged "Hood ice" is in comparitively small pans, so that the Hoods do not require blow-holes, but scramble over the edge when they want to get into the water, and it is much harder for men to work upon it.

Occasionally the dog Hood, which is both plucky and strong and almost as large as an ox, will wait and face his attackers; but the mother, in strong contrast to the Harp, which always runs away, will never desert her pup while it is too young and helpless to escape, but will invariably stay and die in its defence.

She too is a large animal, though as the pup grows fatter she grows steadily thinner; she will turn on her adversary and growl and bite fiercely, and it is necessary to be decidedly wary in getting close to her; but a few blows on the head will quickly kill her.



READY TO SAIL FOR THE ICE-FIELDS—BAINE, JOHNSTON & CO'S. STEAMERS.

The above picture shows our sealing steamers when they were near all barque rigged.



Photos. by James Vey.

GETTING READY FOR THE SEAL FISHERY—BAINE, JOHNSTON & CO'S. FLEET.

This picture show our sealing steamers with all yards removed, and of late no square-sails are carried on any of the sealing steamers.

the steamers sailing from Newfoundland about ten days later, each sealing master has before him the nice problem of determining where the patch has moved to in the meantime, and how best to navigate his ship through the waste of ice to reach them in advance of his neighbors. Prior to sailing the main elements in the problem have to be carefully studied, and a conclusion is drawn by comparing the direction and force of the prevailing winds, the formation of the coast line, and the trend of the ocean currents, together with such information as may be obtainable in any year as to the nature of the ice. Afterwards many indications are seized upon and utilized by the astute and successful seal-killer.

Notwithstanding the enormous strength of the sealing steamers great care has to be exercised in navigating them. The crews number up to about two hundred men. After seeing a really good crew of Newfoundlanders at work one can hardly fail to be enthusiastic about them. Born and bred to the ice, and inheriting from past generations a thorough enjoyment of the sport, anxious to beat their competitors, and withal to make a good "bill," they are as keen as mustard, and will go through a prodigious amount of hardship and hard work without a murmur. No other men can do what they do. The equipment consists of a gaff or heavy boat hook, stout rope, "sculping" knife, skin boots, warm cuffs, close-fitting working suit, and colored goggles to prevent ice-blindness.

They often have to walk many miles to reach the seals, and at times have to drag them long distances. The risks run seem very great, and yet the losses from the large number of men who annually go to the fishery are very few, notwithstanding that ice and weather are both liable to prove very treacherous. Occasionally, of course, a terrible disaster will occur, as in the recent case of the s.s. *Greenland*. The men are sent out at daylight and take as a rule nothing with them but some hard biscuit; they scatter in small groups and singly for miles, while the ship may go completly out of sight to pick up her pans of yesterday, and they may not see her again until long after sundown. They may then have to work half the night picking up pans, stowing seals below, or throwing coal and ballast overboard to make room for more seals; but they will always be off again at daylight, ready to go through the same thing day after day. Occasionally the weather will get bad, a fog or snowstorm will come down, and some will be left out all night; and that means pretty cold work, with no great coat and no shelter.

The men commonly drag about three hundred pounds to a "tow," and, except for those who have tried it, it is not easy to realize what this means, especially over Hood ice. It entails the surmounting of obstacles with every step, crawling over pinnacles, leaping over chasms, getting across soft and treacherous ice, occassionally falling in. I tried a sealer's full "tow" once or twice myself and feel tired now when I think of it. The crew are partners in the venture, receiving one-third of the catch as their share. They are divided into three watches, each of which is in charge of a master watch and one assistant, termed a "scunner," evidently a corruption of the old English word "conner." One of the "scunners" is always kept in the foretop, from which vantage point he directs the course of the ship so far as her movements through the ice are concerned. Under his guidance she wends slowly through the maze of ice, avoiding the heavy pans, wheeling aside the lighter ones, working for any leads that may open up through it, sometimes straining and steaming at full pressure for ten minutes without moving an inch, until at length the steady effort tells and she slowly begins to forge ahead. But when a steamer finds nothing else for it she moves back through the channel she has made and with a cloud of canvas drawing (for most of the ships are bark or barkentine rigged and loftily sparred) and with full steam ahead she crashes into the impeding ice. Sometimes she smashes her way through, sometimes she has to go back and try again, but when she is brought up all standing, quivering, and groaning, one wonders how even solid greenheart and iron can survive it. Then it may be necessary to get out the dynamite and blast a way through. Over the "scunner's" head again, in a large barrel slung at the top of the highest mast, is the "barrel man." This position is one of great importance, and is generally occupied either by the captain himself or his first officer, armed with a powerful telescope on the lookout for any and sundry indications that may point the way of the seals. Every day there is a lively half hour when the ship is stopped to take water. A small berg with high pinnacles is selected and the ship ranged alongside; axes are got out and large lumps chopped off and passed on board. These are then steamed down. All the water used by the sealing fleet is obtained in this way. It is perfectly fresh.

On March 8, some years ago, I was fortunate enough to find myself on board the steamship *Newfoundland*, a guest of Capt. Farquhar's, bound for the ice. The ship was the largest and one of the finest in the fleet, and the trip was full of interest throughout. We were obliged to steam out of Bay Roberts, where we had shipped a picked crew, in a hurry, to avoid heavy ice which an easterly gale was driving into Conception Bay, threatening to pin us there. The *Newfoundland* was headed for Seldom-come by, whence in accordance with the sealing laws we were to clear on the tenth of March. The name Seldom-come-by proved appropriate, for owing to the continued ice jam we were never able to get within miles of it; though as every one knows Seldom-come-by is really so named because its inhabitants maintain that its attraction is so great that coasting craft seldom come by that way without calling in. Owing to the tremendous ice pack Captain Farquhar had finally to abandon the idea of clearing the ship at all and we were forced to proceed on our way without complying with that important formality. On the 12th we passed several families of Hoods, but owing to the legal restrictions we were not allowed on that date to take them. We got temporarily jammed near one old dog Hood, which evinced much interest in our proceedings, finally proving a greater temptation than some of our men could quietly endure. Three of them jumped overboard on the ice, armed with gaffs, and for ten minutes we witnessed a most entertaining fight. The seal was thoroughly game, and the men had to look alive to keep out of his reach. At last two of them broke their gaffs and had to retire, while the third, after an ineffectual struggle, lasting a very few minutes, found he was no match for the powerful Hood, and quickly made tracks also. So amid many sarcasms and much ridicule the three heroes made good their retreat and climbed aboard, while the old seal, having asserted his lordship over the frozen pans, betook himself to the edge and swam leisurely off, a hearty cheer following him from the ship.



S.S. GRAND LAKE, JAMMED, AT THE SEAL FISHERY—A. J. HARVEY & CO.

This steamer was built specially for our mail service to contend with ice on the coast in winter, and is a first-class sealer.

On the 13th we were heading N.N.W. towards Groais Islands, but were making little headway. It was blowing

half a hurricane right in our teeth, and the heavy ice was going out to the eastward in a body at a great rate. Close at hand several large bergs broke the level lines of the ice-fields. The ship's head was directed to one of these. It was exciting work getting alongside, as it stood motionless with the ice tearing by. As we came close, a score of men were hurried overboard with rope and cable; these were made fast to protruding parts of the berg and in a few minutes we were lying quietly anchored to its immense mass, and riding in a smooth lake of open water in its lee. At the rate the surrounding ice was being driven eastward, it was equivalent to steaming about five knots through the floe, without burning a ton of coal. The situation was rendered still more lively by the report from the barrel that a good many families of Hoods were to be seen passing us on the running ice, and that they were becoming constantly more numerous. These icebergs are often good friends to the seal hunter. Extending for about nine-tenths of their bulk under water, they are but slightly affected by the wind, which blows the field ice about in all directions. When it blows hard this ice piles up on the windward side of a berg, and leaves an open lake of water to leeward. I got into a boat with half a dozen of the crew and rowed to the edge of the floe, and I wish I could reproduce the scene as it appeared from there. The dazzling shimmer of the field ice as it rushed by, the emerald green and glittering pinnacles of the huge berg sparkling in the brilliant sunshine, its face a sheer precipice of pure white, rearing itself to many times the height of the masts and towering over our ship, the dark line of the hull relieved by the bright scarlet of the funnel, crouching in the blue water beneath, combined to make up a picture not easily forgotten. We dared not go very far on the ice, as it was moving quickly, and travelling was difficult, but we managed to get up to one family of Hoods which lay not far away. The dog, an immense fellow, shuffled into the water upon our approach, but every now and then his black head would pop up, and he kept an anxious watch from the water on our proceedings. The mother, as she always does, stayed beside her pup and rounded on us savagely as we approached. Very soon, however, one of the men managed to get possession of the little fat chap, and he was carried alive into the boat, and the two old seals got very worried. The mother, finding her pup gone, scrambled off the ice and joined her mate; swimming about very hurriedly and excitedly, now here, now there, they would shoot out of the water to peer over our gunwale, at times almost jumping into the boat in their anxiety to see what had befallen their baby. Evidently they were wild with pure trouble but nevertheless little Joseph was taken down into Egypt, to wit, the ss. *Newfoundland*, and three hundred men did obeisance before him. That night our position was an enviable one. The Hoods had continued to increase in number. The next day the law allowed us to take them. We were alone in the middle of the seals, and there are few more satisfactory situations vacant on this planet. Next morning we found ourselves tight jammed and immovable. Before dawn breakfast was served to the crew and they mustered on deck. As the sun rose long lines of men in Indian file started out from the ship. The *Newfoundland* became a great octopus, spreading her tentacles in all directions and sweeping up the ice. Each file was headed by half a dozen or more standard-bearers, carrying scarlet flags to mark the pans on which the pelts were to be piled. Soon some of the hunters began to dribble back with long "tows" behind them, and we took our first seals on board. There were a lot of old dogs swimming in the little lakes of open water close at hand, and I got out my Winchester and had a good time. No one need want better sport than these old dog Hoods give, and there was hardly a day for the next fortnight that I did not make a good bag.

One large dog that I shot in the water on the first day gave a good deal of trouble. The man who accompanied me ran over as soon as the seal was hit and got his gaff successfully hooked in the animal's hood. But the seal had considerable life still left in him, and it was rather more than my man could do to hold him. I ran to his assistance and for some minutes the seal in the water and we on the ice had a regular tug of war. At length the seal got too many for us, and we had to choose between being dragged overboard and letting go. We chose the latter alternative and the seal went off leaving us somewhat played out, and taking our gaff with him, much to the disgust of my companion, as it is by no means safe to find one's self on the ice without one. Finding the seal did not reappear, I went on to stalk another which was visible in the distance. An exciting chase disposed of him and I was on my way back to the ship when I perceived a black head appearing near the scene of our recent tussle; and then slowly and languidly, and leaving a crimson streak behind him, rose our friend and lay down on the ice, with the gaff still dragging behind him, to die.

There is generally a bit of a breeze blowing which keeps the ice together. When this drops down the ice is sure to loosen and walking over it becomes difficult and dangerous, and often impossible. One evening this occured when almost the entire crew were away from the ship. The ice "went abroad" rapidly and 250 men were scattered at every point of the compass and many miles apart. Soon the sun went down, and it became very doubtful if we should be able to find them all. There were no other ships near, which is unusual when there are seals about. Fortunately the weather was fine though cold. The water was like a mill pond, reflecting the stars, which shone brightly overhead. As we steamed about through the ice in the still air, with eager eyes on the lookout, a twinkling light would be occassionally discovered beckoning us, and as we approached, the far off report of a gun, or a faint shout, would be distinguished in the silence; and so we picked them gradually up, a few at a time. But at ten o'clock there were still a great many missing. The ice had now separated entirely, and only single pans were floating on the calm water. At length some flickering lights were made out right away on the horizon, but disappointments had already been met with from the fact that a number of our pans of seals were lighted up with torches, and these had been again and again mistaken for signals from the men.

The ship's course was, however, directed to these lights, and as we approached them the fires seemed to burn more brightly. About midnight we came upon them. There were several large pans floating singly, but not far apart, looking like great white rafts; each had a cordon of fire completely surrounding it, an unbroken rampart, and within could be seen the dark forms of men huddled together. The scene was duplicated by the perfect reflection in the water. Fire is obtained on the ice by putting a piece of wood into a seal pelt and lighting it. The whole effect in this instance was very weird, but we were much relieved to find on mustering that the whole crew had been recovered.

We continued to do well, getting from 150 to 5,000 seals per day, which would not be considered particularly good in Harps, but is excellent work with Hoods. The equivalent of 24,000 young had been secured, and everything continued to promise well, when our chief engineer, who was a first rate man and a great favorite on board, was suddenly taken ill, and the captain determined to make for shore in order to try and save his life. We bore up for home on the 28th of March, with many regrets for the early termination of the voyage as well as for the cause of it. St. John's was sighted March 29, and we found ourselves the first arrival from the fishery. Our trip had occupied just three weeks and we brought back half a cargo worth $33,000.

Personally, I wanted another fortnight of it badly. I had had plenty of excellent shooting and no end of healthy excitement, and had immensely enjoyed the complete severance from the every day world.

As this paper has been introduced with the toast that launched our old sealing fleet, that the age of steam may not be entirely robbed of its romance, does it not seem fitting that the sentiment given us by our local laureate should be with us as we part?—

"Then here's to Captain Farquar,
Likewise his gallant crew,
May you be spared for many years
The 'Whitecoats' for to *slew*."



Reproduced by James Vey.

S. S. ADVENTURE—A. J. HARVEY & CO.

The S. S. Adventure.

THE latest addition to the sealing fleet is the s. s. *Adventure.* She embodies more or less revolutionary ideas. She is designed not only to be the most up-to-date and powerful steamer used for the seal-fishery, but also to be an efficient ship for the general carrying trade of the world.

Unlike the rest of the fleet which is constructed of wood, she is built throughout of very heavy steel without sheating. She has water-tight compartments to make her as far as possible unsinkable, a double bottom and water tanks which can be filled from the sea and again pumped dry, thus enabling her to shift ports without taking ballast.

She is built with large hatches and powerful steam winches and an electric searchlight, while her large decks enable her to "cool" a large number of pelts at one time, and her considerable bunker capacity preclude the necessity of putting any coal into her seal-carrying holds as has to be done in other cases. She is capable of steaming fully 25 per cent. faster that the best of the old fleet.

The experiment appears to have proved an unqualified success, and she has shown her ability to make her way through ice which would entirely block the older types.

A comparison between the s. s. *Walrus* (built 1863) and the s.s. *Adventure* (1905) indicates partially the progress made,—

	Tonnage.	Length.	Breadth.	Depth.	Nominal H.P.
s.s. *Walrus*....	374....	148 ft.....	25 ft.....	15 ft.....	55
s.s. *Adventure*..	826....	278 ft.....	38 ft.....	25 ft.....	370

In Memoriam.

Capt. Arthur Jackman---the Famous Sealing Master.

SEAS that are lash'd into fury wild—
Waves that no mercy know—
Breakers that break with a mad desire
And a voice from the hell below!
Icebergs that grind and seethe and swirl
Like the tiger in savage sport—
These are the dangers—mildly put—
To the "ships that make no port."

* * * * *

His was the head, and the heart and the hand
That held such things as naught;
His were the daring and dauntless deeds
Whose records of life are fraught:
For it is the BRAVE, the STRONG, the TRUE,
That attract! Aye! and made life grand!
The balance goes down on the favoured side
In the hearts of his native land!

* * * * *

Silent the heart of the Captain brave!
Widow'd and lone his ship!
Flown has his flag for the last sad time,
'Mid sorrow and silent lip!
Dim are the clouds in the far, far north,
"Where the scarlet sun doth rise";
Turn'd is his gaze from the misty mere
And the bergs and the threat'ning skies!

February 4th, 1907. *E. C.*

St. John's, Newfoundland. *Population City, over 30,000.*

T. A. THEATRE

....*Is fully equipped for*....

Theatricals, Operas, Concerts, and Lectures.

STAGE—with a complete set of Scenery to suit all Dramatic Performances—is, height, 26 feet; depth, 25 x 56 feet. Tie-floor Gallery, Five Dressing Rooms, One Piano; Two Private Boxes. Opera Chairs, 400; Gallery, 350; Pit, 600; Total, 1,350 seating capacity. Heated by Steam, Lighted by Gas and Electric Light. Entrance to all parts of Theatre by Henry Street.

For further particulars as to open dates, rent, etc., apply to

JAMES J. BATES, President.

or GEO. J. COUGHLAN, Secretary.

CABLE ADDRESS: "WASLAT."

W. A. SLATTERY,

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Cotton and Wool Fents,

Remnants and Seconds.

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Duckworth Street, St. John's, N.F.

The BIG Furniture Store



The Attractions of this Store

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The Lowest Prices

consistent with quality.

Call and examine.

CALLAHAN, GLASS & CO., Duckworth and Gower Streets.

Public Notice.

UNDER the authority of "The Crown Lands Act, 1903," Section 9, the following piece of land has been reserved by His Excellency the Governor in Council and set aside for the use of the Public, viz:—

A strip of land Thirty-three feet wide above high water mark on the shore of Bay Saint George, and extending along the shore of said Bay from Turf Point to Flat Bay Brook.

R. BOND,
Colonial Secretary.

Colonial Secretary's Office, January 22nd, 1907.

NOTICE!

THE attention of **Masters and Owners of Steamers,** carring Passengers coastwise, is called to Chapter 115 of the Consolidated Statutes, which prohibits any steamer from engaging in coastwise passenger traffic unless a proper survey is made by the authorized Surveyors, and a certificate obtained granting the necessary permission to do so. No steamer will be cleared that has not complied with this law.

Custom House, St. John's, Newfoundland, 25th February, 1907.

H. W. LeMESSURIER,
Assistant Collector.



S. S. "ROSALIND"—RED CROSS LINE.



CAPT. CLARKE.

THE RED CROSS LINE

....SAILING BETWEEN....

New York, Halifax, N. S., and St. John's, N. F.

For a short vacation, the round trip by one of these steamers is hard to beat, and is cheap enough to suit the most modest purse.

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G. S. CAMPBELL & Co., Halifax, N. S.
BOWRING & Co., 17 State Street, New York.

UP-TO-DATE PASSENGER ACCOMMODATION.

Rates—To New York, Single....$34.00; Return....$60.00; Steerage....$13.00; Return....$26.00
" —" Halifax, " .... 18.00; " .... 34.00; " .... 6.00; " 12.00

FREIGHT CARRIED AT THROUGH RATES TO ALL POINTS.



CAPT. FARRELL.



S. S. "SILVIA"—RED CROSS LINE.

Supreme Court of Newfoundland.

List of Deputy Sheriffs.

SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

Residence.	Districts.	Names.
Ferryland	Ferryland	George Geary.
Mobile	"	John T. Fitzgerald.
Fermeuse	"	William Trainer.
St. Mary's	Placentia and St. Mary's.	Jas. J. Bishop.
Salmonier	" "	Francis R. Curtis.
Placentia	" "	———
Presque	" "	———
Oderin	" "	Peter Manning.
Flat Island	Burin	Howard Parsons.
Burin	" "	Stephen White.
St. Lawrence	" "	Cyrus Beck, sr.
Lawn	" "	———
Lamaline	" "	William G. Pittman.
Grand Bank	" "	Eli Harris.
St. Jacques	Fortune Bay	———
Belleoram	"	J. Pearce.
Pushthrough	"	Joseph Camp.
Harbor Breton	"	Benjamin Chapman.
Burgeo	Burgeo and La Poile	Albert Kelland.
Ramea	" "	Matthew Nash.
Rose Blanche	" "	Prosper A. Garcien.
Channel	" "	James H. Wilcox.
Codroy	St. George	Henry Gallop.
Grand River	"	Thomas B. Doyle.
Robinson's Head	"	Abraham Tilley.
St. George—Sandy Pt.	"	M. E. Messervey.
Wood's Island	"	Simeon Jennex.
Bay of Islands	"	Daniel J. Gilker.
Bonne Bay	St. Barbe	John Tapper.

NORTHERN DISTRICT.

Residence.	Districts.	Names.
St. Anthony	St. Barbe	James Johnson.
Conche	"	———
La Scie	"	Wm. A. Toms.
Tilt Cove	Twillingate	Constable T. Walsh.
Little Bay	"	P. J. Leary.
Little Bay Islands	"	Peter Campbell.
Pilley's Island	"	Thomas Roberts.
Leading Tickles	"	William Lanning.
New Bay	"	Peter Moores.
Botwoodville	"	J. T. Bendle.
Exploits	"	George S. Lilly.
Lewisport	"	Alfred G. Young.
Twillingate	"	William Baird.
Moreton's Harbor	"	———
Fogo	Fogo	Ambrose Fitzgerald.
Barr'd Island	"	George Foster.
Seldom-Come-By	"	Philip Perry.
Change Islands	"	———
Gander Bay	"	Robert Pike.
Musgrave Harbor	"	Adam Bradley. / N. Gillingham.
Pinchard's Island	Bonavista	Jacob Hefferton.
Wesleyville	"	Peter Roberts.
Pool's Island	"	———
Greenspond	"	Thomas Wornell.
Glovertown	"	Charles Kean.
Gambo	"	Mark Gibbons.
Brooklyn	"	———
Salvage	"	Edward Oldford.
Alexander Bay	"	———
King's Cove	Bonavista	———
Bonavista	"	Noah Burge.
Catalina	Trinity	Isaac Manuel
Trinity	"	John W. James.
Bonaventure	"	Noah Miller.
Northern Bight	"	Edmond Benson.
Britannia Cove	"	R. Currie.
Shoal Harbor	"	Caleb Tuck.
Clarenville	"	George Janes.
Foster's Point	"	George Leawood.
Bay Bull's Arm	"	———
Whitbourne	"	Eliel Noseworthy.
New Harbor	"	
Heart's Content	"	Charles Rendell.
Old Perlican	Bay de Verde	Moses Bursey.
Bay de Verde	"	Reuben Curtis.
Lower Island Cove	"	Eli Garland.
Western Bay	"	Ewen Kennedy.
Carbonear	Carbonear	Ernest Forward.
Harbor Grace	Harbor Grace	John Trapnell.
Bay Roberts	"	A. Hierlihy.
Brigus	Port-de-Grave	Benjamin Butler. / John Leamon.
Conception Harbor	Harbor Main	
Harbor Main	"	James Murphy.
Holyrood	"	William Maher.
Middle Bight	"	William Butler.
Bell Isl'd—Lance Cove	St. John's East	A. E. Rees.
Bell Island—Beach	"	
Portugal Cove	"	Edward Harding.

March, 1907.

JAMES CARTER, Sheriff, Newfoundland.
W. J. CARROLL, Sub-Sheriff, "

JOB BROTHERS & Co.,

Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Importers of British and American Goods of every description—Wholesale and Retail.

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St. John's Municipal Council

1907

In accordance with the terms of Section 143 of the Municipal Act, 1902, the following Statements of Estimated Expenditure and Revenue for the Year 1907 are published:—

ESTIMATED REVENUE:

Interest on Credit Balance at Bank	$ 250.00
Interest on Coal Bonds	700.00
Watering Vessels	3,500.00
Auctioneers Tax	175.00
Lighting and Sanitation	8,000.00
Telegraph Company Tax	400.00
Roads, East	2,815.00
Roads, West	2,662.50
South Side Road	430.50
Water Department	300.00
Water Rates	43,250.00
Sewerage Rates	10,350.00
Arrears	16,000.00
Vacant Lands	600.00
Crown Rents	2,000.00
Customs Water Rates	3,000.00
Customs Coal Duties	57,000.00
Bank Tax	3,500.00
Life Insurance Company Annual Tax	1,000.00
Horse Tax	1,400.00
Cart Tax	620.00
Carriage Tax	1,100.00
Licenses	180.00
Brokers on Margins	250.00
Marine Insurance Company Annual Tax	200.00
Accident Insurance Company Annual Tax	150.00
Billiard Table Tax	200.00
Steamship Tax	1,600.00
Fire Insurance Company Special Tax	2,000.00
Fire Insurance Company Annual Tax	2,700.00
Pound Account	50.00
South Side Lighting	250.00
Loan Association	100.00
Sanitary Department	800.00
Pedlars Tax	180.00
Street Railway Tax	1,150.00
	$168,863.00

M. P. GIBBS, Mayor.
JOHN L. SLATTERY, Sec.-Treas.

ESTIMATED EXPENDITURE:

Interest	$ 48,000.00
Interest Savings Bank	64.00
Watering Vessels	500.00
Town Improvements	2,000.00
Watering Streets	1,600.00
Triennial Appraisement	600.00
Open Spaces	50.00
Election Expenses	500.00
Street Crossings	500.00
Roads, East	9,000.00
Roads, West	11,000.00
Road Making Machinery	3,000.00
Salaries	12,000.00
Fire Department	12,000.00
South Side Road	1,000.00
Legal Expenses	1,500.00
Contingencies	200.00
Engineers Department	350.00
Printing, Stationery and Advertising	700.00
Water Department	13,000.00
Sewerage Department	5,000.00
Miscellaneous	225.00
Customs Water Rates	100.00
Customs Coal Duties	2,500.00
Fish Markets	1,300.00
Offices	1,250.00
Lighting Streets	8,500.00
Rent Ground, Flavin Street	106.00
Horse, Cart and Carriage Taxes	350.00
Flushing Drains and Gulleys	400.00
Pound Account	100.00
South Side Lighting	500.00
Sanitary Department	26,000.00
Bannerman Park	1,250.00
Victoria Park	1,250.00
Health Officer, &c.	1,200.00
Sundries unenumerated	500.00
Riverhead Stream Diversion	750.00
	$168,845.00

M. P. GIBBS, Mayor.
JOHN L. SLATTERY, Sec.-Treas.

Phenix Insurance Co.,

Of Brooklyn, New York

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The British and American Empires.

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, Ph. D.



HAT is the reason? I am often asked,—what is the reason why the Americans, who until lately regarded the United Kingdom with envy and the feelings which spring from envy, have changed within the past year to a state of indifference and quiet contempt towards the present Government of Great Britain? That government themselves, if we may judge from the newspapers which are their organs, have been asking themselves the same question. The *Westminster Gazette* wonders why the British Embassy in Washington, which used to hold the first rank, now has fallen, in American imaginations, to a place below the German Embassy. Contempt, says an Eastern proverb, can pierce the shell of a tortoise; it is well, at all events, that it can pierce the skin of a Radical. There is a poetic justice in the idea that Mr. Bryce, who set going the anti-colonial pandemonium during the Boer war, for the advantage of his party, should now have the task of encountering the feelings which he aroused from their sleep. All well-wishers of Mr. Bryce will, however, be glad that he has obtained the advantage of an education in Washington. Contact with men like Roosevelt, Root, and Lodge will rid him of the notion, so dear to Radicals, that the world is governed by sentimentality and palaver; and he will not long observe his own party, from this side of the Atlantic, and discharge the office of making representations that are known to have no firmness behind them, without contracting the feelings towards his party that are in the air of this country. Last summer, a gentleman came to Rochester from Ireland, and as he knew some friends of mine in Ireland we are pretty intimate. He is a thoroughly loyal man, and he was full of admiration for the "Liberal" party. I did not indicate any dissent from his opinions because I had held them once, and I felt that he would abandon them as I did. After he had been here about three months, one day I happened to express a sentiment disparaging to them, and I added: "I dare say you do not agree with me; but after you have been here about a year, you will find you have changed your opinion of that party." "I feel my opinion already changing," he said. He has since then completely changed. Why is it that this feeling of looking down now prevails? Apart from the general contempt for inefficiency and weakness, it must be remembered that the governing party in this country has always been Unionist and Imperialist; and though it had a strong Radical—Imperialist wing forty years ago, to which Roosevelt by birth belonged, the Radicalism has been steadily weakening, and may be said to be extinct since the President's announcement of his change to Conservative principles. Now, when a man changes his principles, he usually has an aversion for the delusions, as he regards them, from which he has escaped; and if he is a man of Roosevelt's temper, he entertains contempt for those who are not as quick-sighted as he. Roosevelt is doubtless glad in his heart that the English Radicals adhere to free-trade; but when he publicly describes free-trade as a specious theory, by which he was once misled, that has been refuted by experience, he can have little respect for those who are blind to the teaching of experience. The Americans have also learned from the English teachers now visiting this country that the Nonconformist people in England felt no grievance against the educational system until they were persuaded they had a grievance by politicians and by ministers of religion who are the catspaws of politicians. And when the President is preaching union,—union between North and South; union between classes, fraternity between churches, and expressing the hope that there may be one day a Catholic President,—Conservative Americans are ready to feel that it is Great Britain that now has the "American Politicians," in the men who have drawn the English and Scotch people (fortunately for the U. S. and Germany) away from the consideration of their national interests into a sectarian faction-fight. A plan of secular education might have the sympathies of the irreligious majority in this country, but neither the religious nor the irreligious have any respect for a plan to give purely secular authorities the teaching of religion (a new religion) and the right of determining what that doctrine is to be. This attempt to endow a new religion excites only amused contempt.

The Democratic party might have been expected to sympathise with Radicals; but though Mr. Bryan, who is a Baptist, made an attempt to excite admiration for them, he altogether failed. The South, though supporting the Democrats is aristocratic, religious, conservative, and Episcopalian; it remembers that the Political Dissenters in England applauded the enfranchisement of the ignorant negro which was the subjugation of the white. In the North, a large proportion of the Democrats is Catholic; the majority of the Catholics are Democrats, and are estranged from the Liberals by the attempt to persecute the Catholic schools; while the Clan-na-Gael, who would shed no tears over the destruction of Catholic schools, are full of contemptuous hostility for the party who have abandoned the plan of an Irish parliament, are postponing the reform of Dublin Castle, and are daily destroying their own power to reform anything.

It cannot happen to a party to be accused in the face of the world, by both the Anglican and the Catholic hierarchies, of having "broken both their public and their private assurances" without the loss ensuing of confidence and of respect. Americans admire grit also and despise the lack of it. When the German Kaiser wanted to give the French a kick and to force them to dismiss a patriotic minister, he waited until the French atheists and "Liberals" began their attack on Christianity; he knew they would not leave off that attack for the purpose of defending their national interests and their national honour; and so the American President in dealing with the fishery question, waited until the British Radicals had divided the Kingdom against itself by a sectarian faction-fight. May I recall that I predicted that the Liberal party would not defend the interests of Newfoundland? That could easily be foreseen. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Secretary of War had objected to preferential trade that it would give offence to the Americans; and their supporters thought it a good argument. It was the fear of a shadow, for the Americans showed, when Canada gave a preference that they know they have neither the right nor the power to interfere in the internal affairs of another empire. Lord Rosebery, the most patriotic of the Liberals, "excommunicated" for his patriotism, said: "We must not get into a tariff-war with the Americans; they are more pugnacious than we are; they would do more, and endure more, in order to win, than we would." And he is the most patriotic of

the Liberals. Is it, indeed, true that the British are less plucky than the Americans? It is unfortunately true of the party which Rosebery supports. Not all of the Liberals are timid, but all the timid people are of that party; in this sense it may be called The Timid Party; and in a similiar way it may be called the American party. The irreligious people on the Conservative side have to support religion; the religious people on the "Liberal" side have to acquiesce in measures injurious to religion, and to try to persuade themselves that these measures are not really injurious; in this sense the "Liberal" party may be called the irreligious party. It is amusing, however, to see that, in the opinion of some people, the "Liberals" do everything good and nothing wrong; for when they do anything good, they are "the Liberals," and when they do anything bad they are "the English;" consequently, "the Liberals" never do anything wrong. In this way the impeccability and infallibility of the Liberal party are established. It is in this way that the foreign press acts. The pro Boer press of the world is now pro-Congo, for the same reason as it was pro-Boer; during the Boer war it praised the Liberals, and they were "the Liberals;" it now reviles them, but it calls them "the English," and actually accuses them of being actuated by patriotism,—an accusation at which the Liberals are naturally indignant. My own co-religionists at least, may now see through the impudence of the "Liberal" pretence of protecting the Catholics against a bigoted nation; it is right within the bosom of the "Liberal" party that the bigotry exists. The English people are liberal, though not "Liberal;" for Liberalism is now separated from liberality as well as from patriotism and religion by the whole diameter of the political arena. People may now see that an English or Scotch politician is not necessarily honest because he is unpatriotic; the cosmopolitanism of these gentlemen is only timidity and sectarianism in a mask. The bigots within their ranks think that the glory of God and the divine interests (that is the interests of their own sect) justify the means, and make an exception to the commandments of God:—*Thou shalt not bear false witness* except against other people's religion, or against your Country, for the benefit of your sect in other countries *e.g.* among the Boers: *Thou shalt not rob*, except by taxing (or trying to tax) every one for the benefit of a set of schools that would suit no one's conscience but your own. *Thou shalt not kill*, except by stirring up unjust wars against nations of another religion, especially against weak nations like Spain. These are the new commandments which the bigots within the "Liberal" party follow. There can be no respect for the "Liberals," in any country, until they cease to waste their strength against the impregnable defences of religion in England, and until they return to the principles of religious and civil freedom, and undertake the task to which they are bound by the pledges of twenty years, and to which the English people at the last election assented, viz., that of decentralizing the United Kingdom, and democratizing the Irish Government.

A Few Literary Landmarks.

By G. R. F. Prowse.

JUST a few words of teacher's shop on literature in general. Poor old Ruskin, living in his beautiful Lake Cottage, dreaded the advent of the railway. There would be no spot left sacred by the tripper, and the desolation the railway and its accompanying industries produced would send back man to barbarism. But the parks have come and given the wayfaring man to-day a keener love of nature than ever was possessed by the intellectual giants of past centuries. If Ruskin should be so understood he is wrong in my opinion. I have watched nature in many moods, and she appeals to me most surely when I see some sign of men's handiwork on a railway. So with the teacher. August bodies called Advisory Boards ravaged the literary world for utilitarian purposes—to find materials for teaching—and some may fear there will be no byways where teachers may roam in literature on those sacred days when the phonics cease from troubling and the spellers are at rest. I am sure, however, that in time we shall feel about literature as I do about nature, that the finest passages will glow with their fullest warmth when we catch a glimpse of little childish forms in the distance. This is a teacher's ideal.

My title is like the names of some novels, calculated to tickle the fancy more than to inform. The time is so short that I intend to cast logic and system and all that sort of mental ballast overboard and go along with every wind of fancy. For my purpose I divide all descriptive literature into those works which display man's character, and those which narrate his activities. Shakespeare and Moliere for instance are essentially character drawers; in the former at least we get no connected picture of contemporary English life. His characters are for all time, and might have lived at anytime, and anywhere for all we care. I mean to pass this character literature by, and speak only of the literature of travel, and adventure—mainly of its imaginative side and especially of the two great "processional novels" as they are sometimes called—Don Quixote and Pickwick Papers.

The highest examples of this activity literature, (as I shall presume to call it for want of a better word) have generally appeared at some critical period in the world's history—hence, perhaps, the only justification for my title. They also have assumed consciously, or unconsciously a certain type, the adventures of a central hero in all the familiar scenes of daily life—high and low. In the two great processional novels the hero is split in two, so to speak, and presents a tragic and comic view of life. So much by way of general introduction.

My first illustration comes from the Pentateuch—the lyric of the Patriarchs, the epic of the Exodus. The three great Hebrew progenitors and Joseph are the heroes around whom are woven scenes of pastoral and civic life, family, and court life, war, and industry. The branch of the Semitic race from which Abraham sprang has remained unprogressive, so that I believe events similar to those we read of in Genesis may or might have happened in Arabia Felix within this century and excited no amazement The Exodus with Moses as its central hero has quite another interest. It is the only literary work which in full-blooded living fashion gives us a picture of one of those human swarmings which so profoundly affected Europe and indirectly everyone in this room. Antiquarians are gatheriug information about these early migrations—about Iberians, Hittites, and Celts, but when they have done their best they will have done little more than reconstruct a mere skeleton. Even the imagination of an Ebers cannot give life to that past such as we find in the Exodus epic.

I must take one other illustrations from a non-progressive literature. I refer of course to the Arabian Nights. Here we have a progress through a series of adventures doubtless, all having a substratum of fact. I suppose it would be fair to say that these wonderful transformation scenes stand to the Persian audience listening to some fakir under the palms, as our dear pedagogie friend and ally Santa Claus does to the child of five.

I do not purpose to say much about the great Grecian epic. I shall be treading on ground given over to the improvement

of our minds. Homer is true to type, the great central hero—Ulysses moves from one scene to another, from courts to swineherds huts, from the carnage of war to the peaceful voyage around the Great Sea of the ancients. From Homer I turn naturally to our own Arthurian legend which corresponds in many ways to the old Grecian epic the same love of virtue and bravery, beneath the same barbaric pomp, the same simple homely living. Perhaps the next landmark demanding our attention is Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. They are more like a series of tableaux vivants than a true epic—there is no central hero, but they picture for all time the England of Pre-Renascence days.

Having satisfied the academic instincts which I feel sure actuate us all to see these landmarks as a systematic whole composed of parts, &c., &c., we may now turn with a good conscience to the great Spanish classic Don Quixote. If ever any author qualified by living the life he was to write about, it was Cervantes. Few Englishman have ever lived a life so full of pure intellectual vigor. When rightly nnderstood his immortal hero—the knight of the rueful countenance—Don Quixote—is one of the most tragic figures in all literature—the tragedy of the mind—a good man out of adjustment with his intellectual environment. His squire Sancho Panza is the essence of comedy—consummate ignorance, happy only in its own environment of the common-place. Don Quixote is a hard book to many well educated people. Some claim it is an acquired taste. I don't ask anyone to say they like this great book in a priggish sort of way because it is one of the signs of a cultivated mind to enjoy it. But just see what Don Quixote stands for. It has been stated that if all the novels which have been written since Cervantes were lost we could reconstruct them from the beautiful little short tales with which he studded his story. There is a whole world of romance in this book then, which we may cull out and enjoy. Again Don Quixote is the living record of one of the most important epochs in the world's history. In no other book do we realize as fully the wonderful period succeeding the invention of the printing press, the discovery of our hemisphere the breakdown of the old feudal system and the birth of the modern era as we know it—the Renascence.

If you cannot form a mental picture of that wonderful new world of character and action for yourselves, I am afraid no words of mine will avail. Perhaps you might gather a better insight into the full circle of life Cervantes portrays by reading a couple of Scott's novels of this period—Kenilworth and Quentin Durward and then reading such a chapter as Sancho Panza's Gove norship of Barrataria. It is as the light of the moon to a midday sun. Cervantes would pack a whole romance like Amy Robsarte into the corner of one chapter. All I can say is if you would wish to enter into the full spirit of the Renascence, read Don Quixote.

It is a far cry from the Knight of the Rueful Countenance to dear Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, but there can be no doubt Dicken's was influenced by Cervantes when he wrote his greatest work. Dickens was only twenty-two when he began Pickwick. His genius was at its apex - his mind full of the robust vigor of early manhood, his fancy free as the air, and free from that self-consciousness which somewhat marred his later works. Of course it requires a keen sense of humor to detect the tragic element in Mr. Pickwick's prosaic life, but no one can fail to see the comedy in Sam Weller, though I doubt if many get the full measure of it. Pickwick has all the real elements of an epic. Those serio-tragic and comic heroes Pickwick and his servant pass from one adventure to another in city and country, in prison and in society, at the hustings and in the law courts. The characters and events portrayed are the quintessence of English life at a critical period in our history, the days immediately preceding the invention of the railway and the ocean steamer It has been said that Sam Weller is compounded of a thousand London grooms - the whole wit of Cockney London is compressed into this inimitable character. Just think what Pickwick means to us. It is the very form and fashion of a departed world period, just beyond our vision. The most brilliant historians and novelists can never bring this surpassingly interesting England of our grandfathers in its full glory to our mind as Dickens has done. See how we are blessed, that one of the world's greatest literary geniuses, in the fullness of his powers has drawn in the most perfect manner, the life of the early nineteenth century in most of its aspects. I say unhesitatingly that anyone who would enjoy to the full George Elliot, Thackeray, Dickens himself, Carlyle, and all the other great writers of the early Victorian period must know their Pickwick by heart.

What can I say more? Well my best wish is that some of your readers may crack a joke with Mr. Weller and fall in love with that kindly old bachelor Mr. Pickwick, wander along the Kentish lanes with him, and when you come home remember to cook him a mutton chop—and don't forget the tomato sauce. As for me, I am only a man. I have wandered many a league with the Knight of La Maucha in the hope of catching but a sight of his fair Dulcina, but all in vain. She has always fled at our approach.

Mirage.

By Robert Gear MacDonald.

A Song beneath the Northern Light,
While stars leaned down from heaven to hear,
You sang to me, and through the night
Your voice came thrilling, soft yet clear.
You ceased, and sighed, "Oh, go not yet,
The clustering Pleiads still are low,
The starlight glitters in the snow
Although the moon has set."

Outside the window as we gazed
The shifting fires played in the sky
At hide and seek; and, sorely 'mazed,
Some light clouds drifted slowly by.
And in my wretched heart was strife,
I loved—I trampled on my love;
The lights soon left the sky above,
The light all left my life.

And homeward 'neath a sodden sky—
Dull snow clouds quickly piling up—
I walked that night; and to my eye
Those clouds were of God's wrath the cup.
I never sought your home again,
My sullen pride was reason-proof;
I stifled love and kept aloof,
And mutely bore the pain.

That song beneath the Northern Light
I dream that I can hear once more;—
But never more to waking sight
Shall you be seen within that door.
Yet oh, my heart, what would I give,
Who listened to their envious prate,
Could I have known, ere 'twas too late,
You did not me deceive?

In Memoriam.

Jessie McNeily, Died February 12th, 1907.

By D. W. Prowse, LL.D.

"She was good, as she was fair—
None—none on earth above her!
As pure in thought as angel are,
To know her was to love her."

Never does the grave seem so terrible, or death so harsh, or so cruel, as when it snatches away from our midst such a pure, beautiful soul, such a pearl among women, as our dear departed one. From her lovely girlhood up to her latest day, she was always young. The most glorious gifts of woman, the divine instinct of motherhood, the ever-abiding love, and desire to be the consoler and comforter of all, were inherent in her nature. Like a ray of sunshine, her presence brought joy and gladness to all hearts. To know her was to love her. There are many other women as beautiful, many others as charitable, kind-hearted, bountiful, but there were none like her. There was about our dear friend, an indefinable, inexpressible atmosphere of sympathy and loving kindness, that brought her in closer touch with humanity than any one else. With her, kindness, unselfishness, the tenderest affection for all who were in affliction and distress, were the spontaneous outpourings of her spirit. The warmth of the most tender, affectionate heart that ever beat in human bosom. I feel only too keenly, how poor, how ineffectual are mere words to describe one, who was the "King's daughter," as true a saint as ever walked the earth. With her, religion and duty—duty in the highest sense—not only to her family, but to all around her, and specially to all who were in affliction, was her guide through life—the light to her feet, the lamp to her path. I have not dwelt on her mental gifts, her fine sense of humour, or her remarkable talent in conversation. These are but the ornaments around the picture. The real thing in humanity is character. The greatest of all is goodness. Love and charity, the unselfish regard for duty, shone through all her noble and beautiful life. To the kind old father, the dear sisters, the bereaved husband and the poor boys, who have lost the most devoted of mothers, mine and every one's sympathy will be given in the largest measure.

Matchless Misery.

By W. J. Carroll.—Courtesy of "Forest and Stream," New York.

"Roses have thorns; and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud."
—Shakspeare.



His fondest dreams were realized; he was free from every care;
He was heart to heart with Nature, with spirits light as air.



The forest echoes thrilled him, while the rippling waters sung.
His creel was getting weighty with the deadly fly he flung.



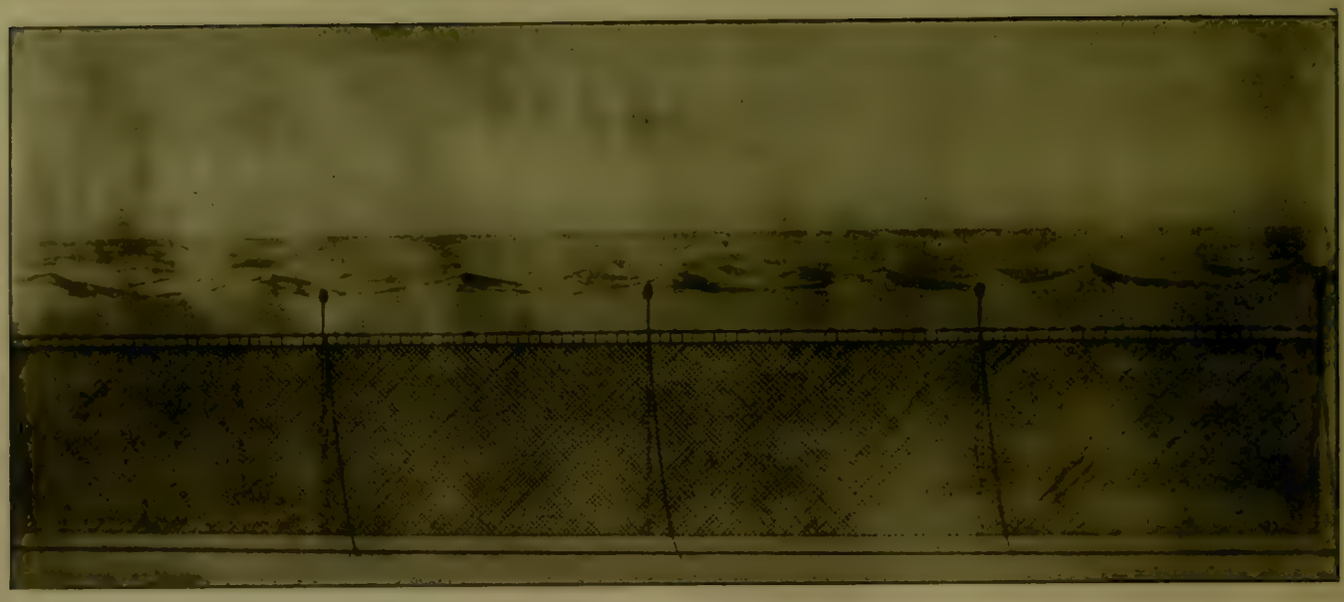
Photos. by P. Doyle, St. John's, Newfoundland.

But his sunshine soon was clouded; living ceased to be a joke;
Alas! he had no matches, he couldn't get a smoke.



W. B. PAYN, J.P.,
Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

One of the most courteous and popular officials in the Civil Service, is the recently appointed Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries. Born in Jersey, Channel Islands, he came out to Burin, as assistant in his uncle's firm at the historic Jersey Room, in 1866. After thirteen years spent in the business of the country, he went home to Jersey, but the call of the Western Ocean was irresistible and he returned to Newfoundland in 1875. He then accepted a position as Accountant and Confidential Clerk to the Bett's Cove Mining Company, and remained there till 1879, when he bought out the interest of his uncle—J. L. Falle, Esq.,—in the Jersey Room at Burin. Here he conducted a large fishery business for some years. In 1893 he was elected Liberal Member for Burin, and two years after, upon the closing of the doors of the Union and Commercial Banks, he was appointed Registrar of Bank Notes, the duties of which office he performed with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the community. In 1900 he was appointed Statistical Clerk in His Majesty's Customs, and also Registrar of the Royal Naval Reserve. Upon the death of the late Mr. E. C. Watson, he was appointed Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, an office for which his long connection with the business of the country eminently qualifies him. The Quarterly wishes him length of years in his new position.



Copied by James Vey from a Drawing.

HERRING DRIFT-NETS SET.

The Yarmouth Herring Fishery, and the Use of the Drift-Net.

YARMOUTH, on the East coast of England, is situated at the mouth of the River Yare, from which it takes its name. The river, which is crossed by by a bridge about two and a half miles from its mouth, has an average width for that distance of two hundred yards, and a quay or retaining wall runs the whole length of the harbour on both sides, at which vessels lie secure from wind and sea.

On the east side of the harbour, which is a low level peninsula, is carried on a very extensive business in the curing and packing of herring, as the photo-engraving on page 16, which is only a partial view of the curing yards, illustrates.

As many as one thousand steam and sailing drifters may be seen here at one time, particularly during the months of October and November, when the fishermen come from all parts of the United Kingdom to catch and cure herrings.

Curers hire plots from the corporation, and here they pack the fish as shown in the cut.

The curing in the main is done by Scotch women, engaged at from eight to ten shillings per week, with a bonus for every barrel packed; and it is not an uncommon occurrence for a woman to earn as much as forty shillings per week during the busy season. The utmost care is taken in assorting, packing, and salting the fish.

Although the herring fishery of Yarmouth has been carried on very many years and Yarmouth bloaters have always obtained a ready sale, yet, it is only within the past fifteen years that the Yarmouth and Lowestoft herring fishery has assumed its present proportions. The remarkable increase in this fishery has been brought about principally by Scotch curers coming in the herring season, curing the fish by salting them in barrels and exporting them to the Continental markets. At first only a few curers came, but within the past ten years their number has increased annually, and with them came expansion of the industry and better prices for the article.

To illustrate the growth of this industry it may be stated that fifteen years ago there were very few pickled herring exported, but during the past year—1906 the catch at Yarmouth and Lowestoft was between six and seven hundred thousand barrels, These fish were sold green, realizing to the fishermen an average price of thirty shillings per cran, and totalling four and a half million dollars.

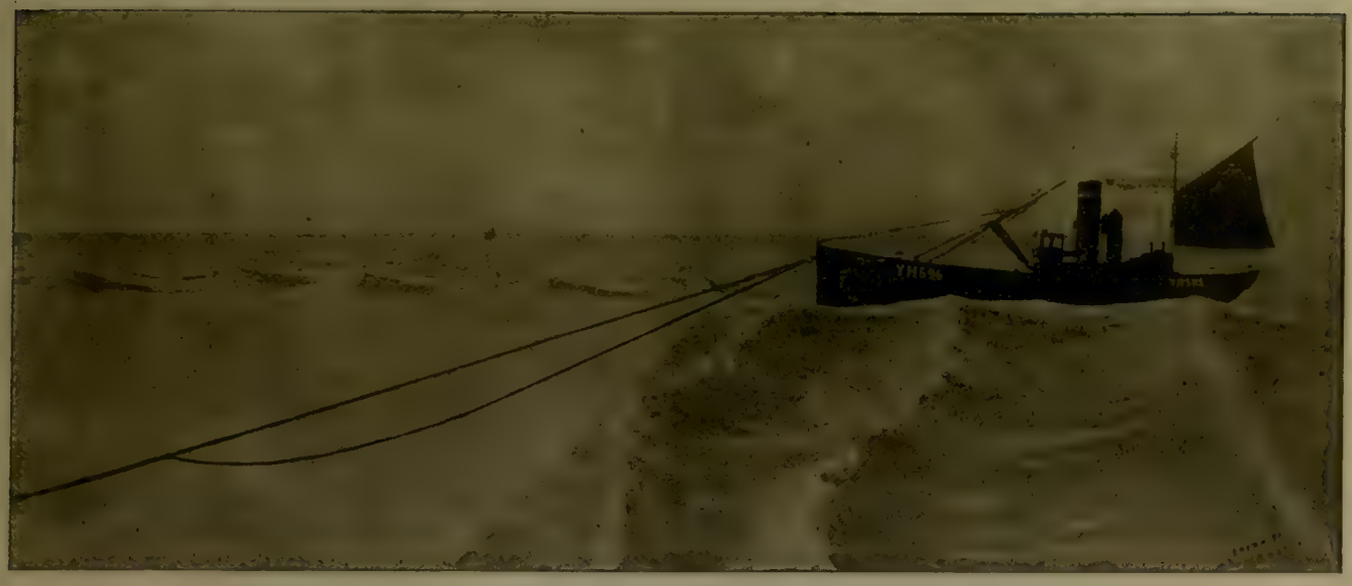
All the herring brought into Yarmouth are caught by steam and sailing drifters, but it is only within the last five or six years that the former have engaged in the business. A much larger number of sailing drifters than steamers are still engaged, and are found to be less expensive, and to give excellent returns, both to the owners and the crews, but, no doubt as time goes on they will give place to steam drifters.

It may be stated that the sand-bars off Lowestoft and Yarmouth make the approach to these places difficult for sailing vessels in moderate weather, and in addition the steamer has the advantage especially when they have to go long distances to find the schools of fish, often seventy to eighty miles from port out into the North Sea.

The nets are put out in the evening and are taken in next morning at daylight.

The diagram shows a steamer owned by the Smith Dock Trust Company, Limited, with nets set.

The rope over the bow is known as the "bush" rope, and extends the whole length of the fleet of nets, (about eighty in all). Each net, about eighteen fathoms long and six fathoms deep is fastened on to the bush rope by the small rope shown in the diagram. The rope from the net to the keg or buoy is two and a half fathoms long, which permits the nets to sink below the surface until brought up by the buoy. Each drifter, both steam and sailing is fitted with a steam capstan, so that one man hauls in the rope with the nets attached, while the rest of the crew haul the nets over the rail on a roller and shake the herring into the hold as they are hauled across the hatchway.



THE NETS OPPOSITE ARE FASTENED TO THE "BUSH" ROPE FROM THE STEAMER.



HON. ELI DAWE,
Minister Marine and Fisheries.

WE publish in this number an illustrated article on the Yarmouth Herring Fishery, that will be of interest to all our readers. A perusal will show that the value of the Yarmouth and Lowestoft fisheries reached the grand total in 1906 of four and a half million dollars. While their combined catch reached 600,000 barrels, our local catch at Bay of Islands amounted to 116,236 barrels. Allowing that our fishermen obtained $2.00 per barrel, the value of our herring fishery to us was $222,472. These herring sold in the American market for about $6 per brl., and fetched about $697,416, leaving about $474,944 profit to American investors in Newfoundland herring. The vessels prosecuting the fishery were sixty-five American and forty-one British. A glance at those figures will show where the profits of this fishery have gone, and will further show why we should make every effort to secure these profits for our own people. The Government has tackled the problem seriously, and are making every effort for its solution, so that the balance of profit will come our way. The first step was the securing of a herring fishery expert in the person of Mr. Mair; the second was the despatch of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries—the Hon. Eli Dawe—to Yarmouth last season to see for himself how that fishery was prosecuted. Captain Dawe is a practical and successful fisherman; he has been connected with the business of the country all his life, so that no more fitting person in the Island could have been despatched on that mission. The result of Captain Dawe's inquiries will be seen in the coming season. The Government have measures in hand that will probably result in the diversion of the profits of this industry to our own people. When the Premier personally states the case of the Colony at the Colonial Office, and is backed unanimously by all the Colonial Premiers, a settlement of the Modus Vivendi on the lines laid down by our Legislature will be speedily effected. Then when our people can compete with our American rivals, in our own waters, at our own fishery, it will be our blame if we cannot prosecute it successfully. Anyhow the Government is making a serious effort to secure the benefit of this fishery for ourselves, and they could not get a better man to make the needed reforms than the present Minister of Marine and Fisheries.



Photo. by Frank H. Sayers, 28 King St., Gt. Yarmouth.

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'A Drug in the Market.'

Yes, there are many of them.
Some very good, some bad.
Bad drugs are poisonous,
Also of no value whatever.
Pure drugs are great helps,
And these alone should be
Used in compounding.
We claim to keep in stock
The purest drugs made.
To compound them skillfully,
To prepare prescriptions quickly,
To charge for them reasonably.
Who can do better than this?

PETER O'MARA, Druggist.

Water Street West, near Railway Station,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

SHE WAS AN ANGEL.

A BACHELOR was recently travelling in a tramcar with a newly-married couple of his acquaintance. It was a rainy morning.

The young wife had her umbrella well out of the way of those who passed up and down the car, but an awkward boy, on his way to the door, managed to fall over it, and break it.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" stammered the unfortunate, with a scarlet face.

"Never mind. I'm sure it wasn't your fault." the lady smiled up at him without a trace of anger or even irritation on her face. "Well, I must say your wife is an angel!" exclaimed the bachelor warmly. "Most women would have withered that clumsy fellow with a look, if they had not scorched him with words."

"She is an angel," said the married man, as he picked up the pieces of the umbrella and smiled quizzically at his wife, "but—she's wanted a new umbrella for a month, and now she Knows I'll have to get it for her."

"The Newfoundland Quarterly"

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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JOHN J. EVANS, Printer & Proprietor, 34 Prescott Street, St. John's, Nfld.

PROCLAMATION

By His Excellency Sir WILLIAM MACGREGOR, *Doctor of Medicine, Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in and over the Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies.*

WM. MACGREGOR
Governor.
[L.S.]

WHEREAS an Act was passed in the Sixth year of the Reign of His present Majesty, entitled "An Act respecting the Immigration of Chinese Persons."

And whereas it was provided under section twenty of the said Act, that "This Act shall come into operation upon a day to be "appointed for that purpose by Proclamation of His Excellency "the Governor to the effect that the same has been approved "and confirmed by His Majesty in Council."

And whereas, I, the said Governor, have been certified as to His Majesty's pleasure in respect of the said Act, to the effect that the same has been approved and confirmed by His Majesty in Council.

And whereas it is expedient to notify by Proclamation a day upon which the said Act shall come into operation.

And whereas the said Act was on the 12th June, A. D. 1906, published in the *Royal Gazette* of the Colony.

Now therefore, I, the Governor, do issue this my Proclamation giving notice to all His Majesty's liege subjects, and to all whom the said Act may concern that His Majesty has expressed his approval of the said Act and has confirmed the same, and I do further, by this my Proclamation, give notice to all whom it may concern that on and after the Eight day of August instant, the said Act shall come into operation.

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the Government House, St. John's, this 6th day of August, A.D., 1906.

By His Excellency's Command,

R. BOND,
Colonial Secretary.

JOHN KEAN,

14 Adelaide Street.

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of all kinds of
Boots and Shoes

All kinds of Rubbers neatly repaired.

Your Spring Order

Demands attention now.

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The "Allan Gun."

[TRAVELLERS south of the Equator know when 'tis past midnight by the appearance of the "Southern Cross" in the sky; we know SPRING IS HERE when we see the well-known "stack" entering the Narrows on her first voyage for the season, and hear the welcome boom of the ship's rockets, called by everyone "The Allan Gun."]

THERE'S a sound that breaks on the hills at morn
When spring is in the air;
'Tis the blackbird's voice, 'tis the snipe's soft trill,
'Tis the sparrow's nesting there!
'Tis the echo of the island rock
Now the ice wrack's o'er and done:—
To the waiting heart it is more than these—
'Tis the sound of the "ALLAN GUN"!

'Tis a well-worn link—it has bound our hearts
To the land we still call "HOME";
That land where the pulse of earth throbs fast
In the cities across the foam;
And many a dream has shatter'd lain,
And many a hope undone—
To some 'tis sadness, others joy—
The boom of the "ALLAN GUN"!

Who's stood on the shore in the crimson eve
When the spring had touch'd the wold?
Who's waited and watch'd the "flag on the Hill"
Till the purple had turn'd to gold?
Who's mark'd the speck on the misty main
Till the "*wee sma' hours*" had run?—
Till the city thrill'd in the April morn
To the sound of the "ALLAN GUN"!

Who's peer'd from the deck in the gloom of stars
When land was deem'd in sight?
With a pulsing heart and quivering breath
As the "Hills" loom'd in the light!
Who's seen the "Cameo in its frame"*
Flare out in the crimson sun?—
The haven gain'd and the tension past
At the thrill of the "ALLAN GUN"!

Who's stood on the pier of the Mammoth Docks
A mite, 'mid that mighty throng?
Who's seen the throes of the bitter grief,
Pent up in a farewell song. †
There's grief, there's joy—ambition's dreams—
"God speed" twixt sire and son—
Ah! welcomes and farewells are facts
When booms the "ALLAN GUN"!

Like "carrier" bird on the flowing tide
So strong, so swift of wing!
And lo! she comes, thro' the "DEAR OLD HILLS"
A picture of the spring?
'Tis a link well forg'd in the chain of years—
'Tis a record of work well done—
There's a bond of trust in the waves that waft
The sound of the "ALLAN GUN"!

* "Like a Cameo marvellously set." The writer has heard the like expression many a time as our town broke on the vision from the sea on a fine day.

† Auld Lang Syne."

—*E. C.*

The American Fishery Question in Newfoundland.

By Judge Prowse, LL.D.



IF WE really want to understand this subject, we must begin by following old Dr. Johnson's advice "to clear our minds of cant"; we must get rid, once and for all of the absurd notion, that this is a great international question, in which the honour of two great nations are involved, and that our strict interpretation of the Convention of Ghent would positively endanger the friendly relations, now happily existing between England, and America.

There never was a more absurd delusion. It is simply, and solely a dispute between Newfoundland, and the Gloucester Fish Ring. Every intelligent American is on our side. They want cheap fish, and they know well, that it is this selfish monoply that alone makes fish so abnormally dear in the United States. Americans are learning every year, more, and more to hate Monopolies, Trusts, and Rings. They thoroughly understand that Cabot Lodge, and his son-in-law, Senator Gardiner, are simply the agents and tools of the Gloucester Fish Ring. All their tricks and rogueries are well known. How they rob the American revenue by passing in the herrings caught by Newfoundlanders, and paid for in American gold as "the sole product of American industry." How the fishermen are plundered by the Rings, selling the refuse herring for bait at $400 to $500 for a first baiting. Intelligent public opinion in America knows, all all this, but we must always remember one thing. Above all, the Yankees love a smart trick.

A European Diplomatist would no more write such despatches as the Hon. Elihu Root's on the Modus Vivendi, than he would eat peas with his knife. It is the very impudence of the claim that pleases his countrymen. To see him score off the high, and mighty British Foreign Office, is to them the finest joke in the world.

Every civilized country in the universe exercises sovereign rights within its own domain. It has complete authority to use every reasonable precaution to prevent its revenue being robbed by smugglers. It is a universal rule that all vessels arriving in a foreign port, shall enter, and clear at the Custom House, and pay for the use of sea-lights. Yet Mr. Root impudently claims that Americans are not bound to obey this universal rule in Newtoundland. The very same principle applies to a common fishery exercised in any foreign Country under Treaty rights—The Sovereign power alone can exercise coercive jurisdiction within its own territory. It is the only power that can control such a fishery and regulate its exercise for the common benefit.

I quite admit, that these regulations must be fair, and reasonable, and must not in any way discriminate against either party—Our laws in this respect are faultless. Their sole object is to prevent the injury, and destruction of the fishery. As the sovereign power, under whose dominion the Treaty operates, we have absolute authority to enforce these regulations. I have only laid down well known principles, the very A, B, C, of International Law, and every jurist of reputation would ridicule the Hon. Elihu Root's contentions that in Newfoundland Americans are licensed profligates, who may do just as they please. His views about the operation of our laws are in direct conflict with his predecessor, the eminent statesman Marcy, who directed that all American fishermen should conduct themselves properly in the British-American Colonies, and carefully observe all local laws, and regulations. What the American Secretary of State now claims for his countrymen, in plain language, is that on our Treaty Shore they they shall be Lords paramount and supreme, that no local laws shall bind, and no regulations have any control over them. That wherever they come, all order, and law shall be swept away. Let us imagine for a moment a proposal of this kind being made, for instance, to such a power as Ger-

many by America, and the scorn with which it would be received.

Newfoundland has found by experience that the purse seine in the herring fishery is as destructive to this industry as dynamite, so it has wisely prohibited its use in our waters.

The evidence on the subject is absolutely conclusive. Read Senator Gardiner's letter and you will see clearly that he had very grave doubts about their being allowed in Newfoundland. It is one of the gravest charges against the Imperial Government that altho' they must have known well that the Americans had grave doubts about their use being allowed they rode rough shod over our local Self-Government and declared that Americans might use purse seines in defiance of Newfoundland laws.

That they were ashamed of their decision is plain from the context and the recommendation that they were not to be used so as to injure the ordinary net fishermen.

Under the Treaty of 1818 the Americans have only the right to buy wood, to obtain water, to seek shelter from storms, and to put into port for repairs. The Convention distinctly says and "for no other purpose whatsoever." It is plain that the Americans have no right to buy bait, or to trade, or to ship natives.

Our case against the Home Government is that they went out of their way to give Americans new rights, viz., the liberty to ship men, and in doing so they virtually made a new treaty over our heads and in spite of our protests.

Although I am a Newfoundlander, and as my opponents say much too patriotic and extreme in views about our local rights, I am also an ardent Imperialist. I thoroughly believe in a United Empire and I can quite understand that under certain circumstances the claims of a Colony might have to give way before the higher interests of the Empire. I was always aware that on the French Shore Question England's good relations with France were worth fifty Newfoundlands.

This American Fishery Question, however, involves no such high and serious considerations. Newfoundland is not contending with the United States or the American nation. Coming down to hard pan, our fight is with Gloucester, and with Gloucester it has to be settled. The introduction of Washington in the matter is a pure matter of form. Whilst Gloucester is disatisfied, the Senate will pass no treaty.

This may seem a mystery to some of my readers, but its explanation is simple. The Protectionists ring in the Senate and House of Representatives all hold together "stand patters" in American slang. The fish monoply is the most contemptible the *reductio ad absurdem* of protection run mad, but it is a componenent pad of the Ring and all stand together.

What makes the position of affairs still more outrageous is the well known fact that the deep sea fishery is no longer an American industry. It is also a decaying business, every year getting worse and worse. We have only to glance at a few figures compiled from the Boston Fish Bureau's statistics to realize this decline.

Catch of cod on the Grand and Western Banks:—

1880	300,990	quintals.
1881	355,640	"
1882	474,078	"
1883	578,735	"
1905	140,040	"
1906	142,465	"

My readers can see the woeful falling off. The fishery has long ceased to employ Americans. Rudyard Kipling in his "Captains Courageous" made the crew of his banker out of such an extraordinary medly of foreigners that the critics fell foul of him and questioned his accuracy. He was found most crtically correct. Owing to the scarcity of bait through our Bait Act, American owners find it harder, and harder to get either Nova Scotians or Cape Breton men to join.

The Gloucester ring rob the fishermen so brazenly by their charges that the Blue Noses find it pays better to fish in their own vessels.

Gloucester makes a brave shout, plays a fine game of bluff, but she is hard hit and will have to climb down.

If we look into this question more carefully we will begin to understand the real position of affairs. There is no country in the world where fish is so dear as in the United States. In Europe fish is the food of the poor, without this cheap and valuable provision the millions would starve. Take for example such a common article of diet as the herring. In the British Isles its universal price is a penny or two cents, three for 2½d. or five cents. In the United States a single herring is never less than five cents—often more. Cod, haddock, &c., fetch about 4d. a pound or eight cents in England; the retail price, both of this common fish and mackerel, are double their price in America. The one and only product of the sea, that is abundant and reasonable in price, is the oyster. This is a native production, and it represents by far the largest item in the sea fisheries of America. When we compare such a country as England with the United States in respect to its fisheries we shall discover how short is the American supply. The Republic at the present time contains, roughly speaking, double the population of England and Wales. In England alone there are landed every year fifty million dollars worth of fish. She exports ten millions, and imports another ten millions.

In the same proportion America should have one hundred million dollars worth of sea fish; but her whole catch, including oysters, is really under thirty million dollars worth.

The country is really starving for such a valuable, cheap, and wholesome food as sea fish although the monstrous Protectionist policy that puts a heavy tax on food in order to give a monopoly to the Gloucester Ring to profit a few fish dealers and the motly group of foreigners—Norwegians, Danes, Portuguese, Dutch, Canadians and Newfoundlanders who pose as American fishermen.

Just as Pensylvania is the great coal region of America, so Providence has made the seas around Newfoundland the great supply of cod and other sea fishes. Statistics show us how regular is this bounteous of harvest of the sea, how practically inexhausible. Nature has given us the fish, and our natural market is to feed the teeming millions in America, to furnish food the best and most wholesome in the universal world for the toilers in factories and the millions of workers in the Great Republic.

Some day, we hope soon, American public opinion will wake up, and realize how they are being plundered by what the "Nation" of New York aptly designates as "Lodge's Smugglers," how the toiling millions are starved and compelled to eat dear fish simply to enrich the selfish Gloucester and to support a medly of foreigners who pose as American fishermen.

One more remark. Note the contrast between the statesmanlike liberal speeches of the Hon. Elihu Root when enjoying the hospitality of Canada. Then he was all for good will and the settlement of all questions between the Colonies and America. Compare this with his trunculent despatches on the Modus Vivendi where he acts simply as the mouth-piece of Gloucester. Actions speak louder than words.

Of one thing we may be certain—the Modus Vivendi will not be renewed. The indignation of all the self-governing Colonies about the harsh treatment of Newfoundland has given the Imperial Government a fright.

The correspondence now partially published between England and America, and Newfoundland, shows some very remarkable features. Up to a certain point, the Foreign Secretary—Sir Edward Grey—argues our case in a very firm statesmanlike way. He points out that the privilege given by the Treaty is to *inhabitants of the United States* and not to American vessels. How he could afterwards transmogrify the Bay of Islands fishermen into such Yankee residents beats all my comprehension. The points I wish my readers to notice is the remarkable change of tone that occurs in these letters. There is a sudden break down, and the Americans are allowed to get everything they ask for. The liberty to use purse seines and to ship men outside the three-mile limit, and in no case are they to be penalized for any infractions of our laws. Just about the time this sudden volte face happened, Sir Mortimer Durand, the very capable British Ambassador at Washington, resigned. He had declared, that he considered himself as much the representative of the British North American Colonies, as of Britain, and that he would stand up for their rights. I have always suspected, that knowing well the character of Cabot Lodge and the Fish Ring, he refused to be a party to this ignominious surrender to Gloucester, and dropped out of the negotiations.

March 4, 1907. D. W. Prowse.

Littledale's Proscenium and Drop-Curtain.

By an Ex-Pupil.



IS there a doubt that Littledale girls, at home and abroad, have read with pleasure and pardonable pride the many fine descriptions of their "Alma Mater" and surroundings, which have appeared in print from time to time, and which have been so deftly penned by some of the pupils of to-day? Yet it seems exceedingly strange, that (although many of the chief objects of interest have been ably treated of) one of the most striking features of the interior has been overlooked in the Academy's very fine stage-screen.

This screen, which covers one entire end of the large Study Hall, consists of a Proscenium and drop-curtain, with wings painted in Sepia monochrome, and ornamented with pillars of the Corinthian order of architecture, and statues of classical design. The whole is a skilful production from the brush of our talented countryman Mr. D. Carroll, and is a master-piece of its kind.

On each side of the drop-curtain can be seen two pillars standing upon a pedestal, and supporting a rich entablature, forming part of a Corinthian Peri-Style. Within the porticos are ornamented niches, in which are placed the statues, beneath a semi-circular floral festoon with bunches of grapes and other fruits on either end. "Psyche" on the right, is a mythological maiden supposed to be the "goddess of the soul," and the patroness of wit and knowledge. On her left shoulder alights a butterfly, the emblem of Immortality and therefore a meet symbol for the muse of the soul. On the left is seen "Thalia," who in Greek Mythology is represented as the muse of all that is gay and joyful; in banquet, song and music she is held as patroness, and in Roman Art is often shown wearing a comic mask and a shepherd's crook, as she is supposed to have favoured rural pursuits as well. Here she holds the lyre, the symbol of lyric poetry in the left hand, and in the right the mask or player's larva.

The outer portion of the screen proper consists of a richly-shaded crimson curtain, artisticly draped with cords and tassels, while the scenery (the centre view) is surrounded by a fancy border in mingled shades.

This centre view is a representation of the city and harbor of St. John's in the year 1858 and is an enlarged model from a drawing by Mr. F. R. Page. The large steamship in the centre of the harbor is the United States Ship *Niagara*, the largest in the world at that time, which had just returned from Bay Bull's Arm in Trinity Bay, where she had laid the shore-end of the Atlantic Cable. Besides the small paddle steamer *Gorgon* and the brig of War *Atlanta*, there is a remarkably large amount of shipping in the harbor, the principal among them being the Spanish ships, which are easily distinguished by their white hulls, and the Spanish flag of yellow and red horizontal stripes at the peak of each vessel. At that time Newfoundland carried on an extensive trade with Spain; consequently it may be credited that there have been upwards of sixty to seventy of these vessels here at one time, they have been known to secure from 160,000 (one hundred and sixty thousand) to 170,000(one hundred and seventy thousand) quintals of fish in one season. Owing to a change in the tariff they rarely come here now.

In the foreground to the right are plainly seen the rough, scraggy rocks of Signal Hill, with the Queen's Battery beneath. In the middle distance we get an excellent view of the chief points of interest in the city. The houses rise from the water's edge, tier upon tier, like a vast amphitheatre and stretch back almost as far as the eye can reach.

As we proceed from the Queen's battery upwards in a North-Westerly direction, and after passing Fort William, the first building of real importance that we meet is that splendid structure known as "Government House" surrounded by its rich grove of trees, and next the Colonial Building with its picturesque Ionic Portico. The magnificent Catholic Cathedral which from any point of view towers majestically over the city, is not here excepted, but with its surrounding group of fine ecclesiastical buildings; Convents, College and Palace is seen to great advantage, while down the Hill, we meet the Congregational Churches, and the Free Kirk with its graceful spire.

North of the Cathedral to the left are the Fort and officers' quarters familiarly known as Fort Townshend, dismantled some twelve years later. Up towards Riverhead can be seen the old Chapel and Palace. Beyond this the picture fades off into an indescribable mass of houses, stores, etc., stretching off towards the Long Bridge.

On the left "the dear old South Side Hill" is clearly outlined together with its group of stores and neat dwellings that nestle trustfully beneath its protecting shades.

In the distant view can be seen the romantic "Nagle's Hill," clothed in its verdant garb of summer, and stretching far off in the horizon a complete picture, that I venture to say, for realistic effect, cannot be rivalled on this side of the Atlantic.

The artist has introduced beneath the curtain an illuminated border which contains our "Coat of Arms" the subject of which was designed by His Grace Archbishop Howley, and unanimously adopted by the Municipal Council of our town recently. It consists of an escutcheon bearing a lamb argent, holding a banner of St. George's Cross. The three scallops which are shown, one on either side of the lamb, and one beneath, are introduced because they are the emblem of St. John, Baptist, the city's Patron; also because shells or scallops were formerly used in the administration of the Sacrament of Baptism. The lamb is chosen in order to illustrate these words "Ecce Agnus Dei," addressed by St. John to his Divine Master, and selected from his Gospel first chapter, twenty ninth verse. A picture of the entrance to the Narrows is given above the emblems, which has the "Signal Hill" to the left with a view of the "Cabot Tower," and to the right the "sun-browned side" of the South Side Hill. The old caravel of John Cabot is seen sailing into the Narrows while beneath is the following inscription "Ye Mathew 24 June. MCCCCXCVII."

* * * * * * * *

Most of the girls who were dwelling within the walls of Littledale when the new screen was placed there are scattered far and near around our "Island home" to-day: they may perhaps come across the above imperfect and vague description of the said screen, but when they call to mind how pleased and surprised we all were on our return to school in January 1904, to note such a noble possession amongst our treasures, how grateful we felt towards our Archbishop for such a rare present, and how we studied and admired its beautiful effect and coloring, they will, I trust, "for old time's sake" overlook all defects, and read in a lenient rather than in a critical manner.—*R.G.H.*

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WINTER SPORTS IN ST. JOHN'S.

By W. J. Higgins.

". . . Some place far abroad
Whare sailors gang to fish for cod."



WHEN the immortal Burns penned the above lines, he little thought that the far away island to which he referred would ever attain to the state of being able to boast of its Winter Sports. In the days of our poet friend it was considered only in the light of a short-summer residence, and our fishing admirals of earlier date must occasionally turn in their graves at the activity which old Terra Nova presents whilst covered with the snowy blanket. How the few venturesome settlers, who remained on the Island after the departure of their brethren at the close of the fishing season, occupied their time during the winter months and until the return of the fleet the following spring, is not chronicled in the invaluable history of Dr. Prowse. It may be that skating and toboggan parties reigned high, and that contests fierce and strenuous for the Hockey Championship of the rock-bound Isle annually took place between the Red Man and his pale-faced brother.

Be that as it may, there is no doubt that, isolated and all as we are, and rough and uncertain as our winter is, the incoming of the colder months means now the inauguration of a season of sports which are just as fully enjoyed and as generally participated in as the recreations of the warmer period. It is true that the celebrated carnival of the turnout of the "Mummers" at Christmas, and the series of amusements following their appearance, are now but fireside stories to those of us of the later generation; but, on the other hand, we have our new features which probably more than offset this loss.

Without question the oldest and withal the greatest favourite of our winter sports is Skating. The days of the "trunks and squeezing sticks" have long since passed, the ever-increasing march of progress effecting the customary revolution, and the boy who does not now sport a pair of the latest type of the "Hockey" make is obliged to run the gauntlet of much wondering looks from his companions. Unfortunately Dame Nature has not varied to the same extent as the art of steel-working, and our out-door skating seems doomed to forever remain a luxury not to be depended on, for no sooner do our ponds reach the stage of being available for the rush of the gliding throng than a fall of the white flakes shuts off the pleasure for an indefinite period. It is on this account that our rinks are so popular and so largely frequented, and indeed in a great measure their proprietors might be regarded somewhat in the light of public benefactors by reason of the opportunity they afford so many of enjoying healthy exercise.

Curling is a sport which has been with us some time, and though the numbers of the participants in the "roarin game" have never been very great, their enthusiasm and skill have been none the less on that account. The trip made by a contingent from their ranks to Canada the past season to take part in the big bonspiel there, and the fine showing made by the team despite many handicaps, must result in a great impetus to the game in this city. The formation of the Ladies' Club and the interest manifested in it should also tend to considerably augment the number of enthusiasts in this branch of our winter amusements.

For some unexplainable reason, the followers of the snow-shoe and toboggan have never been very much in evidence in this city, though there seems no valid reason why the latter sport at any rate should not be a prominent one here. Our nearby slopes are all that could be desired for this pastime, but we fear that a regular "slide" will have to be constructed before the sport attains anything like the popularity it now enjoys in Canadian cities. Of course we have the small boy, who is always with us, and who avails of the first fall of snow to careen madly over the hills of the town, upsetting the stout but good-natured lady, who appears to regard her downfall as a necessary part of the daily routine at this season.

It is our latest form of sport which, perhaps, has become more popular than all the others. The introduction into this city of the Canadian game of ice hockey has given us an amusement which, with both players and spectators alike, is destined to become as firmly established as is our football in summer. And deservedly so, for it would be difficult to imagine a game which requires such a combination of speed, endurance, and skill as does this latest addition to our winter sports. Whilst a most fascinating and enjoyable recreation for the player, it is pre-eminently the game for the spectator, as no matter how unevenly matched the opposing teams may be there is always a delightful uncertainty as to when an unlooked-for "lift" or an unexpected dash up the "wing" may result in the rising of the fatal flag. That the game has already established itself in the hearts of the crowd was shown by the very large attendances at the recent games between the City representatives and the septette from Charlottetown, P. E. I., when, despite an almost onesided marking on the first night, two larger audiences filled the rink at the succeeding games. Unfortunately the local team was considerably handicapped by playing practically all out of regular positions, owing to unforseen circumstances compelling changing about which was most damaging to the strength of the team. All things considered, however, the home collection under the circumstances, could hardly be blamed for going under as they did. The big scoring against them on the first night was due more to it being the first contest with an outside club for the major part of the team than anything else; whilst the third night was simply a collapse in the second half, due in no small measure to the crippling of the left wing. With a couple of exceptions, the visitors were not a particularly strong combination, but, like previous Provincial teams, they very effectively demonstrated the value of team-work as against individual play. It is to be regretted that the distance from Canadian towns and the consequent expense and uncertainty in getting a team down prevent more frequent inter-colonial brushes, as they form an excellent index as to the progress the game is making here and afford a most welcome change in our winter routine. The formation of the inter-collegiate league has also been the means of developing much excellent material, and the games between these three institutions are now eagerly looked forward to.

On the whole, we have no reason to feel that we do not reap our share of enjoyment during the colder months, notwithstanding the varying weather conditions.

The Aborigines of Newfoundland.

By a Newfoundlander who knew Mary March.

APROPOS of Mr. J. P. Howley's instructive lecture on the Bœthucks, recently delivered in Saint Patrick's Hall, and the interest in the subject aroused thereby, the following letter and reminiscences from a venerable and esteemed correspondent in South Yarra, Australia, will be read with interest. Mr. J. B. Hutton was born in Newfoundland 93 years ago, and judging by his letter and hand-writing our venerable correspondent is still hale and hearty. Mr. Hutton's account of Mary March the last of the Bœthucks is interesting, as perhaps there is not another living person who knew her and and the people with whom she lived, as intimately as Mr. Hutton. We consider his reminiscences of old St. John's so valuable that we have written him for further particulars, and we hope in a later number of the QUARTERLY, to publish them.

In the meantime we pray that our old friend will be spared to pass the century mark, and to write the QUARTERLY many interesting letters in the future.

"MOOLARA," SOUTH YARRA, Melbourne,
January 21st, 1907.

DEAR MR. EVANS,—Thanks for the QUARTERLY. They all have come duly to hand. I fancy the two years must now be about up, so am sending you a post card for *5s.* for another period. I have just been reading a book, "The Tenth Island," by Beckles Wilson, published in 1897. What he writes about *since the year 1849* may be all correct, but I take exception to what is said in pages 4 and 5. In the first place I remember all about that Missionary, bible in hand, going a short distance inland, *without seeing a single Native*, and reporting them all *slaughtered by the White Man;* had he gone further North, the chances are he would never have got back alive, for there were hundreds, *more likely thousands*, of the Natives alive at time, but further North. The fact is the MicMac tribe, with fire-arms, used to cross over to the French Shore from the Labrador coast, made war with the Natives, shooting them down without mercy year after year for the sake of the *furs* they dealt in with the white man, keeping it a great secret as to where they got the furs. In the year 1849, however, one of the MicMac in Nova Scotia was heard saying, "That the Newfoundland Natives were all gone, or nearly so." This news reached St. John's a few months before we (*i.e.* John Garland and myself) were preparing to leave the Island, so we made up our minds to have some deer shooting before leaving, and besides, to see if the *MicMac's report was true*, (*and found it quite true*). To shorten my yarn,—We went round to one of the deep Bays, took a man from the vessel to help carry things, and in course of time found ourselves on *a very large lake*—beautiful country all about.

Now comes the interesting part of our trip:—When we had gone five or six miles up the lake we saw a spec on the water. On nearing found it to be a canoe and three Indians in it. On further nearing they seemed to be afraid of us, and sheered off, and stopped about 150 feet abreast of us. After staring at each other for a minute or two, to end suspense I called out *hello*, and was answered in a squeaking voice—*hello*. Seeing they were MicMacs, we called them to come over. On looking into their canoe we saw guns and two or three haunches of venison. They spoke English very well, and seemed very cautious in their answers when questioned about the Natives. Thought they were all gone, as they had seen none since they came over *this trip*. They did not like to be questioned too closely,* but admitted some to be alive up to the previous year. Seeing *deer* was our object and too late that evening for us to get any, one of the MicMacs cut a junk off a haunch and handed it into our boat. We in return gave them a piece of Irish pork, so having a barter transaction on the lake. Parting, they went after *fur animals* which was their business.

Torrents of rain came on shortly after our interview with the MicMacs and induced us to hurry home with the interesting news we had learn that not only was the Native race extinct, but that the interior of the Tenth Island, with its valuable timber as well as grassy planes and beautiful scenery, was only waiting to be the homes of the of a white race.

I will only add that we, that is myself, my cousin John W. Garland, and the man (I forgets his name) from the vessel, were *the first white men* that ever ventured so far into the interior of the Island.

Leaving dear old Terra Nova soon after getting back from our trip, I never heard of any report of it being published.

Yours sincerely, J. B. HUTTON.

**The MicMacs we met on the lake were, no doubt, some of those who slaughtered the poor Natives with their fire-arms.*

Old-Time Reminiscences of Newfoundland during 1823 and 1833.

The *Pyke*, sloop of war, in command of Captain Buchan, was used as a surveying vessel on the coast for nearly ten years. On one occasion when anchored in one of the Northern Bays, he allowed a dozen of his Blue Jackets to have a run on shore. On landing they took a scamper into the bush where they came across a party of Natives sitting round a fire, who on seeing the sailors, started off into the bush with the sailors after them, who caught up to a young girl that could not run fast enough. They brought her on board and gave her to Captain Buchan *who was very angry*, finding he could not get her back to her friends. He brought her round to St. John's and gave her to my grandfather (who was then High Sheriff). My dear old grandmother, who took great care of her, and when she could speak a little English, began to teach her to read and write. On my grandfather retiring from the service, and leaving for England, he handed over "Mary March" (the name that was given to this poor girl) to Judge Simms, a family that I was intimate with, and in whose home I had many a chat with Mary March, who was trained to take charge of the children. Great interest was taken in this poor Indian, being, I believe, the only one of that tribe that ever came in friendly contact with the white race.

A sad disease carried this poor Native off before (if my memory serve me) she reached the age of twenty.

J. B. HUTTON.

Below we publish another letter received from an esteemed lady correspondent in the Southern States. The QUARTERLY, like many of our countrymen, is a great traveller, and is welcomed by Newfoundlanders in all parts of the world.

SOUTHERN PINES, North Carolina,
March 4th, 1907.

Mr. John J. Evans, St. John's, Nfld.,

DEAR SIR,—A fortnight ago I received, for the first time, a copy of THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY. No words of mine could express the pleasure I enjoyed reading it. To me it brought back the dear old days of long ago, and I could not keep back the tears while I read of so many familiar names and places that are still dear to me—though being so far away in the "land of the free and the brave."

Your Magazine is full of interest, and should prove a great Advertisement for St. John's.

I left home the year of the fire, 1902. Since that time I have travelled extensively in the United States. I find the American people frank, open hearted, and hospitable. I like them and their country.

If it would be of any interest or benefit to your Magazine, I should be pleased to write of my experiences and travels in America.

Find enclosed a Post Office Money Order for 50 cents, one year's subscription to THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY.

Wishing you every success, I am, most sincerely,

D. M. I.

Advance Newfoundland.

By a Newfoundlander.

WHEN that intellectual giant, the late Bishop Mullock, endorsed the scheme and advocated the laying of the Atlantic Cable, with a terminus in Newfoundland, many people shrugged their shoulders and treated the proposition as the fad of a visionary, others as evidence of adolescent insanity. Scientists proved, with scientific accuracy that the thing was impossible; logicians reasoning from existing data showed it was illogical; local philosophers and wiseacres treated it as an absurdity and produced the testimony of the leading sealing captains and fish-killers, to prove, that with the ice and fog and storm conditions existent on our North-Atlantic sea board, the strongest cable ever manufactured by the hands of man, would not last six weeks. Time has dispelled the mists of ignorance and prejudice and proved the Bishop and the promoters right and their opponents wrong.



RT. HON. SIR ROBERT BOND, P.C., K.C.M.G., LL.D.,
Newfoundland's Premier and Colonial Secretary.

When the railway across the Island was first mooted, the heirs and legitmate descendants of the early enemies of progress, arose in their might. In discussing this question they were on solid ground and had the advantage of the railwayites. They proved conclusively from experience; from the average snowfall for fifty years previous; from the meteorological record of the average number of degrees of frost; from the sparsity of settlements in the interior, and the absence of all merchansize (except kindling wood and berries) that it was impossible to run a railway in Newfoundland for more than six months each year. That even if it could be run, there would be no object in running it, and that after a year's experiment, the whole thing would be sold for old iron. It does not silence these prophets to point out, that the Newfoundland Railway—narrow guage though it be—has been running on schedule time nearly every day this winter while the broad guage American and Canadian systems have been tied up with snow drifts; and that according to a late Sydney paper our present railway facilites are not sufficient to cope with the traffic demands on it, there being according to the said paper, very many carloads of freight awaiting transport at the Sydney terminus.

When the Premier recently unfolded the Short Line Ocean Steam Service Scheme, between Europe and America, giving Newfoundland its rightful place as the most important link in the chain of communication, presto, a whole host of specialists immediately arose, with facts and figures and diagrams, in fact the same old familiar facts and figures and diagrams, and proved the same old conclusions that they proved in the case of the Atlantic Cable and the Newfoundland Railway. As if we have not already suffered enough from the defamation of our climate and resources, these opponents of progress distort and exaggerate the conditions to justify their contention.

Physically, geographically and politically this Island is so situated, that despite its maligners within and without, utilitarian necessity will compel us to fulfil our destiny. Situated almost midway between the hemispheres, we are the front door of the American Continent. Newfoundland is the beginning and the end of the safest and speediest means of communication between the Old World and the New. And this is not a discovery of yesterday. Men of thought and foresight have pointed out the facts before, but the pressure of circumstances were not so all compelling as they are to-day; and the vision of Sandford Fleming and Sir Ambrose Shea in the past is a solid tangible commercial proposition in the hands of Sir Robert Bond in the present and in the very near future will be as much a fait accompli as the Atlantic Cable and the Port aux Basque Railway.

A well informed writer in a leading American Magazine states that Canada now possesses *one* trans-continental railroad, but in about two years there will be FOUR. The three new ones are *now being built.* In the United States there are now six trans-continental railroads. In about three years *three more* will be built. The country was thirty-five years completing these six. The construction of the new three will cover a period of only five or six years. The business activity is such in Canada and the United States, that the construction of these new trans-continental lines, cannot longer be delayed. The Canadian Northern, the Grand Trunk Pacific, Mr. J. J. Hill's new trans Canadian, the St. Paul, the Western Pacific, the Kansas City and Orient all have begun, to locate and construct such a network of railway systems to meet the rapidly increasing freight and passenger demands as appeared as fantastic dreams to the most optimistic railroaders even a decade years ago.

Collier's Magazine, New York, for March 2nd, talking of Canada's Short Cut, says:—

"Now that some fast steamers are running on the Canadian Trans-Atlantic route, the advantages of that route for quick travel, long disguised by the slowness of the ships in the service are becoming manifest. On February 16th, the Canadian Pacific steamer *Empress of Britain* reached Liverpool three hours ahead of the Cunarder *Lucania*, which had left New York sixteen hours before the *Empress of Britain* left Halifax. The *Empress of Britain* beat the Cunarder by *nineteen hours.* Not satisfied with this, Canada and Newfoundland are pushing the scheme of a tunnel under the Straits of Belle Isle. The Quebec and Lake St. John Railroad has a franchise for the construction of such a tunnel, with connecting rail lines, and the Government of Newfoundland is to contribute a subsidy of $75,000.00 a year to the enterprise. It is estimated that the hole which would be only ten miles long, can be bored for six million dollars. When this is finished, with trains running to the East Coast of Newfoundland, there will be only an ocean ferry of 1,800 miles, which could be spanned by a fast steamer in *three days,*—hardly time enough to allow a passenger to become thoroughly sea-sick. Even including the rail journey from New York this would be shorter, than the all-water route."

When all the resources of science and capital, all the energies of men of brains and men of means, engineers, steamboat and railroad magnates, are devoted to the problem of the annihilation of time and space, to relieve commercial congestion and the ever-increasing demands of passenger traffic, a proposition that will save between three and four days between New York, Montreal, and London, will not go long a begging for takers. Travellers from London via the Newfoundland Short Line, as the Premier pointed out in his great speech on the occasion of the introduction of the bill, will be able to reach the shores of the Western World three days and nine hours quicker than via the White Star and Cunard Lines: three days nine hours quicker than the North German Lloyd Steamers; four days three hours quicker than via the Canadian Pacific or Allan Lines, and fifteen hours quicker than the proposed fast express line between Blacksod and Halifax.

These are advantages strong enough to commend themselves to all interested in trans-Atlantic traffic, but as inducements to make our Island a link of connection with Greater Britain in the Far East, these claims are irresistible.

In addition to these reasons in favour of the idea there are others that without the foregoing entering at all as a factor would in the near future make the proposed Line a necessity to Great Britain. For some years the military and naval authorities have been discussing the feasibility of an "all British Grain Route." The proposed Newfoundland Short Route, is the shortest and safest possible. The Route between Newfoundland and Great Britain would be more easily policed by a small fleet of warships than any other possible one. The same fleet that would protect the grain carriers would also protect the Atlantic Cables which traverse almost the same route that in case of war, should be patrolled by British warships. It needs not the perturbed imagination of an alarmist to point out, in case of war, what would happen in a short time if England's bread supply and her cable communication with Greater Britain, were at the mercy of an intrepid enemy.

Fortunately for Newfoundland, circumstances in the Old and New Worlds have been moulding themselves of late, in such a manner, that it looks like as if at last, she were coming into her own.

The benefits that would accrue to Newfoundland are simply incalculable. To begin with we would have weekly or biweekly connection with the continent of Europe, and almost daily communication with Canada and the United States. We would be on the high road of the passenger traffic between Britain and America. What this would mean to our trade may be gleaned from the fact that it was estimated last year, that Americans visiting Europe spent over one hundred million dollars; and that every means of conveyance from United States to Europe is already taxed to its utmost and the carrying capacity of the principal lines of steamers is already secured by prospective passengers till the last day of May.

With a fast line of steamers to and fro, with a broad guage railway with its healthy competition and British methods, with the building of populous termini, and the increased demand for farm and other produce; with the opening up and settling the country between Notre Dame and Bay of Islands, no man can compute the change for the better, than would take place in a decade. Newfoundland is under many obligations to her gifted and patriotic son—Sir Robert Bond, but his surest claim to her gratitude, and to a place in the ranks of men who wrought well for Greater Britain, will be accorded him because his was the task of raising the Island to a position of equality with its sister Provinces on the main land, and compelling recognition of its rightful place as the oldest if not most important Colony in the British Empire.









Photos. from the Reid-Nfld. Co's. collection.

SUMMER SCENES IN THE INTERIOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

Captain Arthur Jackman.

A Memorial Appreciation, by A. J. W. McNeily, K.C.

I THINK that no one within the last century has studied and depicted the highest types of splendid humanity as Rudyard Kipling has studied and painted them, in respect of the British race. When I speak of "splendid humanity," I speak of the human animal; and we are all of us, even the fairest and sweetest of women, the grandest and bravest of men, (which in our modesty, none of us presume to be)—at our best we are only splendid animals.

Rudyard Kipling has studied the type. And I am sorry to think that in his studies he never consorted with Arthur Jackman; for if he had known him, he would have recognised, per force, that amongst his "Captains Courageous," Arthur Jackman would have been more than a mere commander. With all his faults, he was a "Captain of Industry," and a "King of men."



THE LATE CAPTAIN ARTHUR JACKMAN.
The Famous Seal-Killer.

It is many, many years since I foregathered with Arthur. I have been "shipmates" with him in many perilous straits. And it is thus that I know him. He was "a man of men." He was a man of the most dauntless courage. He knew not fear. In straits or crisis he never lost his head; and, moreover, he had the strange faculty which, for want of a better word, we call "magnetic" of communicating to others his confidence in himself.

"Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

And Arthur was a Man.

No grander specimen than Arthur Jackman, of the type of men which Newfoundland has produced, through the mixture of the best of English and the best of Irish seamen's blood, will be found for many a day.

There is not much more that need be said of him. He accomplished his life's work. "After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

"Oh, kindly earth, with all his human fault,
Take him unto thy sympathetic breast,
Receive him, Lord, to thy eternal rest."

ARTHUR.

In Memoriam---Capt. Arthur Jackman.
Died January 31st, 1907.

By Dan Carroll.

SILENCE and stars and the night dreamed on,
In the realm where the North Gods reign,
And lo! the soul of a Viking passed
Majestically in.
Radiant Aurora, rising from her throne,
Flung all her brilliant banners to the sky
In welcome to the brave, and Thor—the hero
Of that hero-land—took Arthur's hand, and
Then, the harps by Sagas thrilled of yore, with
Songs of Sea-Kings great in Northland fame,
Burst forth anew.

* * * * * *

I heard the heart of a man bemoan
The strong man's death.
"The blood that won the sea's domain was his;
The winds of the North and the white floe's brood
Know of his bravery.
In danger's hour when dark shores loomed alee,
Where coward hearts would weither in white Fear's fell grip,
With foam-anointed forehead he stood forth a Leader true,
And wrought high deeds while maddened Ocean raged,
By manhood and the courage of his Soul.
Yes,—full many a year shall pass ere he's
Forgot, and many a captain brave shall
Quote his name, as towards the North, proud prowed
The fleets advance, manned by the brawn and blood
Of Newfoundland:—Captains brave, from headland
And from hamlet as they pass, a people's heart
Shall give them this good wish, '*May Arthur's luck*
Be with them on the Sea.'"

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PROCLAMATION

By His Excellency Sir WILLIAM MACGREGOR, *Doctor of Medicine, Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in and over the Island of Newfoundland and its Dependencies.*

WM. MACGREGOR
Governor.
[L.S.]

WHEREAS an Act was passed in the Sixth Year of the Reign of His present Majesty, entitled "An Act to regulate the Law with regard to Aliens."

And whereas it was provided under Section Nine of the said Act, that "This Act shall come into operation on a day to be "appointed for that purpose by Proclamation of the Governor "to the effect that the same has been approved and confirmed "by His Majesty in Council;

And whereas I, the said Governor, have been certified as to His Majesty's pleasure in respect of the said Act, to the effect that the same has been approved and confirmed by His Majesty in Council";

And whereas it is expedient to notify by Proclamation a day upon which the said Act shall come into operation;

And whereas the said Act was, on the TWELFTH day of JUNE, A. D. 1906, published in the *Royal Gazette* of the Colony:

Now therefore, I, the Governor, do issue this my Proclamation, giving notice to all His Majesty's liege subjects, and to all whom the said Act may concern, that His Majesty has expressed his approval of the said Act, and has confirmed the same, and I do further, by this my Proclamation, give notice to all whom it may concern, that on and after the THIRD day of JANUARY, instant, the said Act shall come into operation.

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the Government House, St. John's, this 2nd day of January, A.D. 1907.

By His Excellency's Command,

R. BOND, *Colonial Secretary.*

M. W. FURLONG, K.C. *J. M. KENT, K.C.*

FURLONG & KENT,

* * *

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Post Office Department

Parcels may be Forwarded by Post at Rates Given Below.

In the case of Parcels, for outside the Colony, the senders will ask for Declaration Form, upon which the Contents and Value must be Stated

	For Newfoundland and Labrador.	For United Kingdom.	For United States.	For Dominion of Canada.
1 pound	8 cents	24 cents	12 cents	15 cents.
2 pounds	11 "	24 "	24 "	30 "
3 "	14 "	24 "	36 "	45 "
4 "	17 "	48 "	48 "	60 "
5 "	20 "	48 "	60 "	75 "
6 "	23 "	48 "	72 "	90 "
7 "	26 "	48 "	84 "	$1.05 "
8 "	29 "	72 "	96 "	
9 "	32 "	72 "	$1.08	Cannot exceed seven pounds weight.
10 "	35 "	72 "	1.20	
11 "	35 "	72 "	1.32	
	Under 1 lb. weight, 1 cent per 2 oz.	No parcel sent to U. K. for less than 24 cents.	No parcel sent to U. S. for less than 12 cents.	No parcel sent to D. of C. for less than 15 cents.

N.B.—Parcel Mails between Newfoundland and United States can only be exchanged by direct Steamers: say Red Cross Line to and from New York; Allan Line to and from Philadelphia.

Parcel Mails for Canada are closed at General Post Office every Tuesday at 3 p.m., for despatch by "Bruce" train.

General Post Office.

RATES OF COMMISSION ON MONEY ORDERS.

THE Rates of Commission on Money Orders issued by any Money Order Office in Newfoundland to the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and any part of Newfoundland are as follows:—

For sums not exceeding $10 ..... 5 cts.	Over $50, but not exceeding $60 ..... 30 cts.
Over $10, but not exceeding $20 ..... 10 cts.	Over $60, but not exceeding $70 ..... 35 cts.
Over $20, but not exceeding $30 ..... 15 cts.	Over $70, but not exceeding $80 ..... 40 cts.
Over $30, but not exceeding $40 ..... 20 cts.	Over $80, but not exceeding $90 ..... 45 cts.
Over $40, but not exceeding $50 ..... 25 cts.	Over $90, but not exceeding $100 ..... 50 cts.

Maximum amount of a single Order to any of the ABOVE COUNTRIES, and to offices in NEWFOUNDLAND, $100.00, but as many may be obtained as the remitter requires.

General Post Office St. John's, Newfoundland, March, 1907.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

NEWFOUNDLAND
Postal Telegraph Service.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH OFFICES are operated throughout the Colony at all the principal places. Messages of ten words, not including address or signature, are forwarded for **Twenty Cents,** and two cents for each additional word.

A Government cable to Canso, Cape Breton, connects with the Commercial Cable Co.'s system to all parts of the World. There is no more efficient Telegraphic Service in existence.

A ten word message to Canada, exclusive of signature and address, costs	**From**	**$0.85**
	To	**1.00**
A ten word message to the United States, exclusive of signature and address, costs	**From**	**$1.10**
	To	**1.50**

To Great Britain, France or Germany—25 cents per word.

Telegrams are transmitted by means of the Wireless Service during the summer season, and all the year round to Steamers equipped with the wireless apparatus, which are due to pass within the radius of the wireless stations at Cape Race and Cape Ray.

Telegraph messages may be obtained at all Post Offices and from Mail Clerks on Trains and Steamers, and if the sender wishes the messages may be left with the P. M. to be forwarded by first mail to the nearest Telegraph Office free of postage.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

General Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland, March, 1907.

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Newfoundland quarterly

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